

Summery: Harry goes to a different universe. A universe where Sirius is still alive. A universe where Voldemort is still bad and strong. A universe he has to save before his own. When he has a chance to go back to his own world, would he want to?...For why would he want to leave a world where his father is still alive and kickin'? Where his father still needs him.

Walking through the doorway to the house, he paused. 'Did he really want to do this? Can he handle it?' He would like to believe that he could handle this, without the Nile running down his face.

He took a step into the house and found himself in a hallway. There was a kitchen to his right with broken plates on the ground and chairs tipped on their side. Almost like a fight had happened right before dinner had started.

He felt the tears in his eyes as he glanced down at a baby seat that lay on the ground. The buckles were half way undone, like a frantic mother had tried to get the baby out of it as fast as she can.

There were still pots on the stove, dishes in the sink, and food in the icebox. There were a juice carton on the table, tipped to its side, with two broken cups next to it and a baby bottle filled with dry smelly old milk.

He turned away from the sight and looked at the room on his right. It was the living room. The living room looked better then the kitchen did. It was dusty and dirty. Just like the rest of the house was. No doubt because it hasn't been cleaned in fourteen years. There were burnt marks on the walls and floor. A fight took place here.

He left the room and continued down the hallway. There were blast marks on the walls of the hallway. He traced his finger on one of them, trying to bring up the picture of dodging it. He shook his head to clear it and walked once again down the hallway.

He started to pass a set of stairs, but stopped. He stared down the hallway with an expressionless face before glancing back at the stairs. He knew that the rooms down the rest of the hallway would be the same as before. Nothing had happened down there, but upstairs on the other hand...

He back tracked his steps and started up the stairs. The wood beneath his feet creaked and he was afraid for a moment that the stairs won't hold his weight, but he made it safely to the top of the stairs.

Once at the top, he made his way to the room at the end of the hallway. He stopped at the last door on the right. He knew what was in there. He knew that once he opens that door he wasn't walking out of here without tears. Cause this is the room where his family had died. Where Voldemort tore his family apart. Where his life changed forever.

He opened the door to the nursery and walked in carefully. The floor creaked from under him as he entered the room. The room looked like a fire had claimed it. The black walls and burnt furniture had the muggles believe it to be true.

The pain hit his heart like a wave. It was a strong pain that took him to his knees. He knelt down on the ground and cried. How much he wouldn't give to have them back? To see them and talk to them? To tell them about everything that had happened while they were gone? To hug and kiss them good night and good morning? To...to...another wave of tears rolled down his face.

He misses them. Miss them so much. He would have gladly died in their place. Why couldn't he? Why didn't he?

He hit the ground with his fist over and over again. The wood cracked and his fist started bleeding. He didn't care. He stopped caring a long time ago.

A black object on the floor caught his eye. He reached over and picked it up. He wiped the black charcoal off the head of the object and found it to be a stuffed stag. He hugged it close to his chest and wept.

Noises came from down stairs. He knew who it was. It was Sirius.

"Come on. We got to go, mate. I don't know about you, but I don't want to be late for the meeting." His voice yelled up the stairs.

He stood up with the stag in his hands. He quietly and slowly walked out of the room. He turned to look at the room one last time.

"James! James! Mate, hurry up."

James Potter sighed as he closed the nursery door and walked sadly down the hallway to the stairs.

James reached the stairs where he could see Sirius waiting at the bottom of them. He stopped at the top and addressed him. "Sirius, mate, couldn't you at least show some pity for me. This is the first time here since it happened."

Sirius's face went serious. "I know, James, but it's been fourteen years. You need to move on." He paused before saying, "Why are we here after so long, anyways?"

James ran his fingers through his hair and headed down the stairs saying in a distant voice, "Just something Pettigrew said to me the last time we fought."

He reached the bottom and stood in front of him. Sirius was looking at him with sadness, betrayal, and anger. "I hope that rat..." Sirius couldn't finish the sentence because at that moment there was a loud crashing sound coming from upstairs, followed by a painful loud monstrous yell.

James and Sirius took one startled glance at each other before rushing up the stairs. James still held the stag as he made his way up the stairs. Once at the top they moved quietly and slowly to where the sound came from: the nursery. They readied their wands. Sirius walked to one side of the door and James stayed at the other side.

"On the count of three." James whispered. Sirius nodded his head in agreement. "One...two..."

"JAMES! SIRIUS! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE! COME ON, YOU TWO! YOU'RE LATE FOR THE MEETING!"

Both James and Sirius jumped at the sound of Remus's voice coming from down stairs. James looked at the direction of the stairs then look back at Sirius. "I'll go. You stay here. Don't go in without backup." He whispered before walking back to the stairs.

Once James was out of sight, Sirius leaned against the wall with his wand ready, just in case. He stared at the door. Whatever made the noise, must be gone by now. They had wasted too much time.

Suddenly Sirius heard a noise coming from inside the room. It sounded like a groan and a hiss of pain. Somebody was in there! And they sound like they're in pain.

Forgetting what James said, Sirius slowly raised a hand to the doorknob and turned it.

Back downstairs James was explaining what happened to Remus.

"I left Sirius up stairs. He's waiting for me to come back." James finished.

Remus by now had his wand out. "You do know that if he hears something in the room, he's going to investigate it with or without you."

"I know. I would do the same..."

"JAMES! REMUS! GET UP HERE, QUICKLY!" Sirius's voice interrupted James.

Remus and James rushed up the stairs, with Remus in the lead. Remus rushed into the nursery when he saw that the door was already opened.

James heard Remus gasp as he entered the room. James looked at the middle of the room where Sirius was kneeling next to a boy. Remus was kneeling on the other side of him, using some healing spells on the boy. All James could see from his angle was a mass of messy black hair.

"Who is he? Is he all right? How did he get here?" He asked as he stepped closer.

Sirius turned to glance at James. "I don't know."

James by now was standing behind Sirius and had a clear view of the boy. He gasped in surprise. He must have been around fourteen

to sixteen years old. The boy looked a lot like him, but there was a scar on his forehead in the shape of a lightning blot. There was no doubt that this boy is a Potter, but James knows he has no other living relatives. "He must be a death eater." James said sounding distant once again.

"We have to get him to a hospital wing. Death Eater or no, his injured badly and needs help." Remus said as he stood up. "Sirius do you think you can lift him. I'm not feeling all that well since last night."

Sirius nodded his head and lifted the boy into his arms. "Gosh, doesn't this boy eat. He must weigh next to nothing."

"Let's get him Headquarters and have Albus look at him." Remus said as he walked out of the nursery with his wand ready to use if necessary.

James kept his eye on the boy as they walked out of the house to apparate to headquarters.

Once safely inside Sirius's house, James began to relax a little. If this kid was a death eater then he's not going harm anyone with a house full of Order members. He might try, but it would be a useless attempt.

Remus gone ahead of Sirius and James to inform the Order members about what happened and why they were late.

"Let's get him to one of the bedrooms." James said as he started walking up the stairs. He took a glance at Harry's stag that was still was in his hand. 'I guess I could keep it as a reminder.'

Sirius made a move to follow him, but a groan from the boy in his arms stopped him. James heard it to. He stopped on the fifth step and turned with his wand out, ready to stun him if he did anything. Sirius didn't acknowledge him, though. He kept his eyes on the boy in his arms.

His eyes flattered opened and Sirius and James gasped at the familiar emerald green eyes. The boy's glazed at Sirius with a dead look. "Sirius, what happened?" He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He still looked weak and looked like he would pass out again

soon. He opened his eyes again. "I thought...I saw...you fell. You fell. You fell." His voice went softer and softer at each word as he passed out again.

James and Sirius stared at the kid in shock amazement. How on earth did he know Sirius's name? They glanced up at each other.

"That was something." Sirius said for the lack of something to say.

"Yeah, something." James responded in a distant voice.

The door to the kitchen opened and Remus came out with Albus and Poppy following.

Seeing the boy in Sirius's arms, Poppy immediately took action. "What are you two doing standing here? Get that boy onto a bed."

James and Sirius jumped into action, not wanting to be on Poppy's bad side. They've seen it to many times during school.

His head hurts. His throat hurts. His eyes hurt. Almost everything in his body hurts. Pain, pain, pain and more pain.

Harry James Potter opened one eye after the other. He immediately realized where he was. He was at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, the Headquarters of the Order of the Phoenix. In Remus's room to be precise. Why he was in Remus's room and not his own...or in the infirmary?

Harry sighed. He felt too weak to get up, but Sirius once said he was as stubborn as his father for a reason. Harry sat up in the bed. He soon regretted it as he felt his head hum in pain.

The door opened and Madam Poppy Pomfrey walked in. Harry's eyes widened. He didn't know she was in the Order. He could have sworn she didn't have any part in the Order.

"Madam Pomfrey, I didn't know you were in the Order." He said through hissed teeth. Merlin, his head hurts!

Madam Pomfrey stopped half way to the bed. She looked surprised and a little suspicious of Harry. She ignored his words. "Lie back down, young man. I will not have someone under my care get

anymore sick because they started using unnecessary and damageable movements. Now, I need to look you over." She said cautiously.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Come on, Madam Pomfrey. You should know me well enough to know that I always use, and I quote 'unnecessary and damageable movements.'"

Pomfrey seemed even more cautious and suspicious of him. She took her wand out, but Harry thought she was just taking it out to do some health spells on him or something. Not knowing she took it out for her own protection. "I don't know what you are talking about young man."

Harry looked confused. Who wouldn't be? How could she not know what he was talking about? He always disregarded the rules when it comes to the hospital wing. Madam Pomfrey knew that.

Suddenly, Sirius came into the room wearing a grin. He didn't seem to notice Harry was up. "Hey, Pop. I came here to protect you." He said with a little bounce.

"Sirius, what had happened? I thought you fell. I saw you fell." At the sound of Harry's voice Sirius turned to him.

"What?" He asked suspiciously.

"What happened back there, Padfoot? I know I saw you fell." Harry repeated.

At the sound of Sirius's nickname, his eyes turned cold and his face hardened. Pomfrey turned to him. "Do you know this young man, Black?"

Sirius started shaking his head. Harry felt despair, sadness, shock, and horror hit him like a brick wall. "I don't know him. No."

"What?" Harry shouted before Pomfrey could say anything in reply. "How could you NOT know me, Sirius? I KNOW you know me. You're my godfather."

If it were possible Sirius's face hardened even more and his eyes became a cold dark pit. "I. Don't. Have. A. Godson."

Harry couldn't believe what he was hearing. Happened had to Sirius and Pomfrey? What's going on? "Yes you do, Sirius. What's wrong with you? I'm your godson, Harry James Potter, son of James and..."

"NO, YOU'RE NOT! Harry died on Hollows Eve in 1981." Sirius said furiously.

"Mr. Black, stop yelling at my charge right now." Pomfrey scowled. "Obviously, this boy seems to know more than we thought he would, but right now I don't care." She continued to scowl at Sirius, but Harry barley noticed. How could Sirius act like this? Why would he act like this? And what did he mean that he had died on Hollows Eve? Everyone knows that Harry lived. That is how he got the name, The-Boy-Who-Lived.

Harry stared at Sirius in emotional pain. Sirius stared back at him, ignoring Pomfrey, with an angry look on his face, which quickly been replaced with an emotionless face.

Suddenly Harry seemed to realize that his head is still hurting. He sank back into the bed. "Madam Pomfrey, I'm ready for my check up." Harry said in the same distant voice that James had used. Something that caught Sirius's attention.

Pomfrey walked over to the bed and began a check up without another word. Sirius stood uncomfortable off to the side.

"I'm going to get Remus to help you out, Poppy. I'm going to inform Albus that he..." Sirius nodded his head in Harry's direction. "...is awake." He just wanted to get out of this room. Anything to get him away from a 'Harry Potter' want-a-be.

Pomfrey acknowledged him with an 'hmm' and a nod. Sirius stepped out into the hallway, but kept the inside of the room in his view. He didn't want this 'death eater' attacking when he's not looking.

"Remus!"...Paused... "REMUS!"...Paused... "Merlin, where is he? REMUS, GET OVER HERE NOW!"

"Mr. Black, stop your yelling right now!" Pomfrey scowled.

"Yeah, Sirius. Stop your yelling!" James yelled from the down steps.

"You too, mister." Pomfrey said loudly.

James ignored her. "Remus isn't here, anyways. As you should remember, Remus went to work at that muggle bookstore. But if there is anything I can help you with..." James let the sentence run off.

Sirius glanced at the quiet, strangely quiet, death eater in the room. He can't believe he forgot that Remus was working at that muggle bookstore today. Sirius then looked at James who stood at the bottom of the stairs. As much as he didn't want to be near this death eater that's telling him his 'Harry Potter' his godson, he couldn't put James up here. If James ever finds out that this death eater is pretending to be Harry, he would kill him without a second thought. James was in real pain when his son and wife died. He didn't say anything to anyone in two whole months nor did he eat much. He never smiled or laughed. He stopped joking around. He even went as far as locking himself in the small apartment he was renting at the time. Watching him had just made Sirius's pain even worst.

Sirius sighed before answering James. "Can you go inform Albus that the boy is awake?"

James mocked a salute to him. "Aye aye cap' in." Sirius face went into a mock seriousness of a pirate captain. "What are you still doing here? Get out of my sight, you dog."

James smirked and left to call the Headmaster. Sirius wondered over James transformation in the past fourteen years. It had taken at least nine years for both, him and Remus, to get James into somewhat of a joking mood. He won't play pranks anymore, but James would still joke around, though not often. You could still tell that James is paining over his loss still, but he tried to hide it. Anyone who doesn't know James would think he had gotten over it, but those who knew him would see his pain instantly. And having this 'Harry Potter' want-a-be would just bring him back into a depression. That's most likely what Voldemort wants to happen.

Sirius shook his head to clear his wondering thoughts. He glanced back into the room. Pomfrey seems to be about done. She was talking to the boy. Boy, that was the right word for him. Just a boy. A

boy that was forced into this one way or another. Heck, when he was his age, he was playing pranks on Snape and sweet-talking his way out of detention.

Pomfrey made her way to him. "I don't think you know this or not..."She said quietly so the boy doesn't over hear. "...but the boy doesn't have the Dark Mark anywhere on his body."

Before Sirius could say anything else Albus walked up the stairs with James trailing behind him. "I heard that the boy woke up. I came to see him. That is if his healer allows me." His twinkling eyes stared at Madam Pomfrey waiting for her permission.

She nodded her head and started telling Albus what she had learned. "He's doesn't have the Dark Mark, but the scar on his forehead is that of a curse scar, a very dark curse scar. I can't tell what curse was used though. It's nothing like I ever seen or heard of. He suffered abuse, as far as I can tell, for at least most of his life. Though, he is well enough for you to talk to him."

"Thank you, Poppy. Now, my boys if you accuse me." With that Albus swept into the room.

"Professor! Merlin, am I glad to see you? Things have been..." The entire group heard before the door closed behind Albus.

Pomfrey walked down the stairs saying, "I'll be in the library if you need anything", as she went.

Sirius sighed and fell back against the wall across the bedroom door. He then slid down to the ground with his knees folded into his chest. "This has been one long day and its only eight in the morning." He said as he glanced up at James.

James sat down next to him, eyeing him in concern. "What did that boy say to you that made you so..." James paused, thinking of the best word to use. "...weary?"

Sirius looked at the closed door. "He knows my name."

James gave him the 'dua' expression. "We now that, Sirius. He said your name when we brought him here. We both heard..." James ran off his sentence when he saw Sirius shaking his head.

"Not that name." Sirius said looking years older. "The name that hasn't been said on anyone's lips for more then fifteen years." James eyes widen in surprise. "My old nickname."

"Padfoot." James whispered to himself. Sirius nodded his head. "Padfoot." He murmured in agreement.

"Pettigrew could have told anyone our nicknames, Sirius. They're just using that as a weak spot. Don't fall for it." James said.

"That's not the only thing they're using to make us weak." Sirius murmured thinking of who the Death Eater is posing as.

"What?" James asked looking confused.

Sirius glanced at James before looking back at the closed door. "Nevermind. It's nothing." Nothing all right. Nothing but a big lie to weaken them. Nothing but a painful past that keeps hunting them. Nothing, nothing, nothing. It defiantly wasn't nothing.

In the room, Harry is about to pull his hair out in frustration. Dumbledore is just as different as Sirius and Pomfrey was...well, not different per-say, but they all don't seem to know who he is. If this is a Death Eater trap then they really need to freshen up on their history and day-to-day lives. How could anyone NOT know who he is? As much as he hates being the Boy-Who-Lived, it really did have its uses.

"Sir, you got to believe me. I really am Harry James Potter." Harry felt really childish with his pleading tone and worried face. "On Hollows Eve..." Harry continued to say when he saw Dumbledore looking doubtful. "...Voldemort attack my house in Godric's Hallow. He killed my father first then came upstairs and killed my mom. He went to kill me but for some reason it backed fired and hit him. He became a wondering weak sprit. All I got from that night is a scar." Harry pulled his bangs back to show Dumbledore the cursed scar. He flattened his hair back into his face. "Sir, you got to believe me." Harry held his breath in as Dumbledor stoke his beard. He didn't move his eyes away from Harry as he thought things through.

"Hmm...as I see, Mr....umm...Potter. Your story seems quite impossible. You see on Hollows Eve you...well, to be blunt...you died with your mother in the nursery. If you don't mind if I check to see any dark or misused spells that might make you think your Harry Potter?" Dumbledore look in his eyes made no room for an argument.

Harry knew who he is...so, what's the harm in letting him check? He wouldn't find anything. Shrugging his shoulders Harry gave him the ok.

"Now, if you would lie down." Harry did as he was told. "I'm not going to use any spells that might harm you, but if I find anything that might tell me that you are dangerous in any way I might be force to use some...different methods." Harry nodded his head in understanding. "Now, lets get started."

Dumbledore waved his wand over Harry's head and the process began. It didn't really take that long, but it took longer then Harry would have guessed it would. After each spell Dumbledore seemed to have looked more and more confused.

Dumbledore finally sat down on the chair next to Harry's bed. "Well, Mr. Potter, it seems that my spells couldn't pick up anything to tell me that you are not who you tell me you are." He said slowly, going back into his thinking mode.

Harry sat up in his bed with a hopeful expression on his face. "So, you believe me, sir? You believe I'm Harry Potter?"

Dumbledore sighed and shifted in his seat. "I have no reason not to believe you, Mr. Potter." Harry almost cringed at his mentor formal usage of his name. "If you don't mind my saying so, Mr. Potter, but I do believe you were some how sent from another dimension. Another universe. Another world. I would need to do more research on it, but I'll get to that later. Right now I would like to know the last thing that you remember before waking up here."

It took a minute for Harry to register what Dumbledore just said. His mind was still going over the 'dimension' part. He never even thought of the possibility of that happening. Hermione didn't even think that was possible.

"The last thing I remember is not being in control of my body. Dumb...well, you, sir were fighting with Voldemort at the Ministry of Magic. Then he disappeared. All of a sudden I wasn't in control of my actions or body. Pain overtook me and my scar was in pain. It felt like a snake was round my body squeezing me tightening its grip. I tried so hard to push the pain away. The next thing I knew was a blinding flash of light. Then I woke up here. Do you know what happened, sir?" Harry looked at Dumbledore with high hopes. Harry knew that it wasn't possible for someone to know everything, but Dumbledore...and Hermione...seemed to know more than anyone and Harry is always expecting an answer each time he ask a question. But this time the answer didn't come.

Dumbledore started to stroke his beard that means he is thinking deeply, something Harry had realized a while ago. "I can't not tell you at the moment, Mr. Potter, but I can promise you that I would try my best to find your answers. Is there anything else you think I should know?"

Harry hesitated before deciding to tell him about the prophecy in the Department of Mysteries. "The whole reason for the, braking and entering the Department of Mysteries was because of this prophecy

that was there. I don't know what it was about or anything, but it had mine and Voldemort name on it."

Dumbledore seemed to have sat up straighter in his chair with a shock look on his face. His face then slit into a grin. He sat back down into the chair after a moment. "I almost forgotten about that prophesy."

"Sir?" Harry glanced at him the question, 'what prophesy?' written all over his face.

Back in the hallway, Sirius had started banging his head against the wall, getting really impatient. "What's taking so long? Do you think the Death Eater attacked him?" He asked James who was looking at the door in boredom.

"How...would...a death eater...get to Dumbledore?" James said slowly like he was talking to a child and not a full-grown man.

Sirius stopped his head banging and stared at James. "It could happen. Just have a little faith then you can be the next light leader." He said not meaning a word he said.

James opened his mouth to deny it, but the door to the room and Dumbledore stepped out and closed the door behind him again. James and Sirius quickly got back to their feet.

Dumbledore looked to be thinking heavily and didn't seem to notice the two men standing a few feet in front of him.

"Albus?" James said breaking the silence.

Dumbledore looked up, startled. "Oh, hi boys. I didn't see you there."

"I figured you didn't. Did you figure out who he is?" Sirius paused then corrected himself. "Who he really is?" Sirius said with a sneer.

Dumbledore turned his down cast eyes to him. "I'm afraid to say that he is who he claims to be."

"WHAT! No, Albus, you can't be right. You can't." Sirius shouted sound desperate. "His dead."

Dumbledore nodded his head. "It is him from another dimension; an alternate universe."

"So, is anyone going to tell me who he is?" James asked sounding irritated.

Sirius and Dumbledore shared a glance at each other. Sirius looked a bit uncomfortable. If what Dumbledore said is true then James would flip out. At this point Sirius can't tell if James would take the news with a positive reaction or a negative reaction. Heck, Sirius himself doesn't know if he should take this as a positive thing or a negative thing. Having his godson here certainly is a good thing...half of him can't wait to see what his godson should have been like if he had lived. But on the other hand this boy isn't his godson. He's some other Sirius's godson. And what if Dumbledore is wrong and that boy isn't Harry James Potter, his somewhat godson?

"Sirius, why don't you keep the boy some company as I tell James?" Dumbledore said breaking through his thoughts.

"W-what? ME?" Sirius was not ready to see the boy so soon. Not ready at all. He still wasn't fully convinced that the boy is Harry Potter from another dimension. That sounds crazy. Really, really, really crazy. Seeing Dumbledore's stern look, Sirius agreed to do as he is told. "Oh, all right."

Dumbledore smiled and turned to James. "If you don't mind my boy lets go sit in the kitchen and talk."

James shrugged his shoulders and looked at them suspiciously. "Okay, Albus. Lead the way."

Sirius watched them walk down the hallway and disappeared down the stairs. He turned back towards the door. He heard movement from inside. The boy...Harry was most likely waiting for someone to come in.

Sirius placed his hand on the door, took a deep breath, placed a faking smile on his face, turned the knob, and froze. Dumbledore better be right about this. If he is wrong then James and him would hate him.

'Okay, breath, Sirius. Breath.' Following his instructions from his mind, Sirius placed the fake smile back on his face and opened the door.

After Dumbledore left the room, Harry stared at the ceiling sadly. 'I'm the only one that could kill him. Either he dies or I die. Either can live as the other survive.'

"WHAT?" Harry jumped when he heard a voice yell from right outside his door. He glanced at the door, but when he heard nothing else and saw that no one was coming in. Harry went back to his hopeless thoughts.

Is their prophecy the same as his? Harry hopes not. That's just the prophesy for here...right? The prophesy in the Department of Mysteries could be a different prophesy.

Harry knew he was just pushing his luck. The prophesy in the Department of Mysteries had his and Voldemort's name on it. What else could the prophesy say with those two names on it? That they would become allies and stop all war...the beginning of world peace? He doesn't think so. It would have been weird if it was, but Harry doesn't think so.

Harry sighed and moved to face the empty chair next to his bed. 'I hope Dumbledore is wrong for once.' He thought. 'Why didn't he tell me?'

The doorknob suddenly moved. Harry stared at the door waiting for the person on the other side to enter. Harry sighed when no one entered.

The door opened and Sirius came in with a fake smile and his hand close to his side, ready to pull out his wand if necessary.

Harry's heart pumped in his chest. He took his eyes off of him and stared at the floor by his feet. This isn't his Sirius. His Sirius is gone...forever. He fell. He fell, never to return. Never to sing off beat Christmas songs and jump up and down the walls at Christmas time. Never going to send a letter to him again. Never going to talk about happier times. Never going to hug him. Never going to say, 'I love you' anymore. Never, never, never.

Harry barely noticed Sirius walking into the room and closing the door. He didn't respond when Sirius sat in the chair. Awkward silence followed.

Harry could feel Sirius staring at him with an intense look. Harry shifted uncomfortably on the bed.

"Sooooo...Harry, how have your day been?" Sirius asked awkwardly, throwing the question that popped into his mind.

Harry sat up in bed and glanced at the room awkwardly avoiding looking at Sirius. "Eventful." He answered quietly.

"Oh," was all that Sirius said before they went back into uncomfortable awkward silence.

"Let me get this straight." James started to say in a dangerous soft tone. "My SON IS HERE?" He yelled and stood up from his chair. "MY SON IS DEAD, SIR! I KNOW HE IS. YOU CAN'T BRING PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD." He angrily began to breath heavily as he leaned against the table with his hands.

Albus held a hand out, sitting calmly at the kitchen table. "If you let me finish, James. I didn't say your son is alive. I said your son from another dimension, another world. A world where you and Lily died and he lived. He is your son in a sense, but he isn't the same son you saw come out of his mothers womb." He said with a calm sternness to him.

"I don't want another son. I don't want a son that looks like him and acts like him. I don't want a son that could have been my son if I did what I was suppose to. I was suppose to protect him and I failed. I don't want a reminder that I failed." James stomped towards the door.

"James..." Albus called out, but it was too late. James had already left the room. He sighed and stood up. 'I hope he doesn't do anything drastic.' He couldn't help but think.

Meanwhile James was angrily stomping up the stairs to go to his room. He was murmuring angrily under his breath. "Son...not...Harry ...idiot...jerk...stupid...not..."

At the third to last step James accidentally hit his foot on the stair. "OW!STUPID STAIR!" He yelled loud enough to wake up Sirius's mother.

"SMELLY FIFTHLY MUDBLOODS! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE. YOU MUDBLOODS SHOULD DIE!"

"SHUT UP, MRS. BLACK! I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOU!" James yelled back. She continued to scream until somebody, properly Dumbledore, closed her curtains.

James finally reached the second story without any more problems. He started to walk by the room to get to his own, but paused. Lily would have jumped at the chance to meet Harry, their Harry or not.

He walked to the door and stared at it with indecision. In this room lies a boy that could have been his son if he didn't fail to do what he promised. He promised to protect him, but he failed that night on Hallows Eve.

He placed his hand on the knob and started to turn it, but then stopped. Even if he wanted to see and know this 'other' Harry, it wouldn't last forever. Albus Dumbledore would find a way for him to return to his own world where he can live happily with Sirius, his godfather, not the Sirius that is sitting with him right now.

James took his hand off the knob, stepped back and walked away without a backward glance.

Moments earlier, Sirius and Harry wasn't much better then before. The silence had dragged on. No one knowing what to say to one another.

Suddenly they heard feet stomping on the stairs outside. They both looked towards the door.

Sirius had a rough idea who it was. Harry on the other didn't have a clue.

"OW! STUPID STAIR!" They heard. Sirius made a sound of recognition before cringing, knowing what was coming next. The sound of Mrs. Black soon followed. Just like Sirius guessed it would.

"SMELLY FIFTHLY MUDBLOODS! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE. YOU MUDBLOODS SHOULD DIE!"

"SHUT UP, MRS. BLACK! I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOU!" To Harry the voice sounded really familiar, but he just couldn't place it. One glance at Sirius told Harry that he knew who it was. That's not really surprising, though.

The screaming finally stopped and they could once again hear the footsteps reach the second story.

From the crack under the door, they could see a shadow of someone walk by, then stopped in front of the door.

"Is he really going to come in?" Harry heard Sirius murmur under his breath. Seeing Sirius's anticipation made Harry feel apprehensive about this person at the door.

The knob started to turn slowly, but then stopped. A few moments later, the shadow on ground moved away from the room and disappeared.

Sirius sighed heavily and turned back in his chair. "For a second there I really thought he was going to do it."

"Who was it?" Harry asked.

Sirius suddenly went back to being uncomfortable. "Well...umm...he...ah ...umm" Sirius stumbled over his words not knowing if he should tell Harry about James. Son to godfather is one thing, but son to father is completely different.

Suddenly a thought came to him. "You didn't recognize his voice?" He asked suddenly confused and suspicious. Why doesn't 'Harry' recognize his own father's voice?

Harry shook his head. "No."

Staring suspiciously at him Sirius felt his wand in his pocket. "You should." Sirius said calmly.

Harry felt confused. "Why should I?"

"What type of son doesn't recognize his own father's voice?"

Sirius question froze him. His heart stopped pumping for a moment. His breath got caught in his throat. It felt like the wind got knocked out of him. "What?" He said quietly in surprise. "That...that..." Harry moistened his suddenly dry lips. "that was...that was my father? That was James Potter? He's alive!"

NOTE TO ALL: I'm looking for a beta. Anyone up for the job!
REVIEW PLEASE!

Chapter Three

His father is alive in this world. His father is alive. He's alive. Harry must be in shock or something, because that was all he could think about these past four days.

Sirius had confusingly explained that James Potter was indeed alive, but broken. He wouldn't say anymore on the subject. So, Harry reluctantly let the subject drop. Sirius had finally left the room a moment later saying he wanted to check up on James. So, once again left alone in the room, Harry thought of and only of his father.

He remembered Madam Pomfrey saying he was allowed out of the bed earlier today, but Harry has yet to move. He really wasn't ready to bump into James Potter. That would be disastrous. No matter how much he really wants to know him, Harry has to remember he isn't his father. His father is dead and been dead for years.

Harry sat up in bed when a startling thought came to him. 'If my father is alive, then is my mother alive?' The thought that his mother might be alive shook his emotions more than the thought of his father being alive. No offence to his father, but Harry had seen his mother die again and again. It was his mother's death, her sacrifice, which saved him years ago. Seeing her happy and alive would be like...like, heck there isn't a word for it. Harry would most likely break down and embarrass himself. He stopped his thoughts. He remembered Dumbledore saying he had died with his mother. He wouldn't be able to see and meet her after all. She had died in his world as well as this world.

Finding himself getting uncomfortable staying in bed, in this room, Harry stood up and paused as a dizzy spell hit him. After the dizziness left him, he slowly made his way to the door. He opened the door and walked out of the room.

Harry could hear many voices downstairs; hopefully Dumbledore was down there. Harry wants to know if he found anything on how Harry came here or how to get back. He made his way down the stairs.

Sirius, Remus, and James sat at the kitchen table with a bottle of firewhiskey sitting in between them.

"My bet is on the Egypt Sphinx. They have a tough Quidditch team." Sirius said loudly over James and Remus's argument on the United States team and the Russian team.

"No, not the Sphinx's." James whined. "Come on. For Merlin sake, Sirius, they lost to Japan. Japan of all teams. The Russian team on the other hand. They won against the Canadian Red Sparks."

"That's only because the Canadian seeker was ill and couldn't play." Remus said. "The United States though, is on a wild streak. They won five games in a row."

"Ah, humbug." James said as he stood up from his chair. "Three of those teams are terrible. They suck. We all have to agree on that." He put his cup into the sink.

"Sadly, I would have to agree with James. Those three teams do suck." Sirius said throwing his cup to James. "Put that in the sink." James rolled his eyes but did so anyway.

"Who did England play last?" Remus asked suddenly.

James and Sirius thought about it. "Good question. Who did we play last?" James asked. Sirius shrugged his shoulders. "I'm going to find out. It's got to be in the paper." James turned around to head towards the living room, but stopped short when he caught sight of the boy standing in the doorway, blocking his path.

The room got tense all of a sudden. So tense you couldn't even cut it with a knife. The boy stared at him and he stared back. The first thing that James noticed about him was his eyes. Widen with shock, the bright emerald green eyes stared at him. Familiar emerald green eyes that pierced his soul. The boy's hair was the next thing that caught his attention. Wild messy black hair. So, much like his own. His eyes were then drawn to the boy's forehead. A lightning bolt scar.

James tore his shocked eyes away from the boy. "I'm...I'm going...going to check the...the...the thing." James stumbled quietly over his words, wanting to get out of there quickly. 'This is not my son. This is not my son.' He kept repeating to himself as he carefully walked around the boy. He could feel the boy's eyes on him as he moved to the side of the doorway to let him pass. He wasn't ready to see him. Not ready at all.

When Harry entered the kitchen he wasn't expecting to see Remus, Sirius, and a black haired man with their backs turned to him. And he wasn't expecting or ready to see the black haired man turn and face him. And on top of everything, Harry was not ready to see James Potter's face.

His hazel eyes glanced at his emerald eyes before moving to his hair. From his hair, the hazel eyes moved to his scar in the middle of his forehead.

Harry's heart was pumping fast. Here was the man who gave birth to him...no, this isn't the same man. This just looks like the man who gave birth to him. That didn't really help matters. His some what father is still here staring at him.

Harry watched as James Potter quickly tore his eyes away from him. "I'm...I'm going...going to check the...the...the thing." James Potter (Harry didn't know what else to call him by) said as he stumbled over his words. Harry moved to the side to let James Potter pass him. He did so, not sparing him another glance.

It hurt. It surprisingly hurt more then Harry thought it would. He was feeling rejected. Being rejected by a man who wasn't really his father, but in some sense was. It hurt like a punch in the gut, a slap in the face, the Cruciatus Curse, and being choked by someone you trusted. Gosh, it hurt. It hurt so much. James Potter, his father, wants nothing to do with him. Just that few moments Harry saw him, he knew James Potter did not want him. Did not care.

Harry was still staring at the door when he heard someone cough behind him. Turning around still in stun silence, Harry saw Remus and Sirius looking at him. Remus held out a hand to him.

"You must be Harry." Remus smiled at him awkwardly as Harry placed his hand into his. They shook hands before Harry took his hand back. He was still too shock to say anything.

After a few minutes of just sitting there, awkwardly, Sirius jumped out of his seat. "Well, I don't know about you, Remus, but I'm going to check that paper. I want to know who we played last and James obviously isn't coming in here to tell us." Sirius quickly made his way out of the room. Harry didn't even watch Sirius leave the room; it

hurt enough to know that he did. He couldn't spare the thought of watching him leave not only the room, but also him, Harry. Leaving the room was also leaving Harry...again.

"Don't worry about them. It's just weird seeing you when you are...or were...well you know what I mean. You can't exactly blame them." Remus said softly when he saw Harry's pained look.

Harry nodded in agreement as he sat down in the chair beside Remus. It did make sense. He is dead to his father and his father is dead to him. It's been that way for more than fourteen years. But Harry had always hoped for a family and now his not-really-but-is father is here ...Harry shook his head to clear his wondering thoughts. "It still hurts." He said for the first time since he got up.

He spoke so quietly that Remus, even with his keen hearing, had to strain to hear him. "They'll warm up to you."

Harry rolled his eyes. "You always will be the sensible one. In any world."

Remus smiled. "So, I guess you knew me...in your world, I mean."

Harry stood up and went over to the cupboards for a cup. "Yeah, I knew you. You are the only person I have left...well, the Weasley's and Dumbledore too." Harry filled up his cup with water from the sink and sat down next Remus again.

"What about Sirius?" Remus asked before he jumped in this seat in surprise. "The Weasley's? Which group? Molly Weasley or Arthur Weasley?"

Harry looked at him, confused. "Well for one thing, I don't think Sirius...made it." The thought of Sirius dead or dying pained Harry. Not wanting to show weakness, he pushed his tears back and continued.

"Secondly, what on earth are you talking about? Group? What group?" Harry took a sip of water. "I don't know what you're talking about?"

Remus refilled his cup with firewhiskey. "Molly and Arthur didn't split in your world?" Harry shook his head. "Well, that explains it then."

You see, Molly and Arthur split eleven years ago. Molly couldn't stand Arthur's obsession with muggles and the Order. She couldn't stand her older children following his lead in joining the Order. So, they split. For a mother who was so concerned for her children, she surprisingly only took the three youngest children. Ron, Ginny, and Rora. Oh, and Percy. He went with them too. That makes four children that she took with her."

"Rora? Who's that?" Harry asked before taking another sip of water.

Remus glanced at Harry in surprise. "Aurora Weasley. Molly's and Arthur's youngest child. She's two years younger than Ginny."

Harry shook his head. "They didn't have another child after Ginny in my world."

"Good, I don't think you would have liked her." Remus said. That was all that was said on the matter. Harry wanted to ask what Remus meant, but seeing the loathing and pained look on his face, Harry decided not to press that particular conversation. Instead, Harry took the conversation away from the Weasley's. "Why are you being so acceptable to me?" Harry asked softly.

Remus almost spit out his firewhiskey when he heard Harry ask that question. He was half expecting for him to ask why he wouldn't like the youngest Weasley child. Seeing Harry waiting for an answer, Remus pushed his surprise away and answered. "Well, I guess half of me recognized you." Remus said, not knowing if Harry knew about him being a werewolf or not.

Harry nodded half understanding what he was talking about. "That wolf side, right?"

If Remus was surprised that Harry knew, he didn't show it. He just nodded his head. "Yeah, your scent, though a little different, is the same and your aura around you is almost the same. I guess you are still my cub, rather or not you're the same exact cub." Remus hid his smile behind his cup of firewhiskey. Harry's face expression was amusing. If he had to put his emotions into one word. It would be uncomfortable. Looking at Harry right now, Remus could say that Harry was not an emotional person at all. More like a shy brave boy. Nothing like James, more like Lily. "You know you are more like Lily than James."

Harry looked at him in surprise. Everyone always told him he was like James in everyway. Hearing someone tell him that he had something of his mother, and not just her eyes, filled him with excitement. "Really? Everyone said I was just like my father. The only thing they tell me about my mother is that I have her eyes."

Remus shook his head. "You may look more like your father, but I can really see Lily in you through, not only your eyes, but your behavior. Remember, I just met you. I'm just going by what I see right now." Remus put his cup to his lips and took a big drink. He set his empty cup down and picked up the firewhiskey bottle. Holding the firewhiskey bottle to his face, Remus said, "You know, I really shouldn't drink anymore of this." Remus stood up with the cup in one hand and the firewhiskey in the other. He put the cup in the sink and placed the firewhiskey back into the icebox. Turning around and leaning against the counter top, Remus chuckled. Harry was staring at the tabletop with a thoughtful expression on his face. Though, with James' face, Remus could see that look on Harry's thoughtful face that reminded him of Lily. The sooner James saw that, Remus thinks, the sooner he would accept him.

Harry got out of his thoughtful phase and looked at Remus. Harry looked tired and worn out as he glanced back at the table. "I think I'm going to get some more rest. Can you wake me when Dumbledore gets back?" Harry asked completely off topic of what they were talking about.

Remus nodded. "I will. He might want to talk to you anyway." Remus watched as Harry nodded and stood up from the chair.

"Thanks Remus, for everything." Harry quickly left the room before Remus could say anything else.

Harry walked up the stairs, thinking over everything that Remus had said. Did his Remus from his world think the same thing as his counterpart? That though he looked like his old school friend, he acted more like his mother. If Remus did think that, then why hasn't he told him? Did Sirius think the same thing?

Harry started walking up the stairs, his mind not really on anything around him. For that reason and that reason alone, Harry

accidentally bumped into the last person he wanted to bump into. James Potter.

James Potter was just about to leave to go to Hogwarts when he bumped into the last person he wanted to bump into. Harry Potter.

He had realized that he left his mini snitch at Hogwarts. Being the DADA professor, something that had Sirius laughing, had its usage. He got to take toys away when a student is playing around with it in class. Draco Malfoy was playing with this mini snitch in class one day. So, James took it away and claimed it as his own when Malfoy forgotten all about it. It was quite fun playing with it during professor meetings and in between classes.

He was walking down the stairs, thinking of the last place he'd seen the snitch when something small bumped into him. He reacted without thinking. He had quickly wrapped his arms around the person and pulled the person to his body, making sure they wouldn't fall down the stairs.

Looking down James was horrified and surprised to see the top of a messy black hair head that went up to his chest. He quickly dropped his arms and step back a step. He glanced around the staircase, making sure not to look at the boy.

Awkward silence that seemed to have followed them from the kitchen earlier descended upon them once again. James refused to look at him.

"JAMES! SIRIUS!"

Both, James and Harry jumped from the sudden loud sound of Remus's voice.

"JAMES! SIRIUS! HURRY!" James and Harry turned to look down the stairs.

Remus ran out of the kitchen and started up the stairs. He stopped short when he saw James. "James, thank Merlin." He said, slightly out of breath. "Find Sirius. There's a Death Eater attack at the Longbottom's. The Weasley's are already there with Tonks. Nobody is able to reach Dumbledore."

James quickly headed towards the top of the stairs to find Sirius.

Harry turned to Remus. "Can I come? I could fight!"

"NO!" Remus and surprisingly James, who stopped in the hallway of the second story, shouted at the same time.

After one awkward moment of silence, James quickly walked away to find Sirius without another word.

Harry tried to ignore the sudden feeling of a parent scowling their child, but it was difficult. Most children would be groaning and complaining, but Harry never knew the feeling. It was wonderful to be scowling at by a parent, even though that said parent didn't care a Knut about him. Yeah, he's been scowled at before. By Remus, Snape, and McGonagall, but it felt different being scowled at by a parent.

Harry turned to Remus, pushing everything out of his head. "I can fight. I want to fight."

Remus turned his attention back to Harry. "No. It's too dangerous." Remus held up his hand to stop Harry's protest. "Not only is it dangerous to you, but we don't want Voldemort..." Remus was proud to see that Harry didn't flinch. "...to know that you are here. That would be disastrous. Something we don't want him to know about. Anyway, if he connects you with the prophecy then..." Remus let his sentence run off.

Sirius and James appeared on top of the steps. "Let's go, wolfie. Time to kick some Death Trash butts." Sirius had that silly grin on that Harry remembers all too well. It hurt to see both Sirius and James ignore him. Their eyes didn't go in his direction at all.

Harry kept his head down as they passed him on the stairs. They, including Remus, ran to the fireplace.

Sirius stepped in the fireplace. "Longbottom Estate." James followed him. Remus though stopped and glanced up the stairs at Harry.

"Be careful. Don't touch anything unusual and please, Harry, stay put." Harry rolled his eyes, wondering how Remus knew about his save-people thing, as Remus threw the floo powder. "Longbottom

Estate." Then Harry was alone in the house he really was beginning to hate.

Harry sighed and headed the rest of the way up the stairs. Merlin, he really wants to help, but a few things kept him here. One, everyone's mistrust of him. Two, Remus is right. Harry isn't really ready to have Voldemort on his neck. It was nice not worrying over Voldemort attacking him or the people he was close to. Three, Harry was really, really tired and wasn't in the mood to fight so soon after the battle at Department of Mysteries. Four, Harry does not know Mrs. Longbottom. He only knows Neville and he might be different. Five, Harry really, really, really, really wants James Potter to at least think he was responsible enough to be known among them.

So, with those on his mind Harry walked away from the fireplace and into the bedroom he woke up in. The bed looked so inviting. He flopped onto the bed and fell into a restless sleep.

Thanks to ShyOne for looking over the chapter for me! Please review people!

Chapter 4

James Potter popped out of the fireplace and straight into battle right behind Sirius Black.

Death Eaters were everywhere in the Longbottom Estate. James fought his way to where Alice Longbottom was kneeling over her husband, Frank Longbottom. Taking a quick glance around the area, James saw Tonks, the Weasley's, Moody, Sirius and Remus all there keeping the Death Eaters back from Alice and Frank.

"Expelliarmus! Petrificus Totalus! " He shouted at a Death Eater that was about to shout the killing curse at Alice. He then raced to where Alice was.

"Alice!" James shouted over the battle. "HOW IS HE!"

Alice sent a stunner at an incoming Death Eater. "HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION!"

James glanced around the house. It was a big house. They were currently in the livingroom. Behind them is the kitchen. In the kitchen, James knew there are the stairs to the upstairs. Upstairs in Franks office there is a fireplace. James looked over at the fireplace in the livingroom, the one he came through. A fight between Sirius and a few Death Eaters now blocked it.

James took the time to kneel down next to Alice. "Help me take him upstairs. You can take the fireplace in Franks office."

Alice nodded and stood up with James. "Wingardium Leviosa." With James as a bodyguard, they backed out of the room. "Neville is upstairs still. I won't leave without him." James nodded his head and ignored the ache in his heart when she mentioned her son. Her son survived a Death Eater attack where his son did not. Both of their son's were targeted because of the prophecy. And only one of them lived. Don't get him wrong he's happy for the Longbottoms, but still. You can't blame him for wishing for his son to be alive and not one from another world.

They rushed upstairs. Alice went straight to Frank's office as James went to where he knew Neville's room was.

The sound of battle downstairs seemed have gotten worst. James had to hurry and join his friends in the fight.

James knocked on Neville's door. "NEVILLE! You in there? It's James Potter. I'm taking you to your parents. Then you'll go to Headquarters with them."

Neville's door opened and a blond hair boy peaked his head out. "M-Mr. Pot-Potter, Sir?"

James nodded. "Yes, Neville. Lets go. We don't have much time." James took hold of Neville's shoulder and pulled him out into the hallway. "Go straight to your father's office, quickly."

James watched Neville head towards the office and disappeared inside, before heading back downstairs to the battle.

The battle didn't stop until Dumbledore showed up, which must have been half an hour after the battle started. Sirius had a cutting curse performed on him. His arm was bleeding from his elbow to his wrist. Remus's leg was broken. Tonks was hit by an Aguamenti spell and the conjunctivitus curse. The cruciatus curse was used often on the Order members. James had a few cuts and bruises, but nothing to serious. Though his arm hurts and he is now limping.

With Dumbledore now at the scene, those who were not Aurors left before the Aurors that weren't members of the Order arrived. That would mean James, the Weasley's, Remus and Moody, since he retired.

James followed Remus to Headquarters, tired, in pain, and hungry. As he stepped out of the fireplace, he quickly took the couch. "Merlin, I'm getting to old for this."

Remus chuckled as Poppy came into the room and began to heal the wounded. "If you're getting old, think about Albus."

James laughed. "True. So, true. I still don't know how he does it." James turned his attention to Poppy, who was giving Remus Skele-Gro potion. "How's Frank?"

"Resting with Alice by his side. Their son is resting in the room next to theirs. And your..." Poppy stopped for a moment, but it was to late.

James already knew what she was going to say. "The boy, Harry, is resting as well." James nodded stiffly.

Suddenly a loud horrifying scream from upstairs, made them all jump. James jumped out of his seat and quickly ran up the stairs with his wand ready. He didn't realize nobody else seemed to be following. Poppy was in the middle of helping Charlie, who was in critical condition and Remus was under the effects of the Skele-Gro potion.

Harry's dream...no vision started out peaceful. The Weasley's from his world were sitting around the Burrow's table. They were having lunch it seemed like and talking about random things like how Charlie was doing in Romania and the latest news from Bill. Quidditch would find its way in the conversation once and a while. But it was the last thing they were talking about that grabbed Harry's attention...him.

Mrs. Weasley looked over at Arthur with sadness in her eyes. "Has there been any news on Harry, dear?"

All conversation around the table stopped and the children waited for an answer.

Mr. Weasley took a long deep breath. "No, Albus hasn't found anything as of yet. He still goes to the Ministry of Magic to find anything that might have been missed. He goes whenever he has a chance. He misses Harry very much anyone would be able to see that. He cares so much for him." He finished quietly.

There was a moment of silence as everyone stored the information into their minds. Harry took the time to look around the table. Mrs. Weasley had tears running down her face, but tried to hide it. Mr. Weasley looked downcast and there were hints of tears threatening to fall. Ginny was crying openly. Ron looked pissed off and saddened at the same time. And the twins looked serious for once. Both quiet and withdrawn.

"I'm going to kill Voldemort myself if anything bad happened to Harry." Ron said angrily. Harry felt proud of Ron for saying Voldemort's name without flinching or stuttering.

The vision changed on him. Now, Harry was in a big dark dreary room. By the pain in his scar and the black robed men around the room, Harry now knows he is having a Voldemort vision. His Voldemort or this world's Voldemort is the question.

"Welcome back, friends." He found himself hissing to them sarcastically. Not a good thing. He twirled his wand in his hand "Now, my loyal friends..." He continued to say sarcastically. "...I'm sure you now know of Harry Potter's disappearance and how I asked many number of you to look for him .Yes?" Voldemort's voice suddenly went cold. "AND NO ONE BROUGHT ANYTHING USEFUL! Crucio! CRUCIO!" Voldemort used the cruciatus curse on at least ten random Death Eaters.

Harry, himself felt the curse through his scar. He could hear himself screaming over the sounds of the Death Eaters scream. He felt the pain before, but it was the type of pain that you would never get use to.

Voldemort finally stopped throwing the curses around and angrily sent the Death Eater's out of the room. Harry, by now, was breathing heavily.

"Did you like that, Potter? Did you like seeing them suffer? Did you like feeling all that pain?" Harry felt Voldemort smirk before he sneered. "I'll find you, Potter. If it's the last thing I do. I'll find and kill you. I know you're alive. I can feel you inside me at this moment." That was the last thing Harry heard before he went into another vision.

Harry was once again inside Voldemort, but this was different. For one thing, the room they were in was more elegant and rich. There were mirrors on the walls and a tall panted ceiling.

Harry had to get a double take at the person in the mirrors. This Voldemort looked nothing like the Voldemort he knew. This one has black hair that was slicked back in a snoopy rich manner, at least in Harry's point of view. His eyes, though still red had a more human look to them. All in all he looked more human and less snake like. Merlin, he even has a nose!

Harry knew right away that this is the Voldemort from the world he's in now. The world where his Father and Sirius are still alive. This Voldemort even looked more powerful than his own Voldemort.

It was then that Harry noticed he was standing on top of a big set of stairs with lots of black robed Death Eaters standing below him. And this Voldemort was pleased.

"Your distraction helped our cause wonderfully, my loyal friends. The fight at the Longbottom's took us one step closer to victory." There was a thundering sound of the Death Eaters yelling in triumph

Harry was now worried. That meant they succeeded in winning. His father, godfather and surrogate Uncle are there!

"Severus, step forward!"

Harry's ears perked up at the familiar name. A figure stepped closer to the stairs and bowed. "Yes, my Lord?"

"Arise, Severus." Snape did so. "Did the Longbottom's make it to Headquarters safely?"

"Yes, my Lord. I saw Potter take them to Frank Longbottom's office where there was a fireplace, my Lord." Voldemort's happiness sickened Harry.

Frank Longbottom?...it was then Harry remembered he was in a different world. Frank and Alice Longbottom might be sane here. The next thought that entered Harry's mind was, 'Why on earth would Voldemort want the Longbottom's to live?'

"Excellent, Severus. Antonin, step forward."

Snape stayed put as Antonin Dolohov stepped forward and bowed. "Yes, my Lord?"

Voldemort turned his back to them and looked innocently at a painting behind him. "Was it planted, Antonin?" He asked almost innocently, like he already knew the answer.

Harry could feel Dolohov's fear and disgustingly it gave him joy to feel his fear of disappointing him. "I'm...I'm so-sorry, my-my Lord."

Harry could feel Voldemort's anger rise. "It—it wasn't—wasn't planted, my-my Lord."

"WHAT!" Voldemort quickly spun around and sent a very stronger, stronger then Harry has ever felt it before, cruciatus curse at Dolohov.

Harry screamed, loudly. It hurt so much more then ever before. Invisible hot knives seemed to have stabbed him, making him scream in terrible pain. Terrible Pain.

Harry woke up screaming. He didn't even notice he was up. He still felt the pain from the cruciatus curse rushing through his body. His body was shaking uncontrollably. He faintly heard someone close to him screaming for help.

He felt a calming sensation of someone running their hands up and down his back. Harry felt his body slowly stop shaking and moved closer to a warmth that was next to him, breathing deeply and heavily. His body was still shaking but it wasn't as bad as it used to be. He shook almost like he was cold. He was so comfortable and warm. He felt safer then he has ever felt before.

Harry was about to fall back to sleep, when he was shaken awake from the sounds of rushing feet.

"It's about time you got here." He heard someone say from above him.

Harry opened his eyes half way to see the person he seems to be leaning against, but he only saw a dark blue shirt before closing his eyes.

"Carefully move out from under him, while I..." Harry heard before he fell right back to sleep.

James was glad to leave his spot underneath Harry...yet somewhat disappointed. When he came into the room to find him yelling and shaking, it scared him. He tried to reason with himself that he was more scared at what was happening, then whom it was happening too.

Right when James reached to shake him awake, the boy had stopped scream, though he was still shaking. James took a breath of relief.

It was then he took the time to study Harry. Though, Harry looked far from peaceful with the shaking and sweat, James could still see a bit of innocence about him. The way the hair was messy, like any other teenager. Even though his hair will most likely stay messy, when every other teenager learns to comb it. James thought as he ran his hand through his own messy black hair.

He had always wanted a son. From the moment he noticed Lily in second year, James had been thinking of marriage and children. How happy he was when they both came true and how disturbed and distraught he was when it fell apart. After that, his happiest thoughts came his worst nightmare. He couldn't imagine marrying someone else or having another son. The thought of marriage and children disturbed him almost as bad as the thought of Voldemort taking over.

And now, here was an innocent boy thrust into a world where he, James Potter, was. His son...no, his son's counterpart, was most likely expecting a happy willing father to take him in for as long as he's here. Instead found himself being rejected and ignored.

James then shook his head from his depressing thoughts and sighed deeply. He absent-mindingly picked up the blanket that had fallen on the floor and stood up. James then tucked the blanket around Harry in a fatherly fashion, not that James noticed.

James was about to leave the room when Harry started screaming again, more loudly and painfully. He did the only thing he could think of at that moment. He tried to comfort and calm him the best he can. Remembering how his own mother would calm him after a nightmare, James got in bed behind the shaking boy and pulled him the best he can to his lap.

With a hard effort, James turned Harry to his side and moved his hands up and down his back, trying to calm his muscles and give him a peace of mind that someone was with him. Someone to help him through this.

"POPPY! Come on, Harry. Wake up. POPPY, HURRY! Shhh. HELP! ANYONE!" James kept switching back from yelling for help and trying his best to calm Harry verbally. He then became aware how awkward this was. He was trying to ignore the boy, but here he is doing the complete opposite.

So, with Poppy now here, James finally was able to get out an uncomfortable position.

"Poppy, what's wrong?" James asked as Poppy frowned at the results she got.

"Get Albus, quick. He's been hit with more than one powerful cruciatus." Poppy ordered urgently.

"Cruciatus!" James asked shocked. "How?" He demanded.

Poppy gave him a stern look. "I don't know, Potter. Go get Dumbledore now! Or I'll hex you!"

James ran quickly out of the room and down the stairs. He almost ran into Sirius in the livingroom.

"Oh, Jamie boy. Where are you off too in such a hurry?" Sirius asked stunned by his sudden appearance.

"Where's Albus?" James asked, ignoring his question.

Sirius gave him a look before pointing towards the kitchen. "He's in the kitchen. Why?"

James ignored him once again and ran to the kitchen with Sirius quickly following behind him.

He burst through the door yelling, "Albus, quick!"

James slid into the kitchen and stopped when he saw that Albus wasn't the only one there.

Albus Dumbledore was talking in quiet, urgent tones with Professor Minerva McGonagall. They both looked up alarmed when James and Sirius burst into the kitchen.

"What's wrong, boys?" Minerva asked.

"It's the boy, Sir." James said, directing the answer towards Albus. Albus seemed to have perked up. "Poppy said he was hit by the cruciatus curse, but we don't know how or who."

The three of them gasped. Before they trooped quickly to the room. "Tell me exactly what happened, James." Albus demanded. So, James did. He told everything from hearing Harry scream to Poppy's entrance.

By the time they reached the room where the boy and Poppy was, James had finished his side of the story.

"Does anyone know if Severus has anti-cruciatus curse potions?" was the first thing out of Poppy's mouth.

Albus, ever the calm one, shook his head. "I do not know. Even if I did, no one would be able to enter his stores without him. How's Mr. Potter?" He asked not noticing, or not caring, that James cringe.

He took a glance at the boy on the bed. He was shaking a lot worse than when James left the room. Is he having another nightmare? Or was that cruciatus curse a lot more powerful than he thought it was?

James turned his attention back to Poppy. She seemed to be telling Albus what was wrong, but James couldn't focus on what she was saying. He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning slightly to see who it was, James saw Sirius with an awkward grin on his face. He shifted his gaze to the boy on the bed in understanding.

No words were said, but they weren't needed. James saw that Sirius understands his conflict, even though James, himself didn't fully understand it. It was nice to have him here when he needed him. Sirius has always been there when he needed it. When his parents died, when he was freaking out over his many dates with Lily, his wedding proposal, Harry's birth, their death, and now this. Sirius was...no is his brother. A brother that understood him and comforted him when needed.

James has never been so glad to have slipped on that train his first year. Slipped and landed on Sirius, who fell on Remus who was walking by, who landed on Peter, who was just standing there

looking confused, and they all fell into the compartment of a few girls that were changing into their robes. In that group of girls happened to be his future bride.

Yeah, James has never been so glad to have a friend, a brother like Sirius. Remus being a close, a very, very, very close second. Those three have been through so much together. So, much.

REVIEW PLEASE! I love getting reviews! Thanks to ShyOne for looking over my chapter! :

Chapter 5

Later that night, James and the rest of the Order waited for Severus Snape to show up

Later that night, James and the rest of the Order waited for Severus Snape to show up. He hasn't been seen by anyone since the last Order meeting, which was two days ago. It worried some people, but to other's like Sirius, it proofed he couldn't be trusted.

"I'm telling you, he must be afraid to show up." Sirius said to everyone in the room. "He must have told Voldemort something he wasn't suppose to and now is afraid we know about it."

James raised his eyebrows in amusement. He still hates the guy, but even Sirius knows by now that Severus Snape is on their side. But that doesn't mean they'll still go easy on him.

"We'll wait five more minutes. If he doesn't show up, then we'll start the meeting without him." Albus said looking at the strange device on his waist. Something, he said was magically easy to read with magic.

"Like usual." Sirius murmured.

"Professor Snape is on his way." A timid quiet voice came from the doorway.

Shocked, everyone turned their heads and saw Harry Potter standing in the doorway looking straight at Albus.

Everyone knew about Harry Potter, the dimension traveler. They had an Order meeting about him two days after he shown up. But no one besides Poppy, James, Sirius, Remus, Albus, and Minerva has seen him.

Most people in the room were shocked at the boy who looked so much like James. They stared at Harry before staring at James seeing the strong similarities between the too. Too, avoid the stares, James looked down at the table top, not daring to look any place else. He, the man who loved attention in school, did not love the attention anymore. Stopped loving it the day his family died. He felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Ah, Mr. Potter, my boy. Do come in and have a seat?" James quickly looked up at Albus in surprised shock.

"Albus, you aren't really letting him sit in the meeting, are you?" James asked dumbfounded. Albus eyes started doing something that really gets on James nerves sometimes, they started twinkling madly.

James then realized what was going on. He was acting like a concerned father! Wanting his child stay away from danger and stay innocent. He sunk into his seat in defeat. "Fine, fine."

Threw all this, James realized, Harry had slowly made his way to the empty seat next to Albus. Looking at him now, James had to hold back an amused smile. Harry looked so uncomfortable under all the stares. James would almost say, jumpy.

Once Harry was seated, he started looking around at the people around him. James watched as Harry's eyes lingered on the Longbottoms and as he stared at the Weasley's.

He watched him until Harry caught his eye. His emerald green eyes meet his for a split second, before James quickly looked down at the tabletop. He felt Harry's eyes on him still. Giving a fake cough in discomfort, James turned his attention to Albus, who has yet to say anything and seemed have been watching Harry and him with interest.

Seeing his amusement end, Albus turned his attention to Harry. "Mr. Potter..." James took a sigh of relief when he felt those eyes leave him. "...would you mind telling us what you mean?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders, not really knowing what to say. "He's on his way." He murmured.

Albus cracked a smile. "You said that already. What I would like..." Suddenly the sound of the front door slamming shut and someone cursing loudly, interrupted them.

"If I do say so myself, that sounds remarkably like Severus Snape." Sirius said mocking Albus's calmness.

"I couldn't say it any better myself, Sirius." Albus said as Severus burst threw the door.

"Sorry I'm late, Albus. I was contained for the past few days." He said as he sat in the empty chair next to Minerva. He looked questionably at Harry, but didn't say anything.

"Let's get this meeting underway, shall we?" Albus said with a smile.

The first part of the meeting, James found out, was boring. He didn't really know what they were talking about, he wasn't listening. All he wanted to hear about was the attack at the Longbottoms. In boredom, James started to quietly tap his fingers on the tabletop.

Harry also found this part of the meeting meaningless and boring. They were going over all the Death Eaters that had been caught since the last meeting. Subconsciously, Harry started mimicking James movement of tapping his fingers quietly on the tabletop.

Remus, who was trying to listen to the Aurors make their report, was getting feed up with James and his tapping. He was just about to flip when he suddenly heard more tapping from the other side of the table. Looking, he saw Harry doing the same exact thing as James. Looking at James, then looking back at Harry, he noticed they were also doing it with the same hand. Their left hand tapped in the same rhythm. As amusing as it was, it wasn't helping this incoming headache. Remus placed his head into his hand and started rubbing his temple, hoping to dull way the pain before it even starts.

"Remus, my boy, is everything alright?"

Remus looked up at Albus and sat up straighter. "Yes, Albus. I'm fine. Though I will be better if the tapping stops." Remus glared at James before turning his glare towards Harry. Coincidentally they both stopped tapping at the same time. "Thank you, you two. That was getting quite annoying." Remus then turned back to Albus. He was watching them, looking quite amused. "You may continue, Albus."

Albus smiled before turning to Severus. "What about the attack on the Longbottom's this morning?"

Severus clutched his teeth. "How much I would love to tell you but I can't."

Sirius glared at him. "Why not? Don't want to betray your Master?"

Before Albus could say anything, Severus spoke up. "No, Black. Because each time I try to say anything dealing with what He has planed, I'll start to choke on my own blood." He then turned back to Albus. "He has everyone under some short of secrecy hex."

"Can you write it on paper?" Remus asked. Severus shook his head. "Someone tried that already. He ended up without an hand."

"Then how are we supposed to find out?" Sirius asked.

"Professor Snape was suppose to make sure the Longbottom's got out of the house alive." The quiet voice from the boy sitting next to Albus said. Everyone in the room turned to him, but the boy didn't look up from the tabletop.

Albus then turned to Severus. "Is that true, Severus?"

Without looking away from the boy, Severus nodded. "Yes, Albus. It's true." Albus then turned his attention back to Harry. But before he could ask anything Harry said something else.

"Antonin Dolohov was in charge of planting something. I don't know what, but don't worry. He didn't plant it. Voldemort was angry." Harry said in a distant voice, shivering slightly when he remembered the pain from the Cruciatus Curse.

"Very." Severus agreed not looking away from the boy. "Though I do wonder how a 'dimension traveler'..." he said sarcastically with a sneer. "...knows all that."

Harry shrugged and looked up at him, though he avoided looking at him in the eye. "That's all I know, sir."

"Well, Mr. Potter, if you don't mind I would like to talk to you after this meeting." Harry looked at Albus, but like Severus, didn't look at him in the eye, and nodded.

The rest of the meeting went by really fast. Since the main reason for the meeting was talked about, more people ignored the rest of it. Finally, Albus stood up and said, "I'll call this meeting over. Mr. Potter, if you don't mind coming with me." Harry stood up and left the room, with two sets of eyes boring into him, a pained James and a suspicious Severus.

"I wonder what they're going to be talking about." James heard Sirius said.

Remus looked over at him. "Maybe, they are going to talk about how Harry knows what he shouldn't know." He said slowly in a 'what else' tone of voice.

James suddenly stood up. "I'm going to turn in for the night."

"James it's not even six o'clock yet." Sirius responded.

James just shrugged his shoulders and left the room. Though instead of going to his room, James walked past to the attack door. He walked up the stairs, closing the door behind him.

Once he reached the top, he looked around for a certain box. There in the far, corner there was a box marked, 'Old-Life' in bold letters with, 'Don't ever open again' underlined a few times below it.

James walked over to it and pulled it towards him. He ran his hands on the top of it before opening it.

Right at the top, there was a picture of them. He was holding Harry in his arms with Lily standing beside him. Harry was laughing whenever Lily went to tickle him. They all looked so happy. So, happy. He thought sadly.

James fought back a sob as he took the picture out and set it down beside him. He looked back into the box. There were more pictures of Harry and Lily.

One picture of them on Harry's first birthday. Harry sat on the floor with the gang and Lily around him. He was hugging the stuff stag in his arms and laughing. Sirius would each over a put frosting on Harry's nose. Lily scowled at him before wiping the frosting off of

Harry. James sat behind Harry and seemed to be laughing the whole time. Remus laid on the floor between Sirius and Peter.

Moving that picture aside, James saw the wedding photos. Not wanting to see them he moved them aside and look back into the box.

James saw the box that held Lily's engagement and wedding ring. He reached in for it and opened it. Two rings shinned up at him. One plain gold on with the words, 'Love you FOREVER, my dear wife, Lily E. From your love, James P' written on the back. The other ring was a sliver ring with a small heart shape diamond in the middle, which also happens to be her birthstone, April 12. He closed the box and held it close to his heart and cried.

He glanced in the box, with tearful eyes. There was another box. It was black and long. Lily's wand. Next to it was a book. The first book James has ever given to her. "How to Truly Snog with Your Crush."

Threw his tears, James chuckled. He had given it to her in their third year. It was Christmas and James, who already had a crush on her, wanted her to notice him and wanted to her make out with him. She of course flipped out at him instead of make out with him. That was the first time James truly saw her anger and knew he had more then just a crush.

He put the box with the rings down next to him and picked up the book. He found it with Lily's privet stuff after that night. He was so surprise she still had it. He thought she would have thrown it into the fire in their third year. He put the book down and looked back into the box.

Underneath the book were more books, though these books had more too it. They were seven years of yearbooks. From their first year to their seventh year. James picked up the top book, which was seventh year. He opened it and right on the title page was Lily's handwriting. 'You finally caught me under your spell, James. Though I have to admit I had a crush on you for longer then you know. I love you, my rash boyfriend. Love you, love you, love you. Maybe your dreams will come true. : ".'

James started crying again. Oh, he misses her so much. Below her's was Remus's. 'You and Lily finally got together, Mate. Padfoot now owe me five Knuts.' Below Remus's was Sirius messy handwriting. 'I don't owe Moony nothing. He owes me five Knuts. You and Lily sitting in a tree. K-I-S-I-N-G. First comes love then comes marriage then comes baby in a baby carriage.' James laughed through his tears at Sirius misspelling of the word 'kissing'. Peter messy handwriting was below that. 'May we be friends forever. When's the wedding?' James shut the book and placed it down.

He moved past to sixth year. Lily's writing was the first one he saw, 'POTTER, FOR THE LAST TIME, I WILL NOT GO OUT WITH YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE!' James chuckled knowing he did went out with her and married her.

Remus was once again below her. 'Merlin, Mate, Lily has quite a voice. Don't worry there's always next. See you this summer.' Sirius was below his. 'You have one more year to go mate. Can you win the fair lady's heart by then? That's the question everyone in this school is asking. See you everyday this summer. : '. Peter's was below Sirius's. 'I have faith you'll win her, Pongs. See you next year. Sorry I can't go over your house this summer, Mate.'

James moved all the yearbooks away. Below all the yearbooks was Lily's music box he had given her. Beside her music box was another box that Lily had given him. In the box, James knew, were Lily's memories of their years at Hogwarts. She had put them in there when James had to go on an Auror mission that took weeks to complete. When he came back, he found out Lily was pregnant. He ran his hand lightly along the top of the box. He pulled the box out and set it down in front of him.

He looked back into the box and pulled out the music box. What were next to the music box were Lily's and his old school robes. He moved them aside. Below them were the Marauder's Map and his old Invisibility Cloak.

Removing them from the box James saw something that broke his heart. He started sobbing. He just sat there sobbing. His heart felt broken all over again. It was like losing Lily and Harry all over again. The pain was still too strong.

Dumbledore pulled Harry into what looked like an office. They sat on the couch that was pushed up against the wall.

"Now, Mr. Potter, I have a few things I wanted to talk to about, but first I would like to know how you knew about the Death Eater meeting."

Harry took a breath and told Dumbledore about his visions. "I had a vision after waking up from the Death Eater meeting. It was a short painless one. Voldemort order Professor Snape to return to you. So, you don't get suspicious."

Dumbledore sat back in his seat and stroked his beard. "Hmm."

Harry sat there, wanting to ask a question, but didn't want to interrupt Dumbledore's thinking. "Sir." Harry couldn't help it. "Did you find out how I came to be here and why?"

Dumbledore glanced at Harry at the corner of his eyes. "I found something that might interest you." Pause. "I read some books on dimensions. You weren't the only one to travel dimensions. Someone by the name of Godrick Hamason wrote a book on his travel to a dimension where he died."

"You mean, like me. I'm in a world where I had died, like he was." Harry interrupted.

Albus nodded his head. "It's to my belief that one would not be able to go to a world where their counterpart still lives."

Harry took in the information. "But how? How did Godrick someone get into a different dimension?"

Albus nodded his understanding of Harry's question. "In his book he talked about fighting a force before waking up in a different world. He woke up where his counterpart had died."

Harry leaned forward, earnest for more information. "What was the force?"

"It was the force of magic. Magic was telling him to do one thing, but he was doing the complete opposite. Not something like the

imperious curse, but more like the fighting possession or the veritaserum. Magic that isn't meant to be fought against."

"Possession." Harry whispered. "Voldemort was possessioning me and I fought back." Harry looked away from Dumbledore.

"I do believe that is what happened. That type of magic could have killed any normal witch or wizard. You'll have to be very strong and powerful to fight against it."

"Did Godrick ever get back to his own world?" Harry asked almost desperately.

He heard Dumbledore sigh. "I'm in the mist of finding out. It was not mention in the book if this was his world or the dimension world he popped into and it never said if he returned."

Harry felt Dumbledore's eyes on him. "Mr. Potter, I do believe that is enough talk for today. I have to get back to the school. I am still a Headmaster."

Dumbledore left Harry to his thoughts.

At this moment Harry feels like he could kill Voldemort, prophecy or not. He doesn't know how to feel about all this though. How happy he is seeing his father alive, he just wish he can go home. His father doesn't want him, why stay?

'Because he needs you.' A little voice in head answered.

Harry shook his hand before leaving the room and heading towards his bedroom. On the steps Harry heard the sound of a door slamming shut. Reaching the top step, Harry could see only one door closed. His father's door.

Harry sighed deeply and walked to his room. He closed his door behind him and walked to his bed. He stopped short when he saw something on top of his pillow. It was a titleless book with a dark red cover.

Harry picked it up slowly and opened it. He almost dropped it in shock when he read the inside cover.

It read: Lily's Diary: Life after Hogwarts in black ink across the page.

Harry hugged his mother's diary close to him as he stared at his closed door, silently thanking his father for such a precious gift and wondering why his father gave it to him.

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REVIEW PLEASE! ME LOVE REVIEWS! LOL!

Chapter 6

James sat in his room, wondering why he gave the boy his wife's diary. Seeing it, with many others, at the bottom of the box was like having Lily there with him. That was the reason he gave the book to Harry. Lily would have wanted it to be with him. Just that last diary of hers, the one that told Harry how much she loved him.

Her other diary's from first to seventh year was tucked safely back in the box. He couldn't handle reading them after an emotional beating with Lily's and Harry's pictures and things.

He tried to focus on the lesson's plans for the first years, but his mind seemed to be wondering. He couldn't stay focus. Try as he might, he just couldn't.

Sighing almost angrily, James slammed his quill down and lend against the back of his chair. He ran his hand through his hair in frustration. Why can't he get that boy out of his head?

His weary eyes looked towards the bed. It may only be six or seven in the evening, but the bed looks so comfortable at this moment. Giving in, James stood up and flopped onto the bed.

He was a sleep on his fourth breath.

For the next few days, Harry hasn't seen James Potter to thank him for his mother's diary. He hasn't read any of it yet. It seemed too precious to read from. He will read from it, but only after he made sure his father had meant to give it to him.

It was the morning of the fourth week into summer then Harry saw his father alone. He walked into the kitchen to eat breakfast and stopped short when he saw the man already sitting at the table with parchments all around him. He was writing something on a parchment.

Harry slowly came forward. His father didn't seem to notice he was in the room. Glad to able to watch his father work without the tension and awkwardness in the room, Harry sat right across his father with a bowl, spoon and a box of muggle cereal.

Sirius Black walked sleepily into the kitchen, but the sleepiness disappeared when he saw Harry sitting at the table eating breakfast with James absorbed in his work across from him. This is what it should have been. Father and son sitting calmly across each other, the mother would walk in any minute. Sirius half expected Lily to walk in. He sighed sadly, when he remembered it would never happen.

Sirius then remembered what Remus said to him after James went to bed at the last Order meeting.

After James left the room Remus slid into his empty seat, looking quite serious. "Why are you two being so hard on him?" He asked ignoring the other Order members getting up and leaving.

"Too hard on who?" Sirius asked innocently, even though he had a rough idea who he was talking about.

"You know who I'm talking about, Sirius. Harry needs us as much as we need him. Look at him for Merlin sake! He's lonely. Sadden by you and James nucleating him. He was thrust into a world where he could get to know us and where we can get to know him but you and James are completely ignoring him. If you actually look at him, you might see something that will help not hurt us. He's just a boy, Sirius. A confused and hurt boy. Are you two willing to help heal him? I believe he's ready to heal you two, if you let him."

Remus ever the philosopher. Sirius thought as he made his mind up concerning the boy.

Harry looked up from his cereal when Sirius walked farther into the room, but seeing who it is, he quickly looked back down.

Sirius grabbed a bowl from the cupboard and set it down next to Harry.

Harry looked up surprised.

Sirius shrugged his shoulders and sat down. "What? You're the one with cereal box." He said like it was the reason he is sitting here, though it wasn't. "So..." He started to say to pass the awkwardness as he poured the cereal in his bowl. "...how's school?"

Harry looked up. "School?" He glanced over at James, who was still absorbed in his work.

Sirius follow Harry glaze to James with his eyes. "Don't worry about him. When he is this absorbed in his work, he doesn't see or noticed anyone or anything around him. It was the only thing that made planning pranks difficult. It was hard to get his attention when a professor walks by or someone we don't want to know about our plans." He shook his head at their childhood innocence and chuckled.

Harry cracked a smile. "Really?"

Sirius nodded his head. "Yep, got us in trouble a few times." He cringed when he remembered the time when McGonagall caught them planning a prank against the professor's. "You didn't answer my question. How's school?" Sirius took a mouthful of cereal.

Finished with his, Harry pushed the bowl away. "Which part of school? The educational part, the people part, or everything else?"

Sirius raised an eyebrow at the question. "I don't know there were so many choices. Anyway, I'll go with everything else."

Gladness for Sirius's trust and the fact that he was talking to him, allowed Harry to drop is guard and smile. "Are you sure you want to hear that one first? It's a really long story. Even if it's just five years worth. It's a really, really long five years."

Sirius raised an eyebrow. "How many pranks did you pull to make it a really, really, really long five years?"

Harry looked down at the table. "I don't really...pull pranks." He said hesitating just a little.

Sirius almost spit out his cereal. Milk dripped down his chin. He quickly wiped it off with a sleeve. "What could you possible do in five years of school that doesn't include pranks?" He asked surprised.

Harry started laughing, not a humors laugh, but a dead weary laugh. "You'll be surprised."

Remus suddenly walked into the room, yawning as he goes. He took one glance around the room before grabbing a bowl and sitting on the other side of Harry. He grabbed the cereal and poured it in his bowl. "Morning." He said as a greeting.

"Morning." Came the response of the two.

Remus put a spoonful of cereal in his mouth and looked up at James. He chewed and swallowed before asking, "He's at it again? He's been working on the lesson's plans for the First years for the past four weeks now. At least now, it looks like he's getting somewhere." He said, not noticing Sirius trying to hold back a laugh.

Remus finally looked over at Sirius. "What?"

Looking as innocent as he could, Sirius said, "You do know what time it is, don't you?"

Remus looked confused. "A quarter to seven?"

Sirius smiled. "Really? I thought it was ten till eight." He said innocently.

Remus jumped out of his seat. "What? Merlin, I have to get to work!" He took a quick spoonful of cereal before rushing out of the room.

Sirius and Harry started laughing. "I never seen him like that." Harry said with a smile. The first true smile he had since he came here.

"Do you three all live here?" Harry asked once the laughing was done.

Sirius nodded his head. "Yep, ever since we got James out of the depression state he was in after what happened that Hollow's Eve night." He explained. "Before, he locked himself in a small apartment room."

Harry now felt bad for bringing it up.

"DONE!"

Both of them jerked up at James sudden cry of joy. James had a grin on his face and was looking at the parchment in front of him.

Sirius smiled and led towards Harry. "Watch this." He whispered in his ear. He sat up straighter and asked, "What do you plan do to with the First Years this year?"

James didn't look up from his parchment as he answered. "The same thing as last year." He said joyfully.

"He does this every year, with the same exact results." Sirius whispered to Harry. Harry chuckled.

James head snapped up at the sound of an unfamiliar chuckle. Their eyes met once again. The tension grew around them. Time seemed to have stopped as James stared once again into those hopeful emerald eyes of the small teen.

James looked away from those eyes and started gathering his parchments as quickly as he can without making it look like he hasting. "Well, I...umm...I have some...umm...some...some stuff to do. Yeah, some stuff." He said quickly and quietly as he stumbled over his words. He got up from his chair and without a glanced back quickly left the room.

Sirius and Harry stared at the door as it closed behind James. Sirius turned to Harry with a pained expression on his face. "Sorry about James, he just..." But before he finished Harry jumped out of his seat and ran out of the room.

While Harry was watching his father pick up all his parchments, he was thinking of the best way to thank and ask him about the diary. It was after the door close behind him that Harry realized he had to say something. He ran out of the kitchen, not hearing Sirius.

He ran to the stairs. "Wait, sir." Harry shouted up the stairs. James stopped halfway up the stairs, but he didn't turn to Harry right away. "Please, sir." Harry said standing at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at his father's back hopefully.

Finally, James turned around and stared down at Harry. "Yes?" He asked trying to hid his nervousness.

Harry shifted uncomfortably. "I just say thank you for...for the diary." He paused. "That is if you meant to give it to me." He added quickly.

James nodded his head looking anywhere but Harry. "No, no. I meant to give it to you. She would have wanted it." James quickly turned and headed the rest of the way up the stairs. He could feel the boy's eyes boring into his back.

"Thank you, sir." James heard the boy say again, his voice full of emotion.

Harry watched his father disappear before heading back to the kitchen to clean his dirty bowl and spoon.

Sirius was still in the kitchen, taking care of his own bowl and Remus's leftover's. Sirius turned to Harry when he entered back into the kitchen. "You take care of your own bowl. I have to get to work. I'll be back around seven if not later."

Later that day Harry found himself sitting in the library with a book open in his lap. He wasn't really reading though. He was thinking of his friends. Hermione would have loved this library. It was bigger and much less dangerous then the library at home with much more comfortable and clean chairs in front of a roaring fireplace. Ron would love this library too, though not because of the books, but because there were chess set in the corner of the room and there were a mini Quidditch set in another corner of the room. Ginny would this room for the same reason as Ron, the Quidditch set.

Neville would also love this room, but only for the books on plants that Harry had found, but because of the random plants scattered around the room. Luna would love the books on weird creatures and the books that supposedly have hidden messages in them.

Harry sighed and watched the fire flicker and dance, the heat warming his face. He didn't even look up when he heard some else entering the room. Not until he felt someone sit next to him.

Startled, Harry glanced next to him. Neville Longbottom of this world sat next to him looking down at the book Harry had in his hand.

"One Thousand Ways To Die With A Spoon? That's the weirdest title I have ever heard. Why are you reading this? Why is it even in this library?" Neville looked up at Harry with an eyebrow raised.

Harry finally looked at the book in lap. "I wasn't really reading it. I just picked a random book off the shelf." He answered with a shrug. The whole time Neville and his parents were in Sirius's house, Harry only saw them at dinner sometimes. He and Neville haven't the talked. Harry doesn't even know if Neville knows about the whole different world thing.

"Well, you're most likely wondering why I'm here." Neville looked at the ground. Harry nodded his head in agreement even though Neville couldn't see. "I'm kind of bored and was wondering if maybe, that is if you want to, maybe play a game of chess?" Neville asked hesitantly.

Harry looked over at the chess set before turning to Neville with a grin. "I'm not that good, but sure." Neville smiled looking quite relief. Standing they made their way over to the chess set. "I'm white." Harry proclaimed before they started the long game of chess.

Downstairs James sat on the couch doing a crossword puzzle in the newspaper. He doesn't usually do crossword, but Lily had loved them. When James is feeling a bit emotional he would find himself doing them.

Suddenly a flash of fire formed in front of the fireplace. James jumped at the entrance of Albus's phoenix, Fawkes.

"Merlin, Fawkes! Give me some warning next time. What you got there?" James reached for the parchment that the bird had. He took the parchment and Fawkes disappeared in a flash of fire, singing a comforting song.

James glanced at the parchment before opening it. Of course it was from Albus.

James,

Please do me a favor and go to Sirius's library and see you can find anything on Godrick Hamason and possession.

Albus

P.S. Please tell Harry I'll be coming over to talk to him tomorrow. Tell him to put his memories of the last thing he remembers in the pensieve.

James sighed. The first thing he can do, but the last thing. He almost had a heart attack when he spoke to the boy last. He closed his eyes and ran his hands through his hair. All he has to do is say a sentence or two, and then he can leave. Happy with his plan, James stood up and walked to the library to do what Albus asked.

He walked into the library not noticing the two silent 15 year olds concentrating on their game of chess in the corner. He started browsing the books on the shelves looking for anything on a Godrick Hamason and possession.

Harry noticed right away when his father walked into the library. He didn't seem to notice him and Neville and Harry planed on keeping it that way.

It was Neville's move; so, Harry took the time to watch his father browse the bookshelves. He grabbed a book from the shelf and started flipping through it.

"Harry!"

Harry snapped his head to Neville, seeing at the corner of his eye, his father snapping his head towards them with a startled look on his face.

"What Nev?" He asked trying not to sound irritated.

"It's your turn."

"Oh, sorry." Harry looked down at the chessboard, looking for the best move he could make.

"Oh, h-hi, M-Mr. Pot-Potter. I-I didn't s-see you th-there." Harry heard Neville stuttered. Eyes wide, Harry kept his glaze at one spot on the chessboard.

"It's alright, Neville. I didn't see you either." Harry heard him say.
"Umm...Harry."

He snapped his head up, looking at his father surprised. His father had never actually said his name the whole time he was here. There was no reason too. "Yes, sir."

James shifted uncomfortably. He held the book in a tight grip. "Albus is coming tomorrow to see you." He said sounding more confident then he was. "He wants you to put the last memory you have of your world in a pensieve."

"I don't have a pensieve. Where would I find one, sir?" Harry asked.

James thought and thought and thought. There was only one pensieve he could think of, but it had Lily's memories in it. If it only one he could use then James would let Harry use it. "I have one you can use. Though, I ask you not to put anything else in it and ask you not to look at the other memories in it."

Harry nodded his head in understanding. "Thank you sir."

James gave him a really, really quick grin before walking back to the couches. He started reading the book that talked about possessions.

Before long they all were comfortably settled. Harry and Neville playing chess and James reading a book before putting it back and grabbing another one. The whole time James managed to forget that there were two boys enjoying themselves behind him. One of them being his son from another world.

Reveiw Please...I really love your reveiws!...Is it good enough for you guys?

Chapter 7

June 1978

I'm now starting my eighth dairy. One through seven took place at Hogwarts; this one will take place after Hogwarts.

You would not believe what happened yesterday, the last day of Hogwarts. James asked me to marry him! And I said YES! I can't believe it! He finally asked me. I've been waiting for who knows how long for him to 'pop the question'. Of course I've been waiting who knows how long to come up with the courage to say yes when he ask me to date him back in school. I can't wait to go over the wedding plans and I really, really, really can't wait to get married to him.

Wow! Back in school. I'm saying that like I'm fifty. Back in school was just yesterday. I can't believe I'm going to be starting my life. Starting a life with the man (still a child in some ways) I love and going to marry soon! Can't wait to have kids with him! What a scary thought, but a happy one! I think I'm too young to think about that.

I got to go. I can see the train station coming up. I can't wait to tell my parents the news. I'M GOING TO MARRY JAMES POTTER! Lily Potter... that has a nice ring to it. Speaking of rings you should see the ring he gave me...I'll have to tell you later. The train is stopping.

Lily

Harry shut the book with a sigh. That was his mother's first entry. It didn't say much about her in character, but it was her first words to Harry. They may not have been written with him in mind, but he didn't care. A sudden knock on his door made Harry jump. "Coming!" He shouted putting the diary under his pillow and pushing himself off the bed. Opening the door, Neville stood on other side. Since last night, Harry and him have been talking to each other more often. Being the only two teens.

"It's lunchtime and Dumbledore will be here soon." Neville said.

Harry stepped out of his room, closing the door behind. "Thanks, Nev."

Neville smile. "You go without me. I have to get my parents."

"Okay. See you downstairs." Harry then walked one way and Neville walked the other way.

When Harry entered the kitchen he was surprised to see his father sitting at the table looking sadly at a small jewelry box. There was food on the table signaling Remus was around somewhere, for he does all the cooking, but he nor Sirius was anywhere in sight.

Talk about being uncomfortable again. Harry wonders if it will always be this way between them. This uncomfortable chilly silence. He hopes not. He really hopes not.

James looked up when Harry made his way over to the opposite side of the table. Harry sat down across from him, looking down at the table. Harry looked up when his father looked back down at the box, seeming to be having short debate. Finally, he pushed the box across the table towards Harry. "Remember what I said. Just that last memory you had of...your world and no snooping." He said sternly.

"Yes, sir." Harry answered as he pulled the box towards him. After the incident with Snape, Harry wasn't too keen on snooping through these memories.

To get by this suddenly awkward silence, Harry studied the box. It was a small jewelry box size. Rectangular. Black with a picture of a lily pad on the lid. It felt like stone. It was light, not as heavy as Harry thought it would be.

He ran his hand over the top of the box, feeling the softness of the lily pad. He could almost smell the flower and feel a breeze on his face. He could almost hear water slashing onto the shore with a quiet swish. It was peaceful. Quiet. Nothing can go wrong.

"Seriously, Sirius. I'm not seeing anyone." Remus loud voice broke Harry's daydream.

Harry looked towards the door as it flung open. Remus came stomping in with Sirius right behind him. Remus had an annoyed look on his face, while Sirius had a grin.

"I am Sirius."

Remus ignored him as he took a seat next to Harry. "No, mater what he says, Harry, remember I'm not seeing anyone."

"Sure, Remus, sure." Sirius said next James, who was still looking down at the table, completely ignoring them.

Harry, despite being awkward with his father there, smiled. "Why does he think your seeing someone?"

They were interrupted by the Longbottom's coming in the kitchen. "Where is it located, dear?" Mrs. Longbottom was saying. Mrs. Longbottom was quite a beautiful woman. Her red hair reached her shoulders in a fiery wave. Her blue eyes stood out against her hair and pale skin.

"It's not that far. It's closer to Hogwarts then our old manor." Mr. Longbottom answered as he sat down next to James.

Neville sat on the other side of Harry and Mrs. Longbottom sat next to her husband. Soon, there were three conversations at once. James, Mr. Longbottom, and Mrs. Longbottom talking about a house thats been in the Longbottom line for years. They are planning on moving in.

Remus and Sirius was arguing what Sirius saw when he entered the bookstore to see Remus talking to a, in Sirius's words, 'one hot muggle with breast.' Remus told him she was just a regular costumer. Of course that didn't help his case any.

Neville and Harry were talking about next game they should play. Harry wanted to test the mini Quidditch game in the library, but Neville never been good at Quidditch and was afraid to try it. He wanted to play chess again or test one of those muggle board games he saw in a cupboard in the living room.

It was the first time since Harry has been there that lunchtime was loud with conversation. It reminded Harry of the Weasley's. Their loud mealtimes were the best thing Harry could experience. A happy family time...even though he felt like an outsider. An outsider looking in.

Through out the entire meal, James managed to block out the boy's voice, managed to keep his eyes off him. His laughter, though, seems to ring in his ears. The one thing he couldn't manage to block out for some reason. If he listened hard enough, he'll be able to hear Lily laughing.

He tried to listen to Frank, but each time that boy starts laughing at something either Sirius, Remus, or Neville said, his ears start listening to that instead. He can't help but wonder what the boy is laughing at or when he'll hear him laugh again. It was getting frustrating.

"I didn't know I had the minor in Pennsylvania, U.S. until after my mother died three years ago." Frank was saying.

Laughter from across the table took James attention away, again. Frank knew what was happening. He saw James's eyes shift each time the boy, Harry Potter, starts to laugh. He knew James would stop listening to him at that point, to listen to his boy's laughter. Rather or not he believes the boy to be his.

Frank, knowing the happiness of having a child to watch grow and learn, thought James was being a little too hard on himself and the boy. Why wouldn't James want Harry? Frank may not know this...Harry...too much, but out of what he's seen, he seems to be a nice quiet boy.

Harry sat in the living room with the box on his lap. Dumbledore would be here any minute now and Harry still has to put his memory in the box. He hasn't even opened it yet.

He looked at the lily on top of the box again and slowly opened it. Inside looked like water with little white things floating around: memories.

He pulled out his wand from his pocket and put it to his temple. He thought of entering the Ministry, the circular room, entering the veil room, entering the Department of Mysteries, the prophecy room, the Death Eaters, the Order, the fighting, Sirius falling into the veil, and everything he can remember from that night. He hesitated putting the memory of using the Cruciatus Curse on Bellatrix Lestrange, but he managed to add it.

By the time he was done, it was late into the night and Dumbledore still hasn't shown up.

Harry sighed tiredly and shut the box with his memories in it. He laid down on the couch in front of the fireplace, holding the box on his stomach. He was getting really bored waiting.

Getting an idea, Harry set the box on the end table and pulled out his mother's diary. He flipped to the last entry his mother ever did.

October 31

I don't know how much longer I'll be alive. It's a scary thought.

I don't trust Peter. Never really did. I don't know why. There's just something off about him lately. I still don't know why James and Sirius picked him and not Remus. Of course Remus was gone when we did the whole Secret Keeper talk. He was doing something for Albus.

But you already know this. I told almost everyday since Peter became our Secret Keeper.

But something new I should tell you before I start dinner. I've been getting this feeling. This bad feeling that I'm not going to live much longer. This just might be my last entry. My last thoughts and words. If so, then I want to take this opportunity to say what I need to say to both, my husband, James and my baby boy, Harry.

Below the entry was the words, 'Deary James, my love.' Harry skipped the letter for his father. It was a private, personal thing that he shouldn't read without permission. He flipped to where his letter was...or his counterpart's letter.

Dear, Harry

You may not remember me...being only one when this is all happening, but I just want you to know that I love you. My sweet boy. I hope you live life to it's fullest and to enjoy it the best you can. I don't want you living in self-pity or anything negative. You are my boy and my boy shouldn't let something as small as a paper cut or as big as a mountain to get in your way of doing what's right.

I don't know if you'll know your fate by the time you read this, but MARK MY WORD, boy if you start pushing people out of your life for 'protection' just because of a few words then I will personally come and hunt you until you pull your act together! You can't possibly think you can do this ON YOUR OWN!

Harry stared at those words with wide eyes. Something tells him that she'll do just that if he does ever push his friends away. He continued.

It wouldn't be pretty, trust me.

As for your father, please be there for him. Because he'll need you.

Something in his memory flashed at those words. He heard that before. He just couldn't remember where. Shaking that out of his head, Harry continued reading.

My death will properly put him in a hollow shell. He loved me so much. You would be the only person to pull him together. Knowing you would need him as much as he needs you would hopefully bring him out of his own self-pity. You, Sirius and Remus.

No matter what anybody says Harry. I love you. Your father loves you. Sirius and Remus both love you.

If your father dies with me then you'll just have to remember that we would have given our lives over and over again to let you live. We love you so much, Harry. I know we both would freely give our lives for yours. Don't feel guilty about it. Don't you dare feel guilty about it! It's our job to let you live. Even if it means to give up our own lives.

I love you. Your father loves you. No matter what happens in the next few months or days. We both love you and that would never, ever change.

With all my love and soul your mother,

Lily Evans-Potter

Harry had tears running down his face. Now, this was his mother's last words' to him. This was her last wish. Her last thoughts to him.

Harry wiped the tears from his eyes with his sleeves and started re-reading his mother's letter. By the time he got to 'wouldn't be pretty.' Harry had fallen asleep. Dumbledore hasn't shown up yet.

James groaned tiredly. He's been in the library since dinner ended, hours ago. It was now really late. Albus should be here by now...might even be gone by now. Though, James highly doubted that. Albus would have wanted to see what he had found out. Which was nothing.

Hoping to catch Albus before he leaves, James stood up and left the room, heading for the living room.

When he entered the living room he was surprised to see the boy sleeping face down on the couch. Lily's memory box sat on the end table. It was like he fell asleep waiting for Albus to come.

Hesitantly, James slowly made his way over to the couch, watching the sleeping boy on the couch. He doesn't know why he feels so drawn to him. HE ISN'T HIS SON! He has to keep reminding himself of that.

James knelt down in front of the couch. He looked at the book Harry was sleeping on and gently pulled it out from underneath him.

When he glanced down at the book to close it, he saw his name and paused before reading from the beginning.

Dear James, my love

I know it would be hard to read this, my dear, but please don't stop reading.

I know my death would be hard on you. You would shut everything out, ignoring your family, friends, and job. Please, don't. Our son needs you. Please be there for him. Love him like you always had. You need him and he needs you. Don't shut him out and ignore him.

James glanced at the boy sleeping on the couch. "But, he isn't our son, Lily." He whispered quietly. If you listen hard enough, you might have been able to hear regret in his voice. He watched as Harry shifted in his sleep before reading again.

I don't care if Harry is different then what we had imagined him being. I don't care if he turns all Goth like or all 'book-worm' quiet, lonely kid. He needs you. He needs you more then he needs Sirius or Remus. So, please don't give them the 'father job'. I don't care who he grows up to be. Love him, James.

I love you and I'll miss you. I know you love me and I know you'll miss me, but don't let that get in the way of loving Harry. Love him like you do now (or in your case, before my death).

I don't know when I'm going to die. I just know it's going to happen. You know, one of my 'feelings'.

James smiled lightly. He remembers her 'feelings'. She'd get them when something was about to happen. They were never wrong.

She had one of those 'feelings' after their wedding night. She just knew she was pregnant and she was right.

I'm going to wrap this up, now. I still have to write a letter to Harry then I'll start dinner for when you get home. You're at work right now.

Just remember that I love you. Love Harry, James. If you don't I'll have to hurt you when you join me up in heaven (hopefully, that won't happen for years). Be there. Be alive while you still can, my beloved husband.

Your wife, Lily

James closed the book with sad sigh. He felt so torn. He would like to respect Lily's wish, but he wasn't ready. He doesn't think he'll ever be ready. Their death is still fresh, even though it was almost fifteen years ago.

James set the diary on the end table on top of Lily's memory box and stood up. He now stood above the boy, looking down at him.

No. He can't. He can't. This boy doesn't need a father now anyways. He's fifteen almost sixteen. It's too late to suddenly have a father. Plus, he would be leaving when Albus finds a way. Why get close to him only to have him ripped away again? And James would never be able to get over his own son's death. He's a bad father. He failed.

No matter what anyone says. He failed his son and would fail this boy. James was not ready for this. Not at all.

James turned to go to bed and almost screamed when he saw Albus sitting calmly in the stuffed chair behind him.

"Albus don't scare me like that!" He gasped out quietly, holding a hand over his fast beating heart.

Albus ignored him and looked past James at the sleeping boy. "Such innocence and yet such pain for one young boy. Don't you agree, James?" This time Albus looked at him in the eye as he asked his question.

James had to look away, not able to answer a simple question such as that. Looking down at the boy behind him, James would have to say, Albus was right. Unlike last time James saw him asleep, he looked more innocent and peaceful. "He does, doesn't he?" He whispered almost to himself. He looked back at Albus. "Why are you here so late?" James asked keeping his voice down so he won't wake Harry up.

Albus suddenly looked wearier then James has ever seen him before. He waited for James to sit on the opposite chair before speaking. "Tonks was attacked a few hours ago. So, was Mundungus Fletcher."

Please Review!

Chapter 8

James sat up in his seat. "What? Why wasn't we told about this?" He whispered earnestly. He glanced at the boy on the couch, making sure he didn't wake him. Once he found Harry still sleeping soundly, he turned his attention back to Albus.

"The fight didn't last long. There were only ten Death Eaters to take care of, each. Plus, the Aurors were quick to respond. Seeing you and Remus, two people who were not a Auror, wouldn't be smart." Albus answered.

James nodded his head. It wouldn't have been smart. The Ministry only believes the rumors of the Order to be just that, rumors. They managed to stay a secret for this long, which was surprising in it self. Voldemort, of course, knows about them, but the Ministry doesn't. To have a non-Auror arrive at a scene of a Death Eater attack would just give the Minister a hint that the Order exist. "Is everyone alright?"

"Yes. No one has died and we caught a few Death Eaters." Albus answered.

Silence filled the room as James thought over the information. "Do you want me to tell you what I found out, Albus?" James asked changing the subject.

Albus looked at him. Studying his tired look and weary face. "Not tonight, James. You look tired. Get some sleep."

James glanced at the boy on the couch as Albus stood up. "Don't worry about Harry. He'll be fine here."

James snapped his head up at Albus. "I wasn't..." He started to deny, but Albus held his hand up.

"Don't worry, James."

James watched Albus throw the floo powder into the fireplace. Albus was about to step in, but stopped and turned to James. "Oh, and James?"

"Yes, Albus?"

Albus suddenly smiled. "He is your son one way or another. See you tomorrow." Albus disappeared into the green fire before James could say anything else.

James rubbed his hands over his face and leaned against the chair. He was tired no doubt about that, but he has a feeling he won't be able to sleep tonight.

Sirius knocked tiredly on James's door the next day. "Jam..." Yawn. "...es, time to wake up." He yawned again. "James?" He asked knocking on the door again. No answer. "James?" He asked again as he opened the door and peaked in.

The bed was empty. The room was empty. Sirius stepped back out of the room. "Remus!" He called out not looking away from the empty room.

Remus stepped out of the bathroom a few doors down. He was wet and had a blue towel wrapped around his waist and a toothbrush in his hand. "What?" He asked sounding irritated.

Sirius looked down the hallway at him, ignoring his tone of voice. "Since when did James wake up at five thirty in the morning?"

Remus looked at him, confused. "Never. Why?" He walked his way over to where Sirius stood.

"Because he isn't in his room."

Remus jogged the rest of the way and glanced into the room. "Maybe he fell asleep drinking firewhiskey last night. You know how he can be."

Sirius shrugged his shoulder. "If that is the case, we better find him and get him to bed before any guest arrive. And get him some hangover potion." He said as an after thought. "Come on. Lets look for him." Sirius started walking down the stairs.

"Can't I finish in the bathroom first?" Remus whined.

Sirius turned to him. "Stop whining like a dog and come on."

"I'm not the dog. You are." Remus argued as he followed Sirius still wearing a towel around his waist, a toothbrush in his hand, and dripping wet.

"You're a dog too, you know." Sirius argued back.

Once they reached the bottom of the stairs they went in two different directions. Remus went towards the kitchen and Sirius went towards the living room.

Remus was surprised to see the kitchen empty. He expected James to be sleeping with his head on the table and firewhiskey in his hand. They caught him like that a few times over the years since Lily's and Harry's death.

"Remus!" Remus turned at the sound of Sirius's loud whisper. He followed the sound of his voice to the living room.

Sirius was standing in the doorway to the living room, staring at something Remus couldn't see yet. "Sirius?"

Sirius stepped off to the side, so Remus could see. "Look."

The sight Remus saw surprised him. James was sleeping on a stuffed chair, with no firewhiskey in sight. He could see Harry feet on the edge of the couch, most likely sleeping by the sounds of it.

"Should we wake them?" Sirius asked quietly, so not to disturb them.

Remus turned away from the sight. "Yeah, we should let them sleep. Who knows when they fell asleep last night. At least I don't smell firewhiskey anywhere."

Sirius agreed and walked to the kitchen for breakfast. Remus looked one more time at the two in the living room before heading back upstairs to finish in the bathroom.

Harry groaned as he woke up. The couch was really uncomfortable to sleep on. It was comfortable to sit on, but not to sleep on. Wait? Harry suddenly shot up into a sitting position. Couch? What was he doing on the couch?

He then saw the memory box and diary on the end table and remembered. He was waiting for Dumbledore and fell asleep re-reading his mother's letter to him.

A sudden movement caught his attention. Turning he saw, to his surprise, James Potter sleeping uncomfortably on a stuff chair. He was slouched in the chair with his arms folded across his chest and his feet stretched out in front of him. His head was rolled to the left side. The position didn't look comfortable.

Harry stared at him, taking the time to watch him. His father snored softly. It was a familiar sound, like a long lost memory, it most likely was. Harry suddenly had this short vision slash memory thing of little baby Harry sleeping on his father chest, rising up and down slightly from the steady breathing of his father.

Harry shook his head slightly to clear his head before standing up. He picked up the box and diary from the end table and walked quietly out of the room. Making sure not to wake his father.

James woke up to the sounds coming from the kitchen. He groaned at the pain in his back and neck. He stood up and stretched. "Ow." Pain hit his back. He placed a hand on his lower back and walked unsteadily to the kitchen. "Never ever fall asleep on a chair again, James Potter." He scowled at himself.

He walked into the kitchen. Sirius was at the sink washing his dish from lunch. No one else was there.

"What time is it?" James asked as he sat at the table.

"Just past noon." Sirius said as he finished with the dishes and sat down on the other side of the table.

"Why aren't you at work?" James used his wand to summon a bowl, spoon, cereal box, and milk. He yawned, still feeling tired.

Sirius gave him a look. "It's Saturday, my day off. Remus doesn't even have work today."

James looked around the kitchen, somehow expecting Remus to be there. "Where is he?"

Sirius shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "He...ummm...he took Harry out."

James looked up alarmed. "Out? Where? Harry looks like me. People will..."

"James! James! Calm down. We put a charm on Harry. He now has shoulder length light brown hair and dull blue eyes. He looks nothing like you." Sirius leant back in his chair. "Remus just took him to Diagon Alley."

Harry pushed his light brown hair out of his face, again! He looked up at Remus to see if he noticed. Harry really didn't want to make a fool of or anything.

Remus didn't seem to notice. He was eyeing a candy shop. Harry rolled his eyes. They both knew chocolate helps with dementor attacks, but somewhere along the line Remus had come to love chocolate like a woman on PMS. Even here in another world.

Harry's chuckle brought Remus's attention to him. "What?"

He looked over at the shop before looking back at Remus. "You want chocolate?"

"Only if you want some." Remus said sounding a little bit too innocent and his voice was laced with longing.

Harry rolled his eyes, feeling more carefree now than he ever was. He forgot all about the prophecy, Voldemort, Death Eaters, and being in another world away from his friends. Almost forgot that he doesn't know this Remus as well as his own. "I really don't, but I know you won't be able to stand it if we leave without chocolate in your pockets and stomach."

Remus gave him a strange look. "How do you know about my...love for chocolate? No one else but James and Sirius knows."

Harry raised his brow in response. Everyone knew about Remus's addiction to chocolate.

Remus seemed to remember where Harry came from. "Oh, right. How many people know about my...his...our adduction to chocolate?" He asked leading Harry towards the candy shop.

"Everyone." Harry answered as the bell over the door rang.

"Everyone? Do they tease m...him...us?" He asked stumbling over the words. He looked at the many candy in the room, looking for the chocolates.

"A lot. Sirius..." Harry paused as the pain in losing him took over. He swallowed the lump in his throat. "Sirius always teased him." Harry stared off in the distant as a memory came to him. "Just...just last Christmas Sirius got him a two whole baskets full of chocolate with a letter saying, 'I giving you your own pleasurable sex. You don't even have to share.'"

Remus looked up from the box of chocolate pastries. "Sex?"

Harry laughed as he walked over to where Remus was looking at the chocolate pastries. "It's a joke between them. Remus...well, you loved chocolate as much as Sirius loved woman. So, Sirius said chocolate was sex to you...him. Few days after Christmas, Sirius asked if you had any of your sex yet. Sadly, he said this with Mrs. Weasley in the room." Harry winced still able to hear Mrs. Weasley's yelling voice in his head.

Remus looked confused for a second before changing the subject. "So, who are your best friends?" He asked wanting to get to know as much about Harry as possible.

"Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger. I meet Ron on the train..." Then started the whole story of his first year. Even though Harry highly doubt Remus was listening.

James sat back on the couch watching the fire burn in the fireplace out of boredom. Sirius sat next to him watching the same thing, equally bored.

"They must have bumped into the candy shop." Sirius said watching a small spark in the fire.

"Hmm hmm." James agreed.

"I'm bored." Sirius said for the fifth time.

"Me too." James said for the fifth time.

"I'm bored." Sirius said again.

"Me too."

Three seconds later. "I'm bored."

"Me too."

Two seconds later. "I'm bored."

"I know."

"I'm bored."

"For Merlin sake, Sirius, I get the point. You're bored. Lets leave it." James scowled in irritation.

The silence lasted for a whole minute before Sirius said, "I'm bored."

"Grrrr." James leaned his head against the back of the couch.

The fire burst into life and Severus Snape walked out with his Death Eater robes on. He didn't even sneer at the two on the couch. "Where's Albus? It's important." He demanded harshly. "We don't have much time."

Sirius rolled his eyes. "He's not here. Did you check the school, genies? After all he is a headmaster."

Severus glared at him. "I have to go before they realize I'm not there. You two find him. Tell him there is going to be an attack any time now."

James and Sirius sat up. "An attack? Where?" James demanded.

Severus threw the floo into the fireplace. "Diagon Alley." He answered before stepping into the fireplace and disappeared.

They both instantly sat up. "Harry and Remus!"

Harry was leaning against the wall in the candy shop. Remus was still looking at the chocolates, but the smell of them was really getting to Harry. He wished they would be able to leave soon.

"Remus, I'm going to get some ice cream, if you don't mind. Meet you back here?" Harry said getting tired of standing there.

Remus didn't look back at him, just nodded his head as he counted how much chocolate he had so far.

Noticing Remus wasn't listening, Harry just left the shop without another word, shaking his head as he goes. He shouldn't be gone long. Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor was just four stores down. What could possibly happen?

Harry made his way into Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor. The thought of eating something cold in this hot weather made Harry's mouth water.

It was busy inside. On this hot day it wasn't surprising. Harry got in the long line behind some little girl with red hair. She must have been three or four years younger than him. She turned to look at him when he got behind her. Her eyes were blue and she had little freckles over her nose and under eyes. If Harry didn't know any better, he would have thought she was a Weasley. She turned back around in a snobbish manner, with her hair flinging into his face.

Harry took a step back, giving her a confused angry look behind her. Can't be a Weasley.

"Next."

She stepped up to the cashier. "I need a strawberry Sunday with sprinkles."

Harry turned to look out into the street, bored.

"Next."

Harry snapped back into attention. "May I have a Neapolitan please?"

After his ice cream was ordered and paid for, Harry made his way out of the parlor. He had started walking down the street back to the candy shop eating his Neapolitan when it happened.

First, it started out as a scream from some women. Her frightful scream caused everyone on the street to pause. Harry glanced fearfully at the direction the scream came from.

A few stores down, in an alley a red spell was seen shooting through the air, hitting a blond hair man. He fell on to the ground, frozen.

Suddenly, everyone started screaming and yelling and running for their lives as men in black robes and white mask walked calmly out of every alley and store. People ran over frozen bodies and wounded people to save their selves.

Harry dropped his ice cream and pulled out his wand. He had to get to the candy store for Remus. He ran through the crowds of panic people.

A scream near by stopped him. He looked across the street. Three Death Eaters had the girl from the ice cream shop cornered next to Flourish & Blott's. Without a second thought, Harry ran to her rescue.

"Petrificus Totalus. Stupety. Stupety." The three Death Eaters were down by the time Harry made it to the girl.

The girl looked up with a frightened look on her face, but that quickly turned into a scowl that could match Snape's. "What are you doing? I was doing just fine on my own. You didn't need to save a damsel in distress."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"Don't roll your eyes at me, mister. You have no..."

A movement at the corner of his eye caught his attention. Turning quickly, he saw a Death Eater shot a stunner spell at them.

"DOWN!" Harry jumped at the girl, pulling to the ground with him. The spell shot right over them hitting the ground a few feet away.

"Get off me, you..." Her words were drowned by Harry's, "RUN!" He pulled her up by the arms and began running, throwing random spells behind him.

"HARRY! WHERE ARE YOU! HARRY!" Remus voice came over the battle.

Harry ran in the direction of his voice, pulling the girl with him. "REMUS!" He still couldn't see him, but he could hear him.

"HARRY!"

Remus came into view, coming out of an alley between the candy shop and Eeylops Owl Emporium. There were blood on his arm and huge scratch on his forehead. He was missing his wand. "HARRY!"

Harry pulled the girl over. "REMUS!"

Remus eyes widen when he looked at something behind them. "HARRY, WATCH OUT!"

It was too late. Harry spun around, saw the red spark of the stunning spell heading towards them, and quickly pushed the girl out of the way of the spell. Then blackness as the spell hit him and he fell hard onto the ground, his head hitting the cobblestones.

Review Please!

Chapter 9

Remus couldn't believe what he just saw. One minute he saw Harry running towards him with, surprisingly Rora next to him. Then he saw a Death Eater shot a stunning spell at them. Harry pushed Rora out of the way, getting hit himself.

Remus had started running to get to Harry, when the Death Eater came next to Harry and disappeared with a loud crack. He didn't know how long he stood there, staring at the spot Harry just disappeared from, but the next thing he knew was James voice calling out for him.

"REMUS! HARRY!"

Remus snapped out of his trance. He saw Rora staring at him with a frightened, guilty look on her face. He may dislike her views and beliefs, but he can't leave a little thirteen year old girl alone with Death Eaters still around, even if the girl Rora.

"JAMES, I'M OVER HERE!" He yelled out as he ran over to Rora, who was still on the ground. He picked her up by the arms gently. To his surprise, she didn't flinch at his touch.

They started running in the direction of James's voice. Remus saw Sirius before seeing James. He had his wand out, having just finished off a Death Eater. "Sirius!"

Sirius turned in their direction. "Remus!" Sirius ran over to them. "JAMES! I FOUND REMUS!"

Remus saw James run out of a store. He looked around before running towards them.

James looked around and saw Rora, but no Harry. "Where's Harry?" He asked, panicking.

Remus started pulling Rora inside a building. "Not here." They followed him to the building, keeping a watch on any sudden movements. Most of the street was now abandoned. You can still hear Death Eaters in the distant.

They entered the building. James turned to Remus. "Where's Harry?" He asked forcefully.

Remus looked at the top of Rora's head. He found it strange she hasn't said a word or insult yet. Neither did she try to leave. She had a blank look on her face. Maybe she's feeling guilty, if that was possible.

"Remus, where's Harry?" James almost screamed.

"He's gone. A Death Eater took him." He whispered feeling guilty. Here he was supposed to protect him and this happens. If only chocolate didn't grab his attention Harry might be here.

James didn't say anything. He seemed to go in shock. Sirius though flipped out. "WHAT? A Death Eater took him!" He ran his hand over his face. "Could this day get any worst?"

After a few minutes of silence, James spoke up in a distant voice. "None of the Aurors are here yet." He noted as he glanced out of the shop's window. "Where are they?" Just as he said this they heard popping sounds as the Aurors finally came.

James kept his head down, facing the top of the table. Rora was returned to her family. Mrs. Weasley had one loud voice. Especially, when she saw who brought Rora home; people from the Order. The Order she grown to hate with passion.

He looked up when he saw Tonks walk into the room. She looked fine, though a bit tired from last night. Her arm, though, was strangely in a cast. She sat down across from James and started picking at her cast.

James looked back down at the table, waiting for the rest of the Order to get there. They were going to be talking about the attack earlier today, about Harry. He felt this ping of regret and sorrow hit him. He tried to repress them, tried to tell himself that he only regretted a child being taken, tried to tell himself there was nothing he could have done, but nothing truly hid the true reason why he feels this way. He blamed himself. If only he talked the boy. If only he was there to protect him. It feels like he failed all over again. Failed his boy. Failed to protect. The one promise he gave to Harry when he was born.

Suddenly James found himself looking at a blurry tabletop as tears formed around his eyes. He is such a failer. Why can't he protect anyone? Most of all, his own family?

The sound of coughing brought James attention back to the present. Albus was at the head of the table waiting for everyone's attention to go to him.

"Now that I have everyone's attention, lets us start. As most of you know there have been a series' of set attacks this past few days. Taking place at nine almost every night. Small attacks upon members of the Order. Severus didn't know the reason's behind the attacks." Severus nodded his head in agreement. "And until earlier today I still was confused about them, but it has come to my attention the reason for these small attacks. They were a distraction."

"Distraction?" Arthur Weasley asked. "A distraction for what?" Others in the room looked back at Albus for the answer.

Albus sighed before answering. "The Minister, as you know, has finally allowed trials to take place for all Death Eaters and what not. These past few days we have captured a number of twenty Death Eaters. We were all focused on, not only the next small attack, but also the trials taking place. So, like usual, everyone was waiting for the next attack to take place tonight and wasn't ready for one to take place in the middle of the day."

"They caught us unprepared." Sirius murmured, understanding what Albus was taking about. "Most people were tired from the trials and late night fighting. It was the perfect time to strike." He said more loudly. Albus nodded. Sirius turned to Mad-Eye Moody. "Why did it take so long for the Aurors to get there?"

Moody's eye looked at him. "At the same time as the attack in Diagon Alley, the Aurors that had nothing to do at the Ministry was called to an attack near the Isle of Dogs and Paddington Station."

"There's more." Severus spoke up.

"More attacks?" Sirius asked wide eye.

Severus glared at him. "No. More bad news." He caught James's eye for a split second before looking around the room. "As you know, or should know, the Isle of Dogs and the Paddington Station were decoy attacks. So, were the night attacks. The main attack was Diagon Alley. The Dark Lord ordered people to be captured not killed unless necessary. At some point between the attack and now, the Dark Lord changed his plans."

"What? Why?" Someone yelled out.

Severus glared in the person direction. "It has something to do with the boy's wand."

James sat up looking alarmed. "Boy? You mean, Harry." He asked slowly, horrified at the thought of it.

Severus nodded.

Horror set in on the three former Marauders. "Voldemort has his attention set on Harry now?" Remus asked already knowing the answer.

Severus nodded again. "He does, but I don't really know why. I wasn't at the meeting where it took place. I was sent to the potion lab instead."

James sat throughout the meeting to petrify to move or speak. To petrified to even listen to anything going on around him.

It's happening again, like it did sixteen years ago. Only this time Lily isn't here with him. Why did Voldemort always have to have an eye on Harry? It happened then, it's happening now. And, as last time, James is afraid he won't be able to save him. It pained him. It pained him deeply that he would fail again.

James had never believed in second chances, but he now realize he was given a second chance. A second chance to be a father and he blew it. Lily would be so disappointed. He doesn't know how to be a father to a teenager. Now, he might not have the chance to prove he can be.

When Harry woke up, the first thing he realized was his bloody headache. His head pounded just above his eyes and his glasses is

missing. He opened one eye after the other to see only darkness. Harry looked around hoping to see any source of light to find his glasses and get out of here. Nothing.

He ran his hand over the floor, hoping his glasses fell off while he was in here. Where ever 'here' is. The floor felt like it was made of cold stone. It felt a little damp. If Harry had to guess he would say he was in a basement of some sort.

He found his glasses near where his feet were. He placed them on his face and groaned as he lifted himself in a sitting position. He leaned against the wall and focused on the sound of dripping water. In the distant, Harry swore he could hear the sounds of screaming. He rubbed his head to ease the pain.

He doesn't know how long he sat there, but a few hours or seconds later, the sound of metal against metal came from the other side of the room. Harry sat up straighter.

Light hit his face as a door opened. Harry had to close his eyes to the brightness. He reopened them slowly, letting his eyes adjust to the light. With his eyes still unused to the light, Harry could only see two black blurry figures walking towards him.

Harry tensed. It wasn't hard to figure out who these figures were. They were Death Eaters.

One of the Death Eaters grabbed Harry by the arm and forced him to his feet before Harry could really do anything. "Get up!" He ordered angrily.

Once Harry was on his feet, the other Death Eater grabbed his other arm. He finally found the strength to struggle, even though he knew it wouldn't do any good.

The Death Eaters managed to pull him out of the room and into a well lit stone corridor.

"Stop boy or you'll feel the wrath of our Lord."

Harry stopped struggling momentarily. Our Lord? Voldemort! They're going to see Voldemort! Harry almost groaned. That's the last thing on his to do list. If Voldemort finds out who he is...Harry started

struggling harder then before. Wanting to get out of there before Voldemort catches onto anything.

One of the Death Eaters, Harry doesn't know which one, hit him across the head hard enough to knock him out cold.

When Harry woke up again, he found himself in the mirror room of his vision a few weeks ago. He was lying at the bottom of the stairs. He wasn't the only one there. There must have been fifty or so people either kneeling or laying on the ground. The Death Eaters were lined up against the wall like statues.

Kneeling next to him, with blood running down her forehead, was a little girl of four or five. Her tears was mixed into her blood and she was murmuring under her breath.

"Mommy. Daddy, help."

Harry watched her for a few moments, knowing all about wanting your parents even though you know it is impossible. Sighing, Harry picked himself off the floor and knelt down next to the girl. He placed a hand on her back. "Shh...you'll be back to your Mommy and Daddy soon. Everything will be all right." He lied. Everything won't be okay, not with Voldemort coming.

The girl leaned into him for comfort. She clinched onto his shirt and started crying silently. Not really knowing who he is, but was glad for the comfort.

Harry's scar suddenly flared up with pain. He clinched his teeth together to hold back a scream of pain. He looked up the stairs and glared at the figure standing there playing with his wand.

Voldemort a.k.a Tom Riddle stood above them wand in hand. Something on Voldemort's waist caught Harry's attention. Harry gasped in horror. The wand in Voldemort's hand wasn't his wand. It was Harry's wand! The brother of Voldemort's wand!

The girl in his arms shook with fear. Harry rubbed her back absent-mindedly. He heard a woman scream in fear, but Harry wasn't really paying attention. His focus was on Voldemort.

"Good evening, mudbloods and blood traitors." Voldemort said smiling calmly. He took a few steps down the stairs. He looked at the wand before looking back at the prisoners. "This is a nice wand, don't you think?"

Harry cringed.

"I would like to know who owns it." Voldemort's voice had a dangerous tone to it. "If no one comes up to claim this wand, there will be..." He paused, then smirked. "...consequences." He hissed. Nobody did anything.

Harry felt his scar burn as Voldemort's anger rose. Using Harry's wand, Voldemort suddenly spun towards Harry and sent the Killing Curse at him.

Harry didn't have time to do anything, but watch as the green spell rushed towards him. To his outmost horror, the spell didn't hit him, but hit the girl that was still in his arms. Her body fell right into Harry's arms. For a moment Harry forgot to breath as he stared at the dead body in his arms.

"Bring the boy to me." Harry snapped his head up, thinking Voldemort was talking about him. But to his horror, a Death Eater pushed a little boy about three or four. The boy must have a silence spell on him. He looked really frighten, with the tears running down his face and his mouth open, like he was trying to scream.

Voldemort grabbed the boy from the back of his neck. "If you don't want to see this boy die, then the owner of this wand step forward, now."

Almost everyone, who didn't want to see a little boy die, started yelling at once.

"That's my wand."

"No, it's my wand."

"I can prove it's mine."

"My wand."

"My wand."

Harry couldn't stand it. He can't let a boy that young die, nor can he let some else take his place as owner of the wand. He gently placed the girl's body on the ground and stood up. "It's my wand." But Voldemort either didn't hear him or didn't believe him. He has to get Voldemort's attention. "It's my wand, Tom Riddle." Harry yelled. Voldemort would surly turn his attention to Harry now.

Indeed, Voldemort snapped his head in Harry's direction, not knowing who said it, but knowing someone did. "SILENCE!" Everyone immediately stopped talking. Voldemort glared around the room. "Who said that?"

Harry stepped forward. He was that scared. He fought with him four times, not counting Hollow's Eve night. And his world Voldemort was a lot scarier looking then this Voldemort. Of course this Voldemort is most likely more powerful, being alive longer then his Voldemort. "I did, Tom." Harry said trying to keep his voice even and confident. Though, his voice sounded confident, he wasn't inside. Inside his heart was beating really fast and his head was telling him not to do this.

Voldemort looked at him and glared. "How did you hear of that name, boy!" He hissed angrily. Harry opened his mouth to respond but Voldemort started barking orders. "Death Eaters, take the prisoners back to their cell. Leave the boy with me." He shouted not looking away from Harry. "We're going to need the leverage." He hissed.

Harry took a shaky breath as he heard the Death Eaters take the other prisoners out of the room. This is going to suck.

Review Please...I do love reviews!

Chapter 10

Voldemort stared at the boy in front of him. Just looking at his shoulder length brown hair and his blue eyes, Voldemort could tell his appearance was a fake.

The boy doesn't seem to really fear him as the rest of the world does. He must know Dumbledore personally. Voldemort grinned. That could work to his favor.

"Everyone, but Malfoy and Lestrage out!" Voldemort called out to the Death Eaters. Voldemort kept his eye on the boy as the Death Eater's left them and his two most trusted Death Eaters. He threw the small boy that was still standing next to him to Bella Lestrage. She held tightly onto his arms.

The blond hair boy stood tall, but his eyes showed fear. Not as much fear as Voldemort would like. He walked around him like a predator to prey. "Such a Gryffindor." He whispered to himself in disgust. "Are you going to tell me who you are or am I going to have to find out the hard way?"

Harry remained silent, knowing that in telling Voldemort who he is would be a dangerous thing to, not only him, but his father, godfather, and surrogate uncle as well. He took a shaky breath to ease his fear.

Voldemort stopped right in front of him. "Not going to answer? What a pity." He sneered before smiling sweetly. "I guess I'll have to do it the hard way."

Harry winced, knowing what Voldemort would most likely do. He was surprised Voldemort hadn't already used the cruciatus curse on him yet. Voldemort, though, did something Harry wasn't expecting. He raised his wand and said, "Finite Incantatem."

Harry gasped in horror as he felt the magic of the spell run through his body. His shoulder length brown hair went back to the usual short messy black hair and his blue eyes became green again.

James Potter sat angrily at the kitchen table with Sirius and Remus. They were alone once again, the meeting being over for the past two hours. "I can't believe they want us to sit back and do nothing!"

Remus slowly took James' bottle of firewhiskey away from him while he wasn't paying attention. He has been going on and on about their lack of help since the meeting ended. Truthfully Remus and Sirius were getting tired of it.

"James, mate, there is nothing we can do about it. It's in the facts." Sirius said almost absent-mindedly.

Remus looked questionly at Sirius. He was surprised Sirius wasn't jumping in to find Harry. Sirius was the type who would risk his life for someone they barely know, especially for someone he does know. Remus looked closely at Sirius and sighed at what he saw. Remus could see his head spinning to find a solution, to find a way to save Harry against the Orders order not to.

James looked up at Sirius. "Come on, mate, can we really trust Severus Snape to save him? Severus wouldn't risk his life or his position as spy for some boys' life. Some boy who is the son of his most hated person alive. Some boy from another world. Some boy who no one really knows. Some boy who..."

"Okay, okay, James, we get the point. Severus just wouldn't save some random boy he might hate." Sirius interrupted. "That's why we need to come up with something, a plan to save Harry."

James sent a confused glance at him. "You were just saying not to do anything. Now you're saying to do something?"

"Hey, I was trying to think over your mindless chatter." He said quickly to defend himself. "I had to say something to shut you up...even though it didn't work." He murmured to himself. "Anyway, first step first. We have to find out where Voldemort is holding him."

There was a moment of silence before James spoke up. "How are we going to do that?"

"We could talk to Severus, though that would basically tell him we are going against the Order's order." Remus spoke up.

"I can go to my office at the Ministry and find any useful information there." Sirius said voluntary. He stood up from the kitchen table.

"Good. I can...I can..." James stopped not knowing what he can do at the moment.

"We..." Remus pointed to James and himself. "...can look in the old Order files to find any information on Voldemort that might be helpful." Remus got up from the table and James followed.

"Good idea. I was just about to say that." James said walking out of the room.

Remus and Sirius rolled their eyes. "Sure you were." They said at the same time.

"Found something!" Remus said hours later. James and him were in the dark corner of the library, looking through cabinets of folders with old Order stuff. Stuff that was said in past Order meetings and stuff that wasn't shared in the meetings. If you found something you would place it here in these files.

James knelt down next to Remus. "What did you find?"

Remus held the folder he had out to him. "Apparently, Voldemort's birth name is Tom Marvolo Riddle. He grew up in a muggle orphanage. We should check that place out." Remus said as an afterthought. "His mother's name is Merope Gaunt a pure-blood and his father's name is Thomas Riddle a muggle."

"A half-blood? How ironic." James said sarcastically. "But, seriously, Remus get to the point."

Remus rolled his eyes again. "Anyway, at some point, Riddle killed his father and grandparents at their home, Riddle Manor. Since then there have been weird sightings of people wearing black entering and exiting the house. I believe Riddle Manor is our best bet, but I still would like to look at the orphanage just in case."

"Where is Riddle Manor and the orphanage located?" James asked ready to jump into action. Remus started flipping through the folder, looking for any hint of the location.

"I don't know. It doesn't say." Remus threw the folder on the ground next to other files that were already searched through.

James sat in thought. Voldemort's father was a muggle. His mother, a witch. He killed his father and grandparents at the manor. The manor name is Riddle Manor after his father side of the family, which is all muggles. "That's it!" James snapped his fingers and smiled. He turned to Remus. "Voldemort killed his father at the manor. Riddle Manor is from his father side of the family. They are all muggles. So, the manor would be in a muggle town."

Remus didn't look to impress with James discovery. "That doesn't narrow it down at all, James. There are more muggle towns than magic towns."

"Yeah, but unlike magic towns and the wizarding world in general, muggles have that thing called an enter—net . On the enter—net you can find almost anything in the world. A death like the Riddle's would most likely ended up in the newspapers, which would have ended up on the enter—net a few years later." He said.

Now, Remus looked impressed with James. "You're right! I could go the muggle library and hop onto one of their computers." He got back to his feet and whipped some imaginary dirt off his legs.

"What am I going to do?" James asked looking up at him.

"I'm not your father, James. I can't tell you what to do or what not to do. Though, I do suggest you look through these files some more for any information of the orphanage." With that said, Remus left the room, leaving behind a tired James.

Would Lily be disappointed in him? Would his dead wife narrow her green eyes at him like the old days, her cheeks flushed with barely suppressed anger? She probably would at the way James treated Harry so far.

James sighed deeply and looked around at pile of folders that lay out around him. He doesn't even know where to start looking. One of these files might be the clue to finding Harry. To finding redemption.

Taking another quick look around at all the files, James picked up the closest file to him and started his search. This is going to be a long night.

He's been here for an hour now, typeing away on the computer, trying to find anything useful. The internet was a good idea. Muggles tend to put everything on the internet. But that was also the problem at the moment. There was too much information and none of it was the right information. None of the information was useful to him.

Remus lend back in his chair and rubbed his hand tiredly over his eyes. He stared at the screen in front of him, trying to think of something else he could look up that might be useful.

The search engine had the words Riddle Manor typed in it. Remus stared at the words, thinking about what James had said.

A death like the Riddle's would most likely ended up in the newspapers.

That's what he said. Remus looked at the words in the search engine. He deleted the words and typed in, Riddle Family Murder. He clicked enter.

It wasn't long until he found a site with the news headline, Riddle Murder. Excitedly, Remus read the article quickly. He quickly found the town Riddle Manor was located in. Little Hangleton. He printed the news article.

Remus jumped out of his seat and quickly left to find James and Sirius.

Remus found James and Sirius on the couch in the living room. They were talking over a file in Sirius's hand. They both looked up when Remus entered.

"I was just telling Sirius what we found so far." James said as Remus sat down at on a chair.

James and Sirius shifted so they were looking at Remus. "Did you find anything on the orphanage?" Remus asked. James shook his head.

"What did you found out?" Sirius asked Remus.

"Little Hangleton is the muggle town the Riddle Manor is in."

Remus was frustrated. They were in Little Hangleton with no plan of action. He was freezing. It was spooky and dark. They can't use magic, because they didn't want to set off any sort of alarm. They have no idea where they were going. No one knows where they are. So, if they do get into some trouble no one would know where to look for them. They have no back up. And they don't have any idea what they are going to do once they made it to Riddle Manor. "Stop you two!" He whispered angrily.

James and Sirius stopped and turned to look back at Remus. "What?" They asked innocently.

Remus stumped up to them. "We need a plan. No but's, and's, or or's."

Severus Snape put the last ingredient in the potion and watched it boil. The Dark Lord wanted him to have veritaserum ready real soon. For what reason, Severus can only guess. And guess he did. The Potter boy. The last time he saw him, the boy looked terrible and that was just half an hour ago. The Dark Lord must have been torturing him for hours, trying to find out who he is. Something tells him, though, that the Dark Lord already knows whom the boy is. He just doesn't know how.

Severus put the potion into a vile and put it in his pocket with other potions. After cleaning up everything, Severus made his way to the throne room where the Dark Lord was.

The Death Eaters standing guard at the doors into the throne room moved aside to let Severus pass. They were expecting him. The door opened at his approach.

The first thing Severus saw was the Potter boy lying on the ground in pain. Malfoy and Lestrage were off to the side with a small-frightened boy.

He bowed respectfully. "My Lord, I have the potion you requested."

Voldemort held the Potter boy under the cruciatus curse just a little bit longer before turning to Severus.

"Of course you do, my snake." Voldemort turned back to the boy. "Give him some." He ordered.

Severus knelt next to the boy and forced his head back, whispering to him silently. "Potter, this is just water mixed in with heavy salt and vinegar." He took out a vial from his pocket. "Drink it and be as believable as you can." He took the cork off the vial. "If I get in trouble because you can't make a good little white lie, then I'm not going to try and save you again."...a lie, but Potter doesn't need to know that. Severus forced the water into Harry's mouth. "Pretend this is veritaserum. Act like this is veritaserum." He sneered before standing up and stepping away. He bowed once again in front of Voldemort.

"Leave us, my snake."

Severus did as he was told, giving Harry Potter one warning look before leaving the room.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" James asked Remus quietly.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Sirius asked as he shifted position. They were kneeling next to the back wall of Riddle Manor, behind a bush. It has been half an hour since they were here last. Remus had this sudden crazy, in James and Sirius's opinion, idea to use muggle means to distract Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

They followed Remus to a muggle military base...thank Merlin they're wizards or the whole military would have been after their hides after they stole muggle weapons called bombs. They were going to blow the whole south wall of the manor.

I know this chapter is shorter than the others. But it was a good place to stop:

TIMELINE SINCE ATTACK

- Attacks happen
- Death Eater meeting (where Voldemort 'asked' who wand he had)
- Same time as Death Eater meeting the Order Meeting is happening

- Severus got summoned after Order Meeting
- James, Sirius, and Remus find out where Voldemort is
- About the same time the Marauders find out the location, Severus starts making the veritaserum
- Marauders leaves Little Hangleton to get bombs
- Severus gives Harry the water with vinegar and salt
- Same time this is happening, the three Marauders place bombs on Riddle Manor

HOPEFULLY EVERYTHING IS STRAIGHTEN OUT FOR YOU!
DON'T FORGET TO REVIEW PLEASE!

Chapter 11

Voldemort glared at the closed door after Severus Snape left. He sighed before turning back to Harry.

Harry was looking at the far wall trying to make his eyes look distant and dead. He managed to keep his back straight and stiff.

"What is your name?"

Harry held down his terror. He knew Voldemort most likely knew who he was. It wasn't that hard to figure out. His heart was beating so fast he felt his blood rushing through his body as he opened his mouth to answer. "Har..." Suddenly a loud banging sound echoed around the room and the ground shook, making Malfoy, Lestrangle and the little boy fall to the ground. Harry landed onto his side and Voldemort somehow stayed on his feet.

"Master, are you alright?" Bellatrix Lestrangle asked as she scrambled off the ground, still holding the crying boy tightly in her hand.

"I'm fine." He sneered. "Bellatrix take the boy down with the rest of them. Lucius, take the other boy to the special room." Harry felt a shiver go down his spine at the gleam in his eyes.

Malfoy grinned as he stunned Harry. "Wingardium Leviosa."

The three former Marauders walked silently through the dark, cold hallway of Riddle Manor. They were under James's old invisibility cloak. Something they haven't used since the Potter's went into hiding.

A sound from behind them stopped them in their tracks. They quickly and quietly moved against the wall to get out of the way. To their luck, they saw Lucius Malfoy with a floating Harry Potter and Bellatrix Lestrangle holding a crying little boy.

They waited until the two Death Eaters passed before striking them from behind. "Stupify!" They said at the same time. Two spells hit Bellatrix and one hit Lucius.

"Come on! We don't have much time until more Death Eaters come." Remus whispered urgently.

Sirius rushed over to Harry and James rushed over to a small boy.

James picked the boy up. "It's alright. We're here to save you." The boy held on tightly to him, burrowing his head into James's neck.

"Sirius." Harry said in relief as Sirius helped him up off the ground. Harry stumbled when he tried to walk.

"Wrap an arm around my neck, Harry." Sirius ordered quietly. Harry did as he was told and Sirius wrapped an arm around his waist for support.

Remus heard footsteps coming with his werewolf hearing. "Come. Hurry! I hear someone coming!" He whispered urgently.

They all rushed under the invisibility cloak after Remus enlarged it. They started walking away from the scene of the crime.

Remus heard it before the others. The sound of more footsteps then the sound of yelling as the Death Eaters found Malfoy and Lestrange stunned on the ground.

"Search the place! They couldn't have gotten far! You, grab a group and search the grounds!"

"Go, go. We got to get out of here." Sirius whispered urgently.

The closer they got to the hole they made with the bombs, the more Death Eaters there were. So far it didn't seem like these Death Eaters knew about Malfoy and Lestrange getting stunned yet. Which made it easier for them to sneak around.

Remus, who was in front of them, stopped short, when he saw who was standing close to the hole. Voldemort had a Death Eater under the cruciatus curse.

"Now, tell me some good news." He hissed angrily at the Death Eater.

"Mate, Death Eater, six o'clock." James whispered from behind them.

The group stepped out of the way as a Death Eater ran passed them.

"My Lord." The Death Eater bowed and kissed Voldemort's robes.

"Arise, my serpent and speak."

The Death Eater did as he was told. "My Lord, I bare bad news."

Voldemort narrowed his eyes, dangerously. "What is it?"

"It's Bellatrix Lestrange and Lucius Malfoy, my Lord. They were found stunned in the corridor."

"Oh, oh." Sirius whispered. "Shouldn't we get out of here now?"

"WHAT? YOU IRRESPONSIBLE, USELESS SERPENT." Everyone in the room cringed, knowing what was going to happen. They weren't disappointed. "CRUCIO! CRUCIO!" No Death Eater was spared from his anger.

As Voldemort took his anger out on his Death Eaters, the silent group snuck through them to the hole in the wall. They just made it out of the manor when one of Voldemort's missed fired cruciatus curse hit James in the back.

James fell onto the ground, dropping the kid. When he dropped, the invisibility cloak came off him, exposing him to Voldemort and his Death Eaters. He screamed in pain.

The group of three turned when they heard James screaming. It was too late, by the time they turned around James was already surrounded by Death Eaters and the boy was dead by a quick Killing Curse.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" Voldemorts voice mocked. He stood in front of James. "James Potter. Who would have guessed he would show up?" He gazed across the surrounding area. "He wouldn't be alone. JOHNSON." A Death Eater came forward and kneeled.

"My Lord."

"Grab a group and search the area. Potter wouldn't have come here alone."

"Yes, my Lord." Johnson stood up and disappeared through the crowd, calling out names of Death Eaters to help the search.

"We got to get out of here." Remus whispered.

Harry looked at him in horror. "What about my dad? We can't just leave him."

"Someone would stay behind with the Invisibility Cloak." Remus said as he pushed Sirius and Harry down the hill to the apparating point.

They reached the point without getting caught. They could still hear the Death Eater's laughing. It sent shivers down their spines.

"Who's going back for James? I can if you don't." Remus said.

"No, that's fine. I'll go. You take Harry." Sirius said while he passed Harry over to Remus.

Remus handed the invisibility cloak to Sirius. "Wait, until a Death Eater sees you before going. That way, they would think everyone left without James. It would lower their guard." Sirius said as he wrapped himself in the cloak. Remus nodded his agreement.

"I see them." A shout from an incoming Death Eater jumped Remus into action and he quickly side-apparated with Harry.

They popped just outside the anti-apparation wards around the Order Headquarters.

Once they were safely inside the House of Black, Remus ordered Harry to stay in bed as he left to get Madam Pomfrey.

Harry groaned. He saw Madam Pomfrey so much that people would start confusing them as mother and son!

It's been over an hour! Remus turned around again and headed back to the stuff chair. 'Where on earth are they?' He turned again heading in the opposite direction. He had been pacing in front of the

fireplace since he got Poppy to see Harry. Remus was worried sick. James and Sirius haven't returned yet.

He glanced in the direction of the stairs. Poppy gave Harry a dreamless-sleep potion. So, Harry was now sleeping. It's a good thing too. Or he would be worrying over them as well.

They ran down the hill with only the invisibility cloak for cover. Sirius had to support an injured James. Behind them dozen of Death Eaters ran after them, casting curses blindly, not able to see where two invisible people were.

"IDIOTS! SUMMON THE DANM CLOAK!" They heard Voldemort shout from on top of the hill.

They were only a meter or less away from the end of the anti-apparation wards.

"Accio invisibility cloak!" a Death Eater yelled out.

They passed the wards just as the cloak flew off them. With his quick seeker skills, James spun around and caught the cloak, just as they apparated out of there.

A few moments later they burst through the front door of the Order Headquarters, startling Remus.

"James, Sirius! I was worried sick about you! What took you ?" Remus started to say, but was interrupted by James.

"Where's Harry? Is he alright?" Without waiting for an answer, James limped on his hurt leg to the stairs and started the long process up the stairs.

Sirius and Remus stared in shock before catching each other's eye. "I think he's warming up to Harry, don't you?" Sirius asked unnecessary. All Remus did was nod before going to the fireplace.

"We'll have to fire call Albus to let him know Harry is safe." Remus said changing the subject.

Sirius slumped down onto the couch. "He's going to have our hinds for what we just did." Remus chuckled knowing Sirius was most likely right.

James made his way painfully up the stairs towards the room Harry has been using. He felt this need to see that Harry is all right, not just hear that he is. He reached the door to Harry's room, but then hesitated at the door. Shaking his head to clear all doubt, James opened the door and walked into the room.

Harry was sleeping peacefully on the bed. He was on his side with his arm tucked under his pillow.

James knelt down next to Harry's bed, wincing at the pain in his leg. He looked so much like the Harry Lily and him would dream about, back when Harry was just a year old baby. Such bravery and strength. Albus had told James everything that happened in the Department of Mysteries. It wounded him, knowing that this boy felt it was necessary to use an unforgivable curse on someone. It even wounded him, knowing he would have done the same thing if Sirius had fallen by that person.

He reached to push some of Harry's hair out of his face. He's going to need a haircut soon. James noticed. Moving the hair, James now saw the lightning bolt scar on Harry's forehead. He touched it gently. Harry moaned in his sleep.

A warm touch on his scar woke him up, but his mind was still foggy from sleep. He moaned at the unexpected touch. With great effort Harry managed to crack his eyes opened. He couldn't see who was kneeling next to his bed without his glasses, though with his foggy, sleepy mind he wouldn't have been able to focus on the person anyway.

He felt a hand run through his hair in a smoothing manner. "Go back to sleep, son." Without another thought or word, Harry closed his eyes again and was asleep in seconds.

Harry woke up by the sound of Madam Pomfrey coming into the room. "If I find you well, Mr. Potter, then I'll allow you to eat in the kitchen with the other's. There was a meeting earlier. So, most of the members are still here." Harry just nodded his head and allowed

Madam Pomfrey to examine him. Madam Pomfrey seemed satisfied at what she saw and allowed Harry to leave the room.

Harry's stomach growled and he looked shyly at Madam Pomfrey. "Well, Mr. Potter, I think you should get to breakfast before it's all eaten."

Harry smiled before dashing out of the room. He stopped running when he reached the bottom of the stairs and walked the rest of the way to the kitchen.

Harry froze in the doorway to the kitchen. Most of the Order members were still there eating breakfast and talking, but Harry knew that. Madam Pomfrey told him. What made him freeze was the fact that the only seat left was in between James Potter and, surprisingly, Severus Snape, who didn't appear to be eating anything.

With no place else to sit, Harry gloomily sat down between his Potion Master and his Father. He piled his plate with scramble eggs and bacon, but he only took a few bits before pushing the plate away.

"Is there something wrong with Remus's cooking, Harry?"

Harry looked up at Sirius, who was sitting on his father's other side. He shook his head. "No, it's not that." He looked at Remus, who was sitting on Sirius's other side. "No offence Remus, but I miss Mrs. Weasley's cooking."

Remus chuckled and Sirius groaned. "Mrs. Weasley's cooking." He moaned. "Author, you have to get your ex-wife back, just for her cooking." Author Weasley gave a sad smile. "Her chicken was to die for." Sirius continued. "Remember, James."

"Oh, I remember all right. It's hard to forget." James said. "Not only was her chicken to die for but her..."

"...Lasagnas." Sirius, James, and Remus said at the same time. The people in the room chuckled. "Fred, George. I do not literally mean, 'to die for'." Sirius said at the grinning Weasley twins. The room burst into laughter at something that Harry didn't understand.

Looking around he saw that Professor Snape was the only one not laughing. No surprise there.

Feeling left out of some inside joke, Harry started to play around with his food.

"Well, I have to get to work." Sirius said standing up. "I'm already late."

"Bloody Merlin, work!" Remus jumped out of his seat. "I almost forgot." The Order members started laughing again at Remus's forgetfulness.

Once the two left, Harry looked over at their two empty seats. He could move into Remus's empty seat. He'll be able to talk to Neville and be a seat away from James Potter, who doesn't want him and three seats away from Severus Snape, the Potion Master who hates him. Or he could just leave if he's not even going to eat.

"Albus is in the living room when you're done with breakfast."

Harry looked up suddenly at James Potter. His father was looking down at him. "Oh, thank you...sir." Harry added quickly.

James turned back to his food and closed his eyes to block some hidden pain. He slowly opened his eyes while he nodded. He pushed food around plate. "Don't forget to bring the pensieve."

Harry nodded. "Thank you for the reminder, sir." Harry stood and left room to get the box before meeting Dumbledore.

Harry sat on the couch, waiting for Dumbledore to get out of the pensieve. When Harry entered the room, Dumbledore immediately asked for the pensieve and went in without another word.

Dumbledore finally came out of the pensieve with a thoughtful look on his face.

"Sir?"

Dumbledore snapped his head up at Harry. "This, Mr. Potter, furthers my belief that you fought against magic that was not meant to be fought against."

"So, you're saying was I was just suppose to allow Voldemort to take over." Harry said thinking what Dumbledore said the last time he was here.

FLASHBACK

"It's to my belief that one would not be able to go to a world where their counterpart still lives."

Harry took in the information. "But how? How did Godrick someone get into a different dimension?"

Albus nodded his understanding of Harry's question. "In his book he talked about fighting a force before waking up in a different world. He woke up where his counterpart had died."

Harry lend forward, earnest for more information. "What was the force?"

"It was the force of magic. Magic was telling him to do one thing, but he was doing the complete opposite. Not something like the imperious curse, but more like the fighting possession or the veritaserum. Magic that isn't meant to be fought against."

"Possession." Harry whispered. "Voldemort was possessing me and I fought back." Harry looked away from Dumbledore.

"I do believe that is what happened. That type of magic could have killed any normal witch or wizard. You'll have to be very strong and powerful to fight against it."

END FLASHBACK

Dumbledore shook his head. "That's not what I mean, Mr. Potter. It's natural instinct to fight back an invasion of the mind. You, though, didn't only fight back mentally like people tend to do. You physical fought back as well."

Harry shook his head in confusion. "I'm sorry, Professor, but I don't know what you mean."

"Well, Mr. Potter, there are two parts of your body. There are mental and physical. Most people instantly fight back mentally when they are possessed. Their mind would try to block the possessor from entering. Your mind/brain controls your body. So, it's natural to block access to the mind. You block the mind; you block the possessor's control of your body. You understand so far, Mr. Potter?" Dumbledore asked.

Harry nodded his head. "Yes, sir, I think I do."

Dumbledore nodded before continuing. "You, however, used your very magic to block your mind and literally pushed Voldemort out of your mind. Something that would have been done naturally when you block your mind. Though I see the need to literally push him out with your magic. Since you two have the connection, it would have been necessary for you to do that. You may have blocked your mind from him for a second, but it would only have taken such a long time to re-enter your mind, because of the connection."

Harry leaned against the back of the couch, looking a bit pale.

"Voldemort, of course, would have fought back. He probably did the same thing you did and fought physically. That force between his and yours would have been enough to send you here. Do you understand, Mr. Potter?"

"Sir, if he fought back the same way, then why didn't we both come here? Wouldn't he have come with me? Not that I'm complaining or anything." Harry quickly added.

"It was your body, Mr. Potter. Not his. It was your magical core. Both of you were in your body, not his. Does that answer your question?"

Harry nodded his head.

"Good. Now, to the next problem."

Harry quickly sat up. "Next problem? What problem?"

"Voldemort knows you're here. He may not know how or why, but he knows you're here and he will try to kill you." Harry swallowed hard.

"What do we do or what do I have to do?" Harry asked terrified.

"Train." Dumbledore answered, bluntly. "You will need to train to fight and survive. You have Sirius, Remus, and James to help you. I'll be able to come by once and a while to help and I'll have Severus Snape to teach you Occlumency." Harry cringed, remembering the past year. "Alastor Moody would have time on his hand to help you."

"Sir, can't you teach me Occlumency?" Harry asked almost desperately.

Dumbledore shook his head. "No, Mr. Potter. I don't have the time. As I said, I'll be able to come by once and a while and that is it. Severus has more time than I to teach you."

Harry held back the groaned as Dumbledore stood up. "Wait, sir." Harry quickly stood up as well. "Did you find out if Godrick Han...whatever...made it back to his world?"

"Godrick Hamason, Mr. Potter." Dumbledore corrected. "Yes, I do believe he did."

"How?"

"That, Mr. Potter, is something I still have to find out." Dumbledore turned to leave, but stopped when he saw the look on Harry's face. "You have to go back, Harry." Harry looked up when Dumbledore said his first name. It was the first time this Dumbledore said his name. "There is no choice, but to go back to where you belong. You are needed and loved there. You have many great friends who miss you."

Harry looked down feeling ashamed. "I know, sir. It's just hard picking between my father and godfather or my two best friends I knew since first year."

"There is no choosing evolved. You have to go back." Dumbledore said giving Harry a look behind his half-moon spectacles.

Harry nodded his head. "I know. It still doesn't make it easy, sir."

Dumbledore placed a comforting hand on his shoulders and gave him a pat. "I know it doesn't, Harry. I know it doesn't." With that Dumbledore was gone.

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Please review...I love reviews

Chapter 12

Training started right away, right after Dumbledore left. Alastor 'Mad-Eye' Moody came in right when Dumbledore left and fired a curse at Harry from behind. Harry, of course, wasn't ready for it and got hit with it. Madam Pomfrey was having a field day when she saw his arm with its boils.

Since then Harry has been training long and hard. So far Moody worked him on being prepared for anything. He worked Harry with skills and preparedness. Harry learned different strategies and quickness. Most importantly he learned **CONSTANT VIGILANCE!** And that was only with Moody.

With Remus Harry learned different stronger spells and their defenses. It was mostly advance DADA. He learned spells and curses that even the seventh years don't learn. Sirius usually helps in this department. He knows many dark curses from growing up with his family. He teaches Harry the dark curses and Remus would help with the defenses.

Dumbledore would come by once and a while and test Harry's skills with a short duel. Then they would sit down and talk. Dumbledore, being so old and wise, told Harry many things that might help him. He would sometimes train Harry in Transfiguration. Snape of course taught him Occlumency and he surprisingly willingly taught him potions. Either this Snape is a better teacher than his counterpart or Harry is a special case.

For the past two weeks, though, Harry has yet to train with his father. He doesn't even know what James Potter suppose to teach him. He hasn't seen much of him since Harry started training.

It was now August 4, a Friday, and no one seemed to realize that they missed Harry's birthday. Not that Harry expected them to remember. To them he's been dead for the past fifteen years. Plus with all the training, it would take their minds off of such a small event.

Anyway on the morning of August 4, Harry made his way down to breakfast with his aching muscles. Moody was being hard on him yesterday.

"We are horrible. I can't believe we forgot."

The sentence stopped Harry short. He couldn't help, but listen in on Sirius's conversation with, most likely Remus and James.

"Why didn't you remind us earlier, James? I feel so guilty for forgetting." Sirius voice floated through the closed kitchen door.

"You feel guilty? I'm the one who should have remembered!" Harry heard James yell.

"Calm down, James. Neither of us blames you. We all should have remembered." Remus reasoned. "My question is why didn't he remind us? He couldn't have forgotten."

"How are we going to make it up to him?" Sirius asked.

"Maybe James should start teaching him." Remus pointed out.

"Maybe we should give him a day off." James stressed.

"James, you got to face him eventually. You can't keep running away." Remus said.

"Seriously, Mate, what happened to your Gryffindor spirit?"

There was no question in his mind that they were talking about him. Who else does James Potter tend to avoid? Harry slowly backed away from the door with a heavy heart.

Harry stood in the middle of the ballroom, which serves as Harry's training room, with Remus. There was a dummy on the other side of the room with his arms almost sliced off.

"You did that curse really well, Harry." Remus said after Harry did a Ministry binned slashing curse. "Can you tell me the counter spell?"

Harry stood there thinking over last Saturday, when he had this lesson. "It was a certain kind of shield. It was called...ummm...the...I know what it does. I know it's a certain kind of shield. I just don't remember the name of it." Harry said.

The sound of someone else entering the room, brought their heads up. Harry thought it was Moody at first, but was really, really, really surprise to see James Potter standing uncomfortably in the doorway.

Remus coughed, which brought Harry's attention to him. "Well, Harry, I want you to find the answer for tomorrow. I'll expect the answer and a demonstration of the spell. Is that understood?" Harry nodded and watched Remus walk past him, patting his shoulder as he went.

"He's all yours, Mate." Remus said to James as he stopped at the doorway.

"We'll be down in an hour." James said.

"An hour? You're not giving us much time to get ready." Harry gave them a suspicious look.

"I'm giving a brief overview on the subject and the process. That would only take an hour at the most. So, you two better hurry up." James said, grinning at Remus distress look.

"See you in an hour then, you two." Remus said as he left the ballroom, closing the door behind him.

No one said anything at first. James moved towards one of the two-person tables off to the side of the room. "Won't you sit...Harry?" He asked as he sat down.

Harry moved slowly towards the seat across from his father. He sat down and placed his wand on the table.

"You won't be needing that." James said, talking about the wand. Harry nodded and put the wand into his pocket. "Tell me, Harry, what do you know about animagus?"

Harry's eyes lit up like fireworks. "Animagus, sir?"

"Yes, animagus."

"Well, I know that it's really hard to become one. You can't become a magical animal. I know that you can't pick your animal. I know that

you, Sirius, and Wormtail became animagus to help Remus out on full moons."

James nodded at the information. "Your knowledge is pretty limited. The process of becoming an Animagus is long and arduous, and has the potential to backfire and cause the transformation go horribly wrong. So, I'll be watching over you as you prepare for this. On days I wouldn't be able to do it for some reason or another, Sirius would watch over your progress."

Harry nodded, gathering as much information as he can. He always wanted to become an Animagi. Ever since he heard about it during his third year. Ever since he learned that his father was one.

"You can not have more than one animal. You said that wizards couldn't become a magical animal. That is wrong. Though it's rare, it is possible to become a magical animal. Though the only person to ever become a magical animal is Albus Dumbledore. He can become a phoenix."

As the discussion went on, James Potter became more comfortable in his sons' presences. That or he forgot that he was in his sons' presence. The whole hour they talked about the do's and don'ts of the animagus process. James seemed very stern on those rules, sounding very much like an overacting father. Not that Harry would point it out to him. He very much enjoyed the sternness. It felt like he really did have someone that cared. Even if James truly didn't.

"Lastly, you won't need a wand at all. Animagus is wandless magic." James quickly cast the time charm. The words flashed 'August 4, Friday, 12:18 p.m.' "We should go down now. It's time for lunch. Sirius should be home by now too." James said as he stood up.

"Sirius? Doesn't he have work?" Harry asked as he followed his father and stood up.

"He asked for half the day off today. After you." James said allowing Harry to leave the room first.

Nothing else was said as they climbed down the stairs. Harry reached the bottom and was about to head towards the kitchen when he heard a noise coming from the living room. He looked curiously at the direction of the living room.

"Why don't we go check it out?"

Harry looked up at James suspiciously. He looked to calm and was that...amusement in his eyes? Harry must say that was the first time he seen any amusement in James Potter.

'Since he seemed to be amused by this, it shouldn't be anything to bad.' Harry tried to reason with himself. Even as he told himself this, his hand didn't sway to far from his pocket where his wand was.

Harry made their way to the living room door with James following right behind him.

The living room was dark when Harry opened the door. He knew there were people in the room. He could hear their feet shuffling. What they were doing, though, Harry had no idea. "Where's the light?" Harry asked. Just as he asked it, the lights came on.

"SURPRISE!"

Harry jumped three feet into the air and quickly took his wand out at the unexpected shout. There were people from the Order standing around the coffee table. The table had a big cake on top of it and there were presents off to the side. On the ceiling there was a banner with the words, 'Happy Late-Birthday, Harry!'

"Wha...wha...what is this?" Harry asked stunned.

"Why, Harry, can't you tell?" Sirius asked grinning. "It's your late birthday party."

Harry looked around the room, still stunned. Remus was standing next to Sirius, grinning with Moody on the other side. The Longbottoms were there, standing together by the fireplace. The Weasley's were spread around the room. Fred and George were sitting on the couch, looking a bit too innocent. Bill and Charlie were standing next to their father by the presents. The only people missing were the rest of the Weasley's, Dumbledore and, thank goodness, Snape. "A party for...me?"

Remus nodded and he pulled Harry into the room. "Of course." He said grinning like an idiot.

Harry never had a birthday party before. The Dursleys never cared. This would be his first birthday party ever. Harry smiled as the party started.

Sometime during the 'birthday feast', as Sirius called it, a white and brown owl came flying through the opened living room window with a letter.

Harry was surprised when the letter stopped by him. Curiously, Harry took the offered letter from the owl and watched the owl fly away.

He looked at the letter in his hand, well aware that everyone was watching him. "Maybe its from Dumbledore." Harry said with a shrug.

"No, Dumbledore would have sent Fawkes." James said a few seats away.

Harry started opening the letter, but was stopped by Sirius. "Wait, it could be dangerous."

Harry rolled his eyes. "If it was dangerous then it wouldn't have passed by the wards."

"Oh, right."

He finished opening the letter.

Dear Harry...I overheard Remus Lupin say your name

Don't think too much on this letter. I just want to say thank you. Oh, and I would like to say sorry for being a jerk. So, thank you and sorry. As I said...don't think too much on this letter.

A(R)AW

P.S. Please don't tell my family that I wrote to you. They would be pissed. Thanks

Harry re-read the letter a few times before placing it in his pocket.

"Whose is it from?" Remus asked.

"I don't know." Harry answered as he took the letter back out of his pocket and handed to Remus. He read the letter and then shrugged his shoulders. Harry took the letter back and put it in his pocket.

Soon, the letter was forgotten as the cake was brought out and the presents were brought to him.

Aurora Author Weasley, best known as Rora to most people, was staring out her window thinking what life would have been like if she went with her father instead of her mother. It was not the first time she thought of this. Not the first time she wished this.

As far back as she remembers she wished to live with her father. If she could she would have chosen her father, but she was only two when her parents split. There was nothing that could have been done. It was agreed that Mother would take the younger ones and Father the older children, unless the children wanted a certain parent, like Percy going with Mother instead of Father and Fred and George going with Father. Being two she couldn't have picked Father.

On the outside appearance, it looks like she fits with Mother's family and not Fathers. She acted spoiled, arrogant, and selfish like the rest of them. But it was all just an act. After living here for eleven years it was easy to act the spot. Most people wouldn't try and get to know her because they only see the outside appearance.

On the inside, though, Rora loved learning about muggles, got that love from her father. She found herself liking Fred and George pranks at school and such. She likes to get good decent grades at school. She loves flying. She doesn't care about money and fame, like Ron seems to want. All she wants is a family that doesn't expect her to be something she's not.

She only met her father three times and each time she was being down right git to him. It pained her to be mean to him, but she had an appearance to keep up and a mother to be afraid of. Mother has one scary voice and her temper would kill someone someday! Mother doesn't want her children come to attached to the man she had once loved. Afraid he'll get them killed.

"RORA, LUNCH IS READY!"

Rora sighed deeply at her mother's loud voice coming from down stairs. She loves her mother, but only because she's her mother. Molly Weasley is the most overprotected, neat freak, mother there is! She wants everything to be neatly in order and she is way, way, way overprotected over her children. Something Rora can't stand!

"RORA, COME DOWN RIGHT NOW. THE FOOD IS ON THE TABLE!"

"COMING, MOTHER." Rora yelled back, jumping off the window seat.

Harry has been on her mind too. She doesn't even know his last name and she feels like she owes him. He saved her life and she had to be a jerk to him. It was a habit to become snotty brat in public. That is what she trained herself to do. She felt so guilt afterwards.

She overheard the Twins in Diagon Alley talking about James Potter, Sirius Black, and Remus Lupin saving Harry a week ago. Hey, she was a Weasley. She knew how to listen into others conversations.

Anyway, she was so relieve to hear that the boy who saved her was save. It took lots of debating with herself to finally send a thank you and sorry letter to him. Hopefully, he got it and doesn't think too much about it.

Rora sat down at the kitchen table and grimaced at the way Ron was eating. 'Some things never change. No matter how old you get.' Rora thought as she remembered Ron from when they were younger.

Late that night Remus helped bring Harry his presents. He was sitting on the ground in front of a roaring fire, with everyone either sitting on the ground next to him or sitting on the couch or chairs.

He started with the Weasley twins. They got him a potion joke set with washable vials. "You can use it on Snape." They told him. Snape, luckily, wasn't at his party to hear this.

From Moody, Harry got two wand holsters and a fake wand to fool dumb Death Eaters. Remus gave him a book dictionary on spells and curses.

Harry opened Sirius's present and started laughing at the irony. A firebolt.

"You'll need a broom. No one can live without one." Sirius had said.

He got a few interesting books that would really help him out from other Order members. Since no one really knew him, he didn't get many keepsakes.

"Here's the last present, Harry." Remus said as he dodged through the crowd and gave Harry a box.

"Hey, it's about time you got to my present, Harry." Bill Weasley said with a laugh.

Harry tried to hide his disappointment. Remus said this was the last present and he didn't get a present from his father. Harry successfully kept his eye on Bill's present and managed to keep his eyes off of his father, who was sitting silently on the couch with Sirius drinking firewhiskey.

Bill got him a book on curse braking. "Thanks, Bill."

Soon everyone started leaving. It was really late and everyone was tired.

"Here, Harry, let me help you take your presents to your room." Remus gathered up some of Harry's presents and headed towards the stairs. Harry followed him holding his broom and his other presents.

Once Harry left the living room, his successful display of hiding his disappointment dropped.

"What's wrong, Harry?" Remus asked staying in step with him.

He paused before answering. "I know he doesn't like me coming into his life like this and that he wishes I wasn't here, but...but...but it pains me that he didn't even give me a birthday card. He didn't even sing happy birthday. I know I'm being stupid and selfish..."

"You're not being stupid or selfish, Harry." Remus interrupted. "James is glad you're here. He just doesn't know how to show it. I mean this party was his idea."

"It was?" Harry asked shocked at the sudden news.

"Yeah. He remembered that we missed your birthday. So, the three of us tried thinking of a way to make it up to you. It was his idea for the party with all the Order members there. Since you couldn't have your friends from your world." Remus said

Harry smiled. "My first birthday party planned by my father." He loved that feeling inside him at that thought.

"First birthday party? You never had one before?" Remus asked when they reached the top of the stairs.

"No." Was all Harry said.

Remus gave him look before saying, "As for not singing happy birthday, well he couldn't."

Harry gave him a confused look. "What do you mean 'couldn't'?"

Remus chuckled. "Well, Sirius jinxed him."

"Jinxed? Why?"

Remus paused thinking the best way to say this. "Well, you know in the muggle word if you say something at the same time then someone would say, 'jinx.' Meaning the person who was jinxed can't say anything until someone said their name three times."

Harry nodded his head. He was raised as a muggle. He knew the trick.

"Well, in the wizarding world, if you say something at the same time the same thing happens, but the person jinxed can't say anything at all. It's a spell on them not allowing them to say anything."

Harry laughed. "So, James couldn't say anything because Sirius jinxed him? What did both of them say at the same time?"

"Firewhiskey." Remus answered bluntly.

Harry chuckled. "I remember them shouting that, then running into the kitchen."

He opened the door to his room and walked in with Remus following behind him. Harry put the presents down on the ground and turned to the bed. He stopped short when he saw a wrapped box on his pillow.

Remus saw it to and smiled. "Maybe he didn't forget to get you something after all." He said before leaving the room.

Harry sat on his bed and pulled the lightweight object on his lap. He ripped the wrappings off and found a letter. He opened the letter.

Happy Birthday, Harry.

You can have it. Think of it as a gift from Lily. She would have wanted you to have it. I took some personal memories out that I don't want you to see. JP

Harry smiled and continued to rip away the wrappings. Harry gasped. There on his lap was the black memory box with the lily on top.

Harry hugged it to him and smiled. No matter what James Potter says. To Harry, this gift came from him, his father. The diary came from her, his mother. Both things he would treasure.

chapter 13

It was now August 5th, one day after his birthday party and it so happens to be Harry's day off. Only because there was another Death Eater attack and Moody was fighting. If he wasn't he would have been here giving Harry his lesson.

At the moment though he was alone in the house. Unlike the last Death Eater attack, Harry wanted to fight. He would have been ready to argue to fight, but he didn't have a chance to argue this time though; because everyone was gone by the time he woke up. There was only a short note on the kitchen table written by Remus. All it said was:

Harry,

Death Eater attack...the three of us are going to help...no lessons today...call it a day off for you...stay out of trouble.

R.L.

Harry was currently lying on his bed with Lily's diary and the memory box. He was debating which one he should look in first. He wanted to learn as much as he can about his mother...and his father. Hopefully, this world wasn't too different then his own.

Since he already read some of the diary, Harry decided to look at the memories.

The first thing Harry saw was the Hogwarts Express. The big train blew its whistle once, signaling to everyone that they have ten minutes to get on the train.

Harry looked around, trying to locate his mother or his father and his friends. It wasn't hard to find them. They were only a meter behind him.

The red haired young witch was off to the side talking to a brownish-blond hair wizard. A messy black haired wizard with glasses was laughing with another black hair wizard. A plump little wizard was with them, looking over at something...or someone. They must have been thirteen or fourteen at this time.

Harry made his way over. He just made it to the laughing wizards when a loud voice shouted at them.

"POTTER!" Harry jumped, not expecting someone to yell at him, only to realize, 'Potter!' meant James Potter, not him. He sighed in relief. "BLACK! LUPIN! PETTIGREW!"

All five of them jumped at the unexpected voice. The six of them turned at the direction the voice came from. A large man came through the crowd of students getting on the train.

"Yes, Professor Gerbera." Sirius Black asked innocently and calmly.

"Gerbera?" Harry whispered silently to himself with a raise eyebrow.

"Detention you four! My office after opening feast." The Professor said with a scowl.

"For what ever for, Professor?" James Potter asked with mock innocence.

The graying brown haired Professor glared at them. "I saw what you did to Severus Snape over there, Potter. Don't even bother to deny it." The Professor scowled. "Don't forget. My office after opening feast." He spun around and left.

Once he was out of sight, James and Sirius burst into laughter, not noticing the glaring Lily Evens, with her arms folded and fire blazing in her eyes.

"Potter!" She hissed threatening. "What. Did. You. Do. This. Time?" She asked in a dangerous low tone.

The laughing stopped, but they were still smiling. "Come on, Lils."

"Don't call me that!" She yelled.

"We were just having a little fun. Plus, he called you a bad name." James said ignoring Lily's outburst.

"Hey, this has got to be a record!" Sirius suddenly shouted.

Silence. One blink, then two.

"Oh, come on. How many people could say they got detention before they're even on the Hogwarts Express?"

"GRR!" Lily spun around and stomped off, anger rolling off of her in waves.

"She's definitely mine." James said a lovesick look in his eyes.

Lily Evens paused before stomping off again, yelling over her shoulders as she goes. "NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS, POTTER!"

Harry came out of the memory, with a silly grin on his face. The Weasley twins aren't going to like the fact that the Marauders got detention BEFORE getting on the Hogwarts Express.

Noises downstairs startled Harry. He left his room and ran down the stairs.

In the living room Order members were coming in through the fireplace and the front door. Not one of them didn't have a wound.

Harry walked through the crowd, trying to find someone who would tell him what happened. He got blood on his shirt from bumping into people, but he barely noticed.

The first person he saw was Remus. He was limping because of a gash on his leg towards Sirius who was standing over James with Madam Pomfrey, who looked really tired. After seeing all the Order members it wasn't hard to see why.

Harry was close enough to hear Madam Pomfrey say in a panic voice, "He's not breathing! I'm losing him!" He froze in horror and, with wide eyes, watched Pomfrey rush to save Father. Sirius looked panic as he asked if there was anything, anything at all, that he could do.

"Get out of my way!" She snapped at him. Sirius quickly moved aside and for the first time Harry saw what was the matter. Blood was gushing out of a big wound on his chest. His face was dirty and his robes torn. There was another bloody gash on his arm. There was blood on his legs. His glasses weren't on his face. His eyes were shut. Harry prayed that they would open again.

Remus was comforting Sirius the best he can. Tears were running down both of their faces. Harry felt tears behind his own eyes, but he refused to let them fall.

Harry didn't take his eyes off of his Father, but he heard the sound in the room drop as every Order member watched Madam Pomfrey work. Each member praying that James would be saved.

Harry finally took his eyes off of James and looked over at Remus, who caught his eye. He motioned Harry to come to him and Harry obeyed.

He walked over to Remus and Sirius and they immediately placed a comforting hand on each of his Order members seemed to have gathered around Madam Pomfrey. "Go to St. Mungo's, people! If you can't see I'm too busy to heal you all!" She snapped at them. Some members did go, but some of them stayed, waiting to see if James Potter would be alright.

"What happened?" Harry asked quietly, dreading the answer. No one answered, but Harry didn't try to ask again. Instead he asked a different question. "Who?"

"Bellatrix Lestrange and, surprisingly, Peter." Sirius said with venom in his voice.

Harry closed his eyes to hold back the anger and pain. Those two Death Eaters seem to be the ones that caused him the most pain. The most anger. They seem to be the ones that causes the most pain and anger too. Harry thought as he thought of what Bellatrix Lestrange did to Neville's family.

"Why isn't Madam Pomfrey using magic?" Harry asked when he saw her bring water, a rag, and muggle medicine.

"She can't. If she does it would kill him." Remus answered softly.

"He must have told her how to do it." Sirius said in anger and guilt. Harry looked at him curiously.

"It's not your fault, Sirius. You were only eight at the time. Still an age were you wanted to have your parent's attention and their love.

You couldn't have known that this would have happened." Remus said as he pulled Sirius and Harry away from the sad scene.

"I helped my Father create that curse, Remus." Sirius snapped. Harry stayed silent, but listened closely.

"Exactly, Sirius. You helped create the curse. You can find a counter-curse." Remus stressed. Sirius looked doubtful and worried. "James is counting on you Sirius. This is the house you grew up in. Maybe your Father left something that might be of use."

Sirius's eyes lit up. "His journal!" He said jumping towards the stairs. "His old journal is in the attic." Remus and Harry rushed to catch up with him.

They found him in the attic going through box after box of his parent's things. Harry looked around the big attic. There were boxes of boxes of things everywhere. Each box had something written on it. 'Regulus Black's old clothes', 'Cygnus's photos', 'Elladora's wedding', and 'Orion's belongings'. Other than the boxes, the room looked fairly clean. No dust or webs. Sirius was currently looking in a box that said, 'Orion's personal belongings'. Remus started going through the box that said, 'Orion's belongings'. Harry didn't know what to do. So, he started exploring the attic.

Harry was looking at an old Black family tree when he saw a box that said, 'Old-Life' in bold letters and there were the words, 'Don't ever open again' underlined a few times below it. What caught his attention was the open flap on the cardboard box. It's been opened not long ago.

He made his way over to the box and knelt down beside it. He looked inside the box and saw black robes and a book called, "How to Truly Snog with Your Crush." Harry went to pick it up, but Sirius stopped him.

"Found it!"

Harry pulled back his hand out of the box and looked back at Sirius. He was holding up a little black book with a name engraved in gold on the bottom left hand corner.

He made his way over to where Sirius and Remus were sitting. "That's a delightful little book." He said sarcastically, looking at the yellow pages.

"Yep, my dear old Daddy's book." Sirius stood up and stretched. "I'm going to work in the old office." He turned towards Remus. "Mate, I'm going to need your help."

Harry sat on the floor next to the couch, staring at his Father's face. He hasn't left this spot since Sirius and Remus closed the door on him. They were in an office downstairs in the basement working on a counter-curse. They have been up there for hours. Madam Pomfrey told him that James Potter would die before the night is out if they can't find the counter-curse in time. He lost too much blood and still had internal bleeding.

Harry grabbed onto his Father's hand, relishing the feel of it under his touch. He sighed. To meet his Father and have him ripped away from him before Harry even had the chance to know him, to really know him, is painful. Yesterday, if just for a second, Harry thought he was getting through to him during the lesson they had. His Father seemed to become comfortable in his presence. It felt nice without the tension that was always there when they're in the same room together.

Harry shook his head of his thoughts and stood up. He wants to see how far along the two Marauders are. Hopefully, they're almost done or, better yet, are done. Harry ran all the way to the office in the basement.

The basement door was in the kitchen. Down the stairs there is a big room with chairs and books and a pool table. All in all it's the game room, a relaxing room. There is a door on the right by the stairs that leads to hallway with doors. The rooms were for making potions and storing them. Finally at the end of the hallway is the office door.

Harry knocked on the door before opening it. Neither of them looked up when Harry entered. Remus was pacing behind Sirius with a look of puzzlement and Sirius was sitting at a desk with the same look as he read the journal.

"Found anything yet?" Harry asked worriedly.

Both of the Marauders jumped and looked up at Harry. "Oh, Harry, I didn't hear you come in." Remus said as he stopped his pacing.

"I figured." Harry said. "So, found anything?" He asked again.

Sirius groaned and murmured, "Yeah, but it's useless."

Harry moved a chair next to Sirius and sat down. "What did you find?"

"Oh, we found the counter-curse." Sirius said in mock happiness.

"That's not useless information. That's what we need." Harry interrupted.

"That is what we need, but it's useless." Remus held up his hand before Harry could interrupt again. "It's in another language. A language neither of us has ever seen before. We don't know how to pronounce it. I looked in books, notebooks, even muggle books. I can't find anything that looks like the language." Remus said sounding frustrated.

"My dear old dead Father didn't even know how to pronounce it." Sirius took over. "Voldemort gave him a paper with the spelling of the counter-curse. He trusted my Father to keep the information safe. Saying if he, meaning Voldemort, forgot the counter-curse for any reason. He'll know where to go."

"Why would Voldemort want to use the counter-curse?" Harry asked, his head spinning with the information he's getting. He has a suspicion what the language was. All he has to do is see it.

"I don't know. Torture?" Sirius said as he started banging his head on the desk. Remus went back to his pacing.

Harry licked his lips and ran his hand through his hair. "May I see it?"

Sirius stopped beating his head and Remus stopped his pacing again. "See the counter-curse?" Sirius asked even though he knew the answer. At Harry's nod Sirius slid the journal over to Harry.

Harry's suspicions were confirmed when he saw the word. Parseltongue. It was written in snake language. Harry didn't even know there was a written form of Parseltongue. Harry looked back at the word. Though he could tell the language is Parseltongue, in his head he could see the English word for it. Magic Allow. That is the English word for it.

"I can do it." Harry said setting the journal back on the desk.

"What?" Both of the adults asked surprised.

"I can read it. It says Magic Allow. I can perform the spell. Allow me to do it." Harry begged. He didn't care if they find out he's a Parselmouth. As long as his Father lives.

Sirius narrowed his eyes and looked at the word in the journal again. Remus looked over his shoulders before glancing back at Harry. "What language is it, Harry?" Remus asked. He seemed to be dreading the answer, like he already knows.

Harry looked down, ashamed. "Parseltongue." He murmured.

"What?" Sirius said jumping out of his seat. "YOU'RE A PARSELMOUTH!" Harry winced. "I can't believe this." Sirius said, sitting back down in his chair. "You're a Parselmouth and you didn't even tell me?" Harry's fear turned to confusion. "We could have sent a snake after Severus Snape a long time ago." Harry chuckled.

"Come on you two. James needs us." Remus said getting them back to the subject.

"Can I?" Harry asked again.

Remus looked worried. "If you do the spell wrong, Harry, James could die."

"He'll die if I don't do it, Moony." Harry stressed, not realizing he called him by his old nickname.

Silence followed afterwards. Remus hasn't heard his nickname in years. Since even before the Potters were attacked that Hallows Eve night. Hearing it said upon someone's lips so casually was a

shocker. It brought back old times, happier times. It was most likely the only reason Remus allowed Harry to perform the spell.

"Remus, we don't know anything about this spell. What if something goes wrong?" Sirius whispered while they wait in the living room for Madam Pomfrey.

"It's too late now. I rather be here with Harry. Then let him do it by himself late at night." Remus whispered back, sounding tired and worn out. The full moon is coming up soon.

Sirius nodded his head in agreement as Madam Pomfrey came through the fireplace. "What is this all about? Calling me at nine p.m. when I'm busy healing an Auror's arm." She snapped.

"Poppy, we found the counter-curse." Remus said. "Harry's going to cast it. He's the only one who can."

She nodded her head and turned to Harry who was standing by the couch, looking down on his Father. "Well, Mr. Potter, get on with it."

Harry snapped his head up before pulling out his wand. He took a few steps back and pointed his wand towards his Father. "Magic Allow." Harry said in Parseltongue.

When the spell left his mouth, a yellow shield thing became visible around his Father. The counter spell flew out of his wand with power that left Harry feeling weak. The greenish-blue spell hit the yellow shield and mixed into it. Then the shield seemed to have melted to non-existence.

When it was over, Harry let his wand fall to the ground. He was so tired and weak, now. His eyes were half opened and his arms flopped to his side. He took deep breaths. It felt like he's been running for two hours.

Madam Pomfrey rushed passed him to James and started waving her wand around, healing him. Harry took a few steps back until he felt the stuffed chair behind him. He flopped onto the chair, with his legs over the arm.

Remus came over and bent down to his level. "Are you alright, Harry?"

"I'm fine. Just tired." He murmured sleepily. Remus didn't seem to sure, but let it pass.

"Why don't you go to bed, Harry? That spell took a lot out of you." Sirius said as he came over.

Harry just murmured something before falling asleep in the chair. He didn't know how long he was asleep before someone picking him up jerked him awake.

"You're too weak to be carrying him all the way up stairs!" Harry faintly heard someone say.

"I'll manage." He heard someone say above him.

"...me...it...weak." The words seemed to fade further into his mind as Harry felt himself going back to sleep.

I have camp in a few days...won't be able to start writing the next chapter for a long while! Srry!

I'M BACK!

Chapter 14-Attack on the Bookstore

February 10, 1979

My wedding day! I can't believe it...I really can't. I haven't seen James ALL DAY! The groom isn't supposed to see the bride before the wedding and, in the wizarding world, it's a tradition not to use magic until after the wedding. I hate that I really do. When I woke up this morning I realize Sirius stole my wand so I wouldn't use magic since its, and I quote, 'against tradition'. I tried opening a can of juice for my breakfast and couldn't. I tried to floo James to help me, but somebody (cough cough Remus cough cough) disconnected my floo network. Since I couldn't open the juice can, I went through breakfast without juice. AND I NEED MY JUICE! I'm a nervous wreck! How could my parents or James's parents or ANYBODY'S parents go through this? Two hours before the wedding. TWO HOURS! It's going to be a sunset wedding. All I need to do is slip into my gown, walk down the aisle and say, 'I do'. Easier said than done!

It's sad that my old friend, Severus, won't be there. I haven't talked to him since fifth year, but that doesn't mean I don't miss him. He was my best friend. I knew him since I was eight years old. How could I not miss him? He was the one that told me that I was a witch. He introduced me to the wizarding world. He was my first friend in the magic world. My best friend and we stayed friends until that day when he called me a mudblood. I haven't talked to him since.

Oh, here I go on my wedding day to James Potter talking about Severus Snape...

Harry quickly set the diary down in shock. Professor Snape was his mother's best friend! He didn't see that one coming.

He set the diary down on the pillow. He doesn't know how long he's been up, but the sun was now high into the sky. Harry's been reading the diary since he woke up, just before dawn. There hasn't been anything really interesting so far...just a bunch of notes on the wedding plans. There was one interesting part that told about Sirius's brother's death.

Harry left his room to go to his lesson with Snape in the potion lap in the basement.

The dark cold lap was empty of the professor. There were four cauldrons on the lap table in the middle of the room. Two of the four cauldrons had something boiling in them. There were shelves lined around the upper wall with bottles of potion ingredients and extra cauldrons. A few doors were on the side of the left wall, leading to the storage room.

Harry moved to sit on the stool by one of the empty cauldrons to wait for Professor Snape. Just as he sat down, the said professor walked into the room from one of the storage rooms with a book in his hand.

"Here, Potter." He said handing the book to him. "It'll help you." Pause. "If you read it." Snape said under this breath.

Harry took the book and read the title. " 'Entering and Blocking the Mind'?" Harry looked up at the Professor for the unasked question. "Sir?"

Snape placed his hands on the lap table across from him and looked at him in the eye. "I've noticed that you don't know how to block your mind in the past three lessons we had. And I know not how to explain to you how to do so. That was the way I was taught. Of course I had years to learn, you do not. And I was a natural at it, you obviously are not.

"That book..." He pointed to the book still in Harry's hands. "...Potter, is the only and I mean only book on Occlumency. You will or should learn much from it. I myself didn't need it for Occlumency., but I needed it for Legilimency. I'm not going to teach you Legilimency, mind you." He said with a glare. "But I'm not going to stop you from learning it by yourself." He said giving Harry a look before looking down at the book. He looked back up at Harry. "We're not going to have a lesson on Occlumency until you read and practice what's in the book."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." One of the many things Harry would miss if he gets back to his world, would be the Potion Master. His Snape...Merlin that sounds wrong! The Snape of his world, yeah

that sounds better. Anyway, the Snape from his world wouldn't ever give him a rare book like this. Never ever.

Snape nod his head in acknowledgement. "Now onto you potion lessons..."

After the lesson, Harry made his way back up the basement stairs. He really does need a shower now. His potion exploded on him and Snape sent him out of there with a loud yell. So, much like the Snape from his world would do.

He reached the top of the stairs, with the book in one hand. A snorted laughter made Harry jump. He looked up and saw James Potter sitting at the kitchen table drinking what appears to be tea. It was the first time Harry saw him drinking something besides firewhiskey.

"What?" Harry said with a pout. His eyes narrowed.

"I'm 36 years old and not once have I manage to keep my hair down. Not even when it's wet. You just turned sixteen and you found a way to keep yours down." James said with a chuckle, keeping his eyes on his tea mug.

Harry felt his hair with his hand. The green potion was sticking to his hair, which was flat because of it. "As much as I like having my hair flat, I don't think I like the green look to it."

James shook his head with a smile. "No, I don't think I'll like it either."

Mad-Eye Moody chose that moment to barge in the kitchen. "Where have you been, boy?"

"With Professor Snape, sir." Harry answered.

Moody nodded. "Good. Come with me." He said as James stood up from the table with his empty tea mug.

"Good luck, ladies." James said, sounding oddly in a good mood.

Moody narrowed his eyes at him before giving a chilling smirk. "Watch out for the spill." He warned before leaving the room.

"What spill?" Just after James asked, he stepped on what appeared to be milk on the floor. He flew backwards and landed painfully on his back. Harry struggled not to laugh as his father started cursing Sirius's name. "I told him to clean that up! Sirius, that..."

"BOY, HURRY UP!" Harry jumped at Moody's voice coming from the hallway.

Harry smiled at his father, as he struggled to stand up. "Shouldn't have called him a lady." He said heading towards the door. Harry heard him say something under his breath. Just before leaving the kitchen Harry looked back and almost burst out laughing. His father's backside was white from the milk (though Harry doesn't think it was milk anymore) and it stood out against James's dark green robes.

"BOY!" Harry rushed out of the kitchen.

"Anything yet?" Molly Weasley asked her husband as she washed the dishes.

Author looked towards the living room, where he could here the children talking quietly. He shook his head. "No, there's no word on Harry. Albus is looking his age these days."

Molly burst into tears and Author quickly pulled her into his arms. "Oh, Author, it's been a little over a month. Where can he be?"

He kissed her on her forehead and started rocking her gently in his arms. "I don't know, my dear. I don't know." He whispered quietly. "He's a strong boy, Molly. Wherever he is, I know he'll come back to us."

Suddenly the vision changed. He once again saw the mirror room of this world Voldemort.

Voldemort was standing above his Death Eaters with flashing angry eyes. "Severus, find out all you can about Harry Potter. Go now." A figure in black robes and a white quickly left the room. "Back to the plan. We need a new target. Someone close to Dumbledore in the Order. Someone who everyone trusts. Someone anyone would spill

their secrets too. Someone no one would suspect." He seemed to be in deep thought.

"My Lord, if I may." Harry recognized the voice as Lucius Malfoy.

Voldemort turned his attention to him. "You may speak, Lucius." He hissed.

"My Lord, we can attack the werewolf at his work or we can try to attack Author Weasley's family. Both of them are close to Dumbldore." Lucius offered.

Voldemort didn't say anything for a while, but Harry could feel his pleasure at the thought of attacking people that was such a thorn to his side. "Yessss." He hissed. "That is a brilliant idea. We'll attack both tomorrow. Luicus, find out where the werewolf, Lupin, works. Nott you're in charge of gathering a group to attack the Weasleys. Grayback, you are in charge of the attack on Remus Lupin." Voldemort grinned at the savage look on Fenrir Grayback face. Yes, sending him to attack Lupin would be wonderful. "Lucius, you go with Nott's group. Alecto Carrow, you go with Greyback's team. You two are in charge of planting it."

Harry woke up with a start. He was practicing Occlumency from the book Snape gave him. One of the theories was thinking up a safe, loving place. That was the Burrow, but that lead to the vision of his world, which lead to the vision of this world's Voldemort.

Harry gasped. Voldemort was planning to attack Remus and the Weasley's! He has to tell someone!

He jumped out of the chair by his desk and ran out of the bedroom. His father has to be around here somewhere.

Harry first ran to James's bedroom and pounded on his door. "Sir, you in there?" Getting no response, Harry then ran downstairs. He reached the first floor and looked left to right. On the left is the kitchen; on the right is the living room. The last time Harry saw him it was in the kitchen, but that was hours ago. Making up his mind, Harry ran towards the living room. No one was there. He then tried the kitchen. Once again, it was empty.

Harry stood in the kitchen, thinking of possible places James could be. The library! He rushed up the stairs again and headed towards the library.

He burst into the library, making James Potter jump, though Harry barley noticed. James was sitting on the couch in front of a non-floo connected fireplace, reading a book. He looked up with he heard Harry run into the room. He looked at Harry's worried, scared face and knew something was wrong. "Harry, what's wrong? What are you doing up this early?"

"Early?" Harry asked, starting to panic. How can it be morning already? Did he really fall asleep on the chair? The last Harry knew it was near nine p.m. "How early is it?" Hopefully, Remus hasn't left for work yet.

"It's just past seven thirty. Why?" James asked setting his book down on the coffee table.

Harry sighed in relief. Remus never got ready on time to go to work. He usually apparate to work at eight o'clock on the dot. "So, Remus hasn't gone to work yet?"

James gave him a query concern look. "Sirius remembered to wake Remus up on time today. Remus decided to walk to work today, why are you asking? Is there something you need from him?"

"He's already gone?" Harry asked ignoring James's questions. Horror set in. Death Eaters are going to attack any time now.

James nodded his head. "Harry, tell me what's this is all about?" He asked sternly.

Harry took a few deep breaths to calm his nerves. "The Death Eaters are going to attack him at his job today and they plan to attack Author Weasley's family too!"

"WHAT!" James jumped from his seat.

"I...I had a vision about it." Harry said desperately.

"Expecto Patronum!" An Anatolian Shepherd jumped out of James's wand. "Go to Albus Dumbledore and tell him there is going to be an

attack at the Weasley's home and Remus's bookstore. Tell him to hurry, we don't have much time." He said to the dog. The Anatolian Shepherd nodded and disappeared to give the message. Harry watched this in wonder. He didn't know a patronus could be used like that.

"Harry, find Sirius. He should be in his room getting ready for work." James commanded. "Tell him to meet me in the living room." Harry nodded and rushed out of the room.

James paced the living room, waiting for Sirius. He was worried. Not only about the Death Eater attack on Remus and the Weasley's, but about Harry. Seeing visions of Voldemort could damage a person's innocence. This is the second or third time this happened, within a month.

"James!" He turned and saw Sirius running down the stairs with Harry behind him. "Harry told me everything. We have to hurry!"

They both took their wands out and ran for the door. "Wait! I want to fight." Harry shouted following them.

They stopped and turned. "No, Harry." James said firmly. "It's too dangerous."

Blame it on lack of peaceful sleep, boredom, frustration. Blame it on being locked in this house for weeks. Whatever it was it finally snapped. Snapped on the person who caused the frustration, on the man who supposed to be there for him, but instead ignores him. "Dangerous? Dangerous? I fought Death Eaters before, Sir. I know what I'm up against! I've trained for this. What's the point of training if you're not going to let me fight! I NEED TO FIGHT!"

"NO, YOU DON'T! I don't care if you fought..." James started to yell, but was interrupted by Harry.

"OF COURSE, YOU DON'T CARE! YOU'RE A FATHER WHO JUST DOESN'T CARE!" Harry yelled, talking about James rejecting him.

James opened his mouth to say something back, but this time Sirius interrupted. "WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!" He shouted to be heard.

James closed his mouth and looked back at Sirius. "You're right. We don't." He turned back Harry, who still looked angry. "You..." James said pointing at him with a sternly look, while trying to hide the hurt of Harry's last words. "...stay here." Harry glared at him and opened his mouth to protest. "No questions ask, young man." James interrupted before he could say anything.

Harry's mouth snapped shut and watched as Sirius and James left. That was the first fight he had since he entered this world. That was the first fight he had with his father. For once the feeling of a father protecting his child didn't make Harry smile, it frustrated him.

They apparated to an ally next to the bookstore. "What time is it?" Sirius asked.

James used the Tempus Charm to find the time. August 8th 1995, 8:08 a.m. "Remus should already be here."

"He must have apparated half way to make it in time." Sirius said as he walked out of the alley.

"Of course, he apparated half way. It took two hours to drive here in a car, remember." James said following him.

"Well, if you weren't hitting ever tree, mailbox, and light post we would have gotten Remus to work sooner." Sirius pointed out as he walked towards the bookstore door.

James glared at him. "It's not like I drove before."...Lily did all the driving. James thought to himself. He felt his wand in his pocket as he entered the store with Sirius.

They saw Remus at the cash register talking to an albino woman with white hair and violet eyes.

"That's Remus's next date." Sirius whispered to James.

"What?" James asked confused as he made his way over.

"That's the women with the breast. The regular costumer I was teasing him about." Sirius whispered as he followed.

"Death Eaters could attack any minute now and you're talking about women with breast?"

"Of course." Sirius said loudly.

The albino woman looked up at them before turning her attention back to Remus. Remus of course heard them the moment they walked in and looked a little pinkish in the cheek. He refused to look at them until they were standing right next to Sally Harsh, the albino woman.

"If you excuse me, Ms. Harsh. I'll get right back to you on that book in a moment." Remus said going around the cash register to pull his two friends out of the muggle's hearing. "What are you two doing here? And did I hear something about a Death Eater attack?" He whispered to them.

"Death Eaters are going to attack you at any minute now. Harry had a vision about it. I sent a message to Albus. He should be here soon. The Death Eaters also are planning to attack the Wealsey's." James said.

"What?" Remus whispered loudly. "Why? Who's leading the attack?"

James shrugged his shoulders, but Sirius answered right away. "I don't know why, but Garyback is leading the attack."

"Garyback!" Remus said loudly, looking more pale then usual.

"Yes, Garyback. That's why I think we should leave now." Sirius said feeling his wand in his pocket.

"Too late." James said staring out the store window. He pulled his wand into view. Sirius and Remus followed his eyes to the figure standing on the other side of the street. Fenrir Grayback. They too pulled their wands out.

Remus quickly glanced behind him at Ms. Harsh, just to check that she's safe or out of the way. She was looking at a book she took off the shelf. He turned back to the others. "What do we do?"

"We fight until help arrives and whatever you do don't get hit by a spell from Alecto Carrow. He is who you should look out for." Sirius said.

"Or we could just apparate out of here before they set up anti-apparate wards." James suggested.

"Too late." Sirius said, mimicking James' words from earlier. "They already set up the wards. Remus..." He turned towards him. "...is there a back door to this place?"

"Follow me", was all that Remus said as he made his way to the back of the store. When he passed Ms. Harsh, he grabbed her by the arms and pulled her with them.

"Wha...? Mr. Lupin, what are you doing?"

"Shush." Remus said quietly and she became silent, trusting him. Sirius and James quickly followed behind them.

They reached a back door that said 'Emergency Exit'. "You think this is an emergency?" Sirius said sarcastically.

Just as Remus opened the door, they heard the door to the store open and close. They froze in horror as they heard steady footsteps walking through the store. "I know you're in here, Lupin. With friends too. How delightful." You could almost hear his grinning, smirking face and his sardonic glittering eyes.

Remus quickly, but quietly pushed Sally Harsh through the emergency exit door. He followed right behind her, with Sirius behind him. Finally, James closed the door behind all of them.

"He knows we left the building, there's no doubt about that." James said, knowing werewolves have really, really good senses.

They found themselves in the back of the building, facing the back of another building.

"What is going on, Mr. Lupin?" Ms. Harsh said harshly.

Remus opened his mouth to say something, but Sirius interrupted him. "Ah, guys? I think we're surrounded."

Looking around them, Remus saw that they were surrounded. Death Eaters came from the sides of the buildings, with their wands out and ready. The only way out is through the emergency exit, but Death Eaters could be on the other side.

Taking a look at the door, Remus made a split second decision.

Please review! Tell me what you think! All authors LOVE reviews and reviewers!

CHAPTER 15

"Reducto!" The door blew opened and, like a go sign, started the millions of spells and curses.

"Crucio!"

"Avada Kedavra!"

"Expelliarmus!"

"Confringo!"

"Duro!"

The group dodged into the store, with their wands ready and spells on their lips.

"Expelliarmus!" Remus shouted at a Death Eater that was by a book shelf. "Stupefy!" The Death Eater landed on the ground with a bang. "Come on!" Remus grabbed hold of Sally Harsh's arm. "Stupefy!"

They all started fighting back, running for the exit. They didn't even realize they got separated because of all the book shelves. Remus and Sally went one way as James and Sirius went another way.

"Sirius, behind you!"

Sirius ducked and spun around. "Impedimenta!" Once the Death Eater was taken care of, the two friends started running again.

"James! James! Wait! Wait." Sirius shouted as he stopped running.

James stopped, looking annoyed. "What?"

"Where's Remus?"

"He's..." James looked around. There was a bookshelve on the right another bookshelve on the left. "He's..." James turned in a circle. In front of them you could see the cash register and the window looking out towards an empty street. It was still too early for muggles to be up in this part of town. "He's...I don't know." He looked behind them. You could see the Death Eater on the ground and the

fragments of the door, but no Remus. "Where's the muggle girl and the Death Eaters?"

Just as he asked this they heard the disarming spell from a few bookshelves down. Then they heard loud banging and scraping sounds. "What's that sound?" Sirius asked moving closer to the bookshelf.

"JAMES! SIRIUS! LOOK OUT!" They heard Remus yell from the direction the noise came from.

The warning came to late as the bookshelf closest to Sirius was hit by the bookshelf on the other side. The books fell first followed closely by the bookshelf.

"DOWN!" Sirius yelled as James and him jumped to the ground and covered their heads with their arms.

The bookshelf hit the other bookshelf, doing this domino effect. The bookshelf landed on top of them.

Moments Earlier

Remus ran pulling Sally along. He had known right away when he got separated from his friends, but it was too late to say anything.

"Stupefy!" Remus shouted behind him, trying to stun a Death Eater.

"AHH, Remus there's another one!" Sally yelled.

Remus stopped running and looked ahead of them. There was a Death Eater blocking their path. Remus gently pushed Sally out of the way towards the shelf and he quickly started a dual with the Death Eater.

"Expelliarmus!" Remus shouted followed by the shielding spell.

"Duro!" The spell hit the shield and Remus quickly sent a counter attack.

"Aguamenti!" A jet of water hit the Death Eater, throwing him on to his back. "Stupefy!"

"REMUS, HELP!"

A Death Eater had pushed the books off the shelf from the other side and was dragging Sally through the gap.

"Waddiwasi!" Remus shouted. A book ramed into the Death Eater, making him lose his grip on Sally. With his quick reflexes, Remus pulled Sally into safety. The Death Eater pulled out his wand, but Remus was too quick for him. Pointing his wand towards the gap in the bookself, he shouted. "Expelliarmus!"

The spell hit the man and the bookshelf with such force that the bookshelf started to rock back and forth before tipping over and knocking into the bookshelf on the other side. It started a domino effect as that bookshelf hit another and so on and so forth.

Remus quickly grabbed onto Sally's arm and started running for towards the end of the row, yelling out as he goes. "JAMES! SIRIUS! LOOK OUT!"

A Death Eater suddenly appeared at the end of the row with his wand raised. From his scent, Remus could tell it was Alecto Carrow, the man he had to look out for.

At the Burrow things weren't so fortunate there either. Nott had led a direct attack. After surrounding the area, Thorfinn Rowle had taken down the wards. After they were down Nott had ordered the attack.

Most of the Order members were there though, because of the helpful warning of James's patronus. For some reason the Order members were having a tough time getting to Remus's work place. In the end they found themselves flying by broom across London. Albus hopes they make it in time.

Albus saw William Weasley get hit by a spell cased by Lucius Malfoy, but the spell didn't look like it harmed him in anyway. That is what made Albus nervous. Throughout the battle Albus kept his eyes on William Weasley the best he can.

It was not long after Lucius Malfoy hit William Weasley with the curse, that the Death Eaters began to retreat. And Albus Dumbledore noticed and sent a questioning look at William.

Sighing deeply, Albus looked away and started to look for their losses. The only two people they lost, were Benjy Fenwick and Elphias Doge.

Harry blasted another curse at the dummy, angrily. 'Why won't they let me go? I'm not a child anymore! I know how to take care of myself! I've been taking care of myself since as far as I could remember!' He thought to himself, getting angrier and angrier at each thought that passed through his mind. He cast another curse at the dummy. 'They are the ones that is training me to fight! What do they expect me to do? Learn these spells then sit on the couch and watch cartoons?' He thought sarcastically.

He cased a few more curses at the dummy and then slid to the ground, tiredly. Sweat was dripping down his forehead and he was breathing heavily. 'I don't need protection from Death Eaters. I know how to fight. I fought them before. Why is he being so...so...' Harry sighed not able to think of the word he wanted to use to describe James Potter's firm order.

He slid across the floor to the wall and leaned against it. He wished he knew where Remus worked. If he did then Harry could go over there and help.

Harry suddenly sat up. He may not know where Remus works, but he knows where the Weasley's live. He can go there and show everyone that, yes he can fight.

His shoulders slumped. The last time he tried to play hero, Sirius...Harry tried to swallow the lump in his throat...died—no, disappeared. He tried to reason. Sirius disappeared because of him.

At that moment, Harry was glad his father didn't try to get too close to him. If he tried and Harry let him, there would be a higher chance of him, James Potter, dieing. Everyone close to him is slowly dieing because of him. His parents, Cedric, Sirius...the list would continue if he does something stupid like before. But he also can't let people get killed because he didn't try anything.

Harry groaned and banged his head against the wall behind him. The question 'to go or not to go' ran through his head.

With Sirius's help James managed to blast the bookshelf off of them. Once James helped Sirius up, they took a glance around. Most of the bookshelves were down.

"James! It's Remus and that muggle girl!" Sirius said pointing.

James saw Remus standing in front of the muggle to protect her from the Death Eater standing in front of them.

The Death Eater raised his wand and quicker than he thought possible, James sent a stunner at him. The Death Eater saw the spell from the corner of his eyes and blocked it with a simple shield.

Remus took the opportunity to send a stunner at him, just as his shield went down. He went down with a bang.

All four of them ran for the entrance as more Death Eaters came in through the emergency exit.

Just as they made it out the door, brooms carrying their backup landed. Tonks ran up to them. "Sorry we're late. They had anti-apparation wards set up for miles. We had to fly over, as you can see." She said as Order members ran passed them and into the building ready to fight. "Who's that?" Tonks asked noticing the muggle with them.

"A muggle that needs her memory wiped." James answered before Remus.

Sally looked up in alarmed. "Memory wiped?"

Beside her, Remus nodded. "You were not supposed to see that or know of it."

Just when she finally saw another side of Remus, she has to get her memory wiped. She can't lie and say she doesn't like Remus. If adults have crushes then she has one for Remus Lupin. She always wondered what else does he do besides sell books at a bookstore. Now, she finally knows, even if she doesn't understand it, and she has to get her memory wiped! Well, she's not giving up with a fight. "What was that? I don't know what I saw!"

"Good. You're still getting wiped." Sirius said with a fake cheerfulness. He raised his wand at her. "Obliviate." Her eyes got dazed.

"I'll take her home." Tonks said as she took Sally into her arms and led her to her broom.

"Hopefully, Tonks would make it to the muggles' home before she 'wakes'." James said.

"Yeah. Anyway, lets go to the Weasley's and help out there." Sirius said looking at the bookshop. "It looks like they got everything handled here."

Remus nodded his head before turning to James. "James, you should go check on Harry. Us two would go to the Weasley's."

"What? Why?" James asked not really wanting to see Harry after their little fight.

"Cause if he's anything like you used to be then he'll rush off to play hero. He may or may not know where the Weasley's live." Remus answered as he tried to bring down the anti-apparation wards.

"But why me?"

"Done." Remus said before turning back to James. "Because you are his father and it's about time you act like it." He snapped at him. "Lets go, Sirius." Remus said before apparating out of there. Sirius shrugged his shoulders at James before following him.

James walked into the house and paused, as he heard no sounds from the boy. Remembering what Remus said about playing hero, James quickly ran through the first floor calling Harry's name. After checking every room on the ground floor, James made his way up stairs.

He found Harry in the ballroom, sitting on the ground by the wall. He had a confused thoughtful look on his face. James gave a sigh in relief before making his way over.

"It's a good thing, seeing you here and not at the Weasley's residence." James said.

Harry jumped, not knowing he was there. He made a move to get up but was stopped by a shake of James' head.

"Don't get up on my account." James said before taking a seat next to Harry.

Harry looked nervously at his shoes with guilty eyes. "I was thinking about going." He admitted.

James kept his eyes on his wedding ring that will be there forever. He'll never take it off. "What stopped you?" He asked giving Harry a quick side-glance before looking back at his ring.

Harry didn't answer right away. How can you tell someone, who suppose to be there all your life, that the reason you didn't go was because you are responsible for his best friend's death? He tried to push all thoughts of whom he was talking to out of his mind. It was easily to answer that way. "Because of what happened last time." Harry managed to say.

James nodded, understandingly. "Albus told us what happened."

Harry raised his eyebrows. "H—how much do you know? What did Albus tell everyone?" He's been wondering how much Dumbledore told everyone for a long while. He didn't tell him much, but Harry was just wondering if Dumbledore told everyone everything he told him.

"Not much. Just...just..." James ran a hand through his hair, not sure how to approach the conversation. "He told only Remus, Sirius, and I how I...well, how your parents died. Then everyone was told how you got here. They don't know about the prophecy though. That's pretty much it."

Everything Harry told Dumbledore was told to the three remaining Marauders and only what happened at the Department of Mysteries was told to all the Order. Everyone knows he killed his godfather.

Harry tensed and refused to look anywhere but at his shoes. When he first came here, Harry had refused to believe that Sirius, his Sirius, his godfather, Padfoot, Snuffles was really dead. He refused

to believe that he caused his death. But somewhere from then to now, the truth sunk in. Just like Remus told him when it happened.

"There's nothing you can do Harry...It's too late, Harry...There's nothing you can do, Harry...nothing...He's gone...He can't come back, Harry...He can't come back, because he's d—." He remembers screaming that he wasn't dead, but now, Harry knows he accepted the fact that, yes he is gone and not coming back.

James watched Harry in an uncomfortable silence. He didn't know what to do now. Should he stay here or go to the Weasley's? They might need help. He sighed and made a movement to get up but Remus' voice stopped him. "Because you are his father and it's about time you act like it." He groaned but sat back down anyways.

Harry was knocked out of his thoughts when he felt James shift next to him. At first he thought he was going to leave. Part of him didn't want him to leave, but the other part did. So, Harry felt indifferent when James didn't leave, but it also confused him. 'Why is he still here anyways?' Harry didn't really want to see him in the first place, not after their quick fight.

James, not knowing he was being watched, made a face. They might need help at the Weasley's, but here he is sitting like a coward. Maybe he should go. Harry doesn't really need him anyhow. He's sixteen and been without him for fifteen years. He doesn't need him now.

"He'll need you now more than ever. Now that he is in a strange place with familiar faces. A son will always need a parent, much so, a father." A voice, which sounded a lot like Remus, came to his mind.

"Great! Now Remus can talk to me telepathically." James said sarcastically, not noticing he said it out loud.

He lead his head back against the wall as he did so, he caught bright emerald eyes looking at him with amusement and confusion. It was then that James noticed he said his last thought out loud. His eyes widen and his cheeks burned with embarrassment and he ran a hand through his hair nervously. "Not really...I mean I...I hope he can't...he...he better not. I...I was just...just thinking and I thought...anyhow." He said nervously, looking away from Harry in embarrassment. If he were looking he would have seen his son

trying so hard not to laugh. His eyes shine amusement and happiness.

James' face suddenly got serious and he glanced at Harry again. "Harry, about earlier today..." Harry suddenly got very uncomfortable and it showed. He ran a hand through his hair, much like James did before. "I know you can fight, Harry." He paused. "That's what worries me. That's what scares me."

Harry glanced quickly at him, surprised and confused. "Why?"

James suddenly stood up and started pacing. "I don't know why." He ran his hand through his hair once again. "It's just the...the thought of you risking your life for a fight that's not suppose to...grrr!" James said in frustration. "This fight shouldn't be your fight! It's not suppose to my fight or...or Sirius' and Remus' fight! This war has been going on since the beginning of my third year. Merlin, Harry, this is suppose to be my parents fight! This is supposed to be Albus' fight! It's not fair that you get dragged into this because people didn't see a threat before it got worst! Because...because of some stupid, overrated prophecy that is dragging you further and further into this war that could have been prevented if the stupid Minister did something in the beginning!"

Harry blinked a few times. He was not expecting a passionate speech. He watched silently as James continued.

"I don't think I can express into words how wrong this is...this...this war! It frustrates and angers me, to no end, that it could have been easily stopped before my son and wife died! Before...before Peter betrayed us!" James seemed to be losing some steam. He sat down where he stood. "Lily could have lived. We would have had three children. Living on a farm. Lily always wanted to live on a farm. Loved the wide open space and she always wanted to ride a horse."

Harry, not knowing what else he should do, made his way over to where his father sat. James wasn't crying, he lost his tears years ago, but he could still see that he needed comforting. He wrapped his arms around James' body and let his silent tears go. You can't hear James' voice and words and not cry. For years Harry wanted to learn about his parents. Now one parent is telling him about another. Harry barely registered the feel of arms wrapping around him in a tight embrace and the head resting against his.

"Of course there would be a big field behind the house where we could play Quidditch. We'll be far enough from the town that they won't see anything. We'll have a dog named..." Harry listened to his father's fantasies with his arms wrapped tightly around him. It was like listening to a bedtime story...something Harry never remembers having.

This was a fun chapter to write...if not a bit slow. I'm not really good at writing fight scenes. I try, but I just don't think I can do it to well.

PLEASE REVIEW! I LOVE REVIEWS! IT HELPS ME WRITE!

Note: thank you to ilovethestorys, who corrected Arthur's name. I was spelling Arthur's name like this 'Author' instead.

Chapter 16

The Order gathered into the kitchen. Most of them were holding some sort of wound from the battle.

"Well, I didn't see Harry at the Weasley's. So, I guess that's a good thing." Sirius said as he sat down at the end of the table.

Remus sat down next to him. "Speaking of Harry. Does anyone know where Harry and James is?" He asked everyone.

Few people shook their heads. Others ignored them. "They're busy at this moment. Perhaps you two can fill James in later." Albus answered from the end of the table.

Sirius and Remus looked at each other for a moment. "All right, sir."

"Sirius? Shouldn't you be at work?" Remus asked as he turned towards him.

Sirius shrugged his shoulder and lifted up a piece of parchment. "I'm writing my report of the two battles right here. There's no point going in to write it when I could do it now." He answered.

Remus smiled. "Guess that would be pointless." He agreed.

"Let's get going with the meeting." Albus started to say. He turned towards Bill. "William, I would like Poppy to check on you."

"Why, sir?" Bill asked as he moved his chair away from the table for Poppy.

"Mr. Malfoy hit you with a curse. Can you describe what happened and what it felt like?"

"Oh." Bill said as he realized what Albus was concerned about. "Well..." He said over Poppy's head as she waved her wand over his head.

"Wait. Did you say Lucius Malfoy hit you with a curse?" Sirius said with wide concerned eyes.

Bill nodded his head. "Yeah, he did. I don't know what the curse was. He did it nonverbally. Why?"

"That was the other guy Harry warned us about. Lucius Malfoy and Alecto Carrow were the two guys you had to watch out for. Harry told me to make sure no one got hit with a curse from either of them." Sirius explained seriously.

Bill paled.

"Did Harry know what curse was cased and why?" Albus asked.

Sirius shook his head. "No. We have no idea."

Poppy stepped back from Bill with a frown on her face and shaking her head. "There's nothing wrong with him."

"That's what concerns me the most." Albus said quietly, stroking his beard.

"What should we do, sir?" Bill asked nervously.

"Albus. You're not a student anymore. You may call me Albus."

"Albus." Bill said.

Albus smiled slightly. "I would like for you to describe the curse the best you can."

Bill pushed his chair back to the table. "It was cold at first. A chill went through me then for a spilt second it felt like there was someone else in my body with me, but then the feeling left. I felt normal after that."

"I'll have to do research, but until then I would like you to be very careful." Albus then faced the rest of the Order. "I would like to hear Harry's vision, but that could be saved for later."

"Would you need help in researching, Albus? I can help." Arthur asked, clearly worried about his eldest son.

"Yes, Author that would be nice." Albus said before turning back to Bill. "Until we know what curse was used, I would like it if you don't go fighting in any battles. I suggest you take a brake until we know what we're up against."

Bill nodded in understanding. "I guess I should see how Mother's doing before I go back down to Egypt." He said with a chuckle.

"I thought you were going to quit that job to help around here more?" Sirius asked.

"I am. I just want to do one quick thing before quitting." Bill answered.

&Harry&

He didn't know what he was looking at, at first. His vision was bleary and it took a while to clear. When his vision finally cleared, Harry saw himself looking at Albus Dumbledore over Madam Pomfreys head. He was holding a Order meeting in the kitchen of the Headquarters.

"Did Harry know what curse was cased and why?" Dumbledore was saying to someone behind him.

"No. We have no idea." Harry recognize the voice as his godfathers.

Madam Pomfrey finally stepped away from him. "There's nothing wrong with him." She said with a shake of the head and a frown.

"That's what concerns me the most." Dumbledore said quietly, stoking his beard.

"What should we do, sir?" Harry felt himself ask nervously. He tried to place the familiar voice, but for some reason he couldn't.

"Albus. You're not a student anymore. You may call me Albus."

"Albus." Harry said.

Dumbledore smiled slightly. "I would like for you to describe the curse the best you can."

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Harry nodded in understanding. "I guess I should see how Mother's doing before I go back down to Egypt." He said with a chuckle.

Suddenly everything went black for a second. When things cleared up again, Harry found himself looking through Voldemorts eyes and Voldemort was very angry.

He was glaring at the robed figure at the bottom of the stairs. "You disappoint me, Malfoy." He said hissing out his name. "You succeeded in casting the curse on a Weasley, but..." At this point Voldemort started raising his voice. "...you managed to get seen doing it by ALBUS DUMBLEDORE!"

Harry watched as Lucius Malfoy cringed with satisfaction. "My...my Lord, I swear no one was looking. It won't happen again, my Lord."

"It shouldn't have happened in the first place!" Voldemort looked out at the other Death Eaters that was lined up against the mirrors along the wall. He glanced at a Death Eater that was furthest from him. "Severus, step forward." Voldemort ordered his anger still flaming.

The Death Eater stepped forward and bowed. "My Lord."

"Dumbledore said something about young Potter having a vision of the attacks before hand. I want you to find out if Potter is a Seer. Shouldn't be too hard to find that out now, should it?" Voldemort said through hissed teeth.

"No, My Lord. It shouldn't be a problem." Harry heard the familiar voice of his Potion Master responded.

"Good." He said before turning back towards Lucius, who still had his head down. "I'm going to set you up on another job for me. And don't you screw up!"

James sat down next to Remus after putting Harry into bed. They both had fallen asleep in the ballroom earlier. When James came to, he found himself lying on the floor with his arms wrapped around Harry. Harry was sleeping too and had his head in James' shoulders and was curled up close to James' chest. After the really weird wake up call, James had picked up Harry (it wasn't easy to pick up a 16 year old boy) and carried him to his room. The whole time he forgot he could have easily use magic.

Unfortunately, Harry's door was closed and James didn't want to bother trying to open it with a sleeping 16 year old in his arms. But, luckily, James' bedroom door was opened and James decided to put Harry on his bed instead.

"Where's Harry?" Remus whispered to him.

James didn't answer right away. "Sleeping. What's going on?" James asked wanting to change the subject.

"How are you feeling, James?" Remus asked suddenly, avoiding James' attempt to change the subject. "And don't you say 'fine', Prongs. I know you too well." Remus said before James could answer.

Remus' usage of James' nickname made James pause. It was the first time he heard it in 15 to 16 years. He now knew how Sirius felt when Harry used it or why Remus allowed Harry to use an unknown spell when he heard it. It brought back happier memories. "Confused. I just feel confused."

"About Harry." Remus guessed. James nodded his head miserably.

"Hey, Mates." Sirius whispered to them leaning in. "Albus is giving you 'The Look'."

James looked at Albus and found him looking at them sternly, waiting for them to get done talking. They, the Marauder's, called that look 'The Look' years ago. It was the look Albus gave them when their pranks had gone to far and he was waiting impatiently for the four of them to get done trying to explain themselves. "Sorry, sir." Remus and him said automatically.

Albus opened his mouth to say something, but they were interrupted by a scream coming from upstairs.

James was the first one out of his chair. Remus and Sirius were close behind, but Remus quickly overran James as he ran up the stairs towards Harry's room.

"Harry's not in his room! He's in mine!" James shouted as he ran past Remus, who slowed down when he reached Harry's room.

James burst into his room and ran straight to the king size bed. Harry was screaming and thrashing around. He quickly climbed onto the bed and pulled Harry into his lap. He turned him on his side once again and began running his hand up and down his back. Harry stopped screaming but was still shaking and still in his vision.

Poppy quickly came into the room followed by Albus, Arthur and Frank. Once she saw the situation, she started waving her wand with such quickness that only a med-witch could have. "He seems to be having a nightmare and he's been hit with another very powerful cruciatus." Poppy said as she stepped back. "There's nothing I could do until he wakes up. Frank, could you go down to find Severus and have him go into his storage. We need an anti-cruciatus curse potions." Frank nodded and ran out of the room. "Hopefully, Severus is here. No one would be able to go into his stores without him. He really does need to change that." Poppy said quietly.

"Why, Albus?" James said quietly with anger lanced into his voice. He glared up at his old Headmaster.

"Why what, James?" Albus said calmly.

"Why does Harry have these visions? He's barely 16 years old! He should be worried about his next date not some sick maniac!" James said angrily.

"Calm down, Mate." Sirius said quietly.

James took Sirius' advice. He closed his eyes and took a few deep breaths to help him calm down. When he opened his eyes again anger was still there, but his voice sounded calmer. "Why, sir?"

"Because of the connection. Harry's scar is the connection between him and Voldemort. When Voldemort attacked the Potters at Harry's world..." It was then Albus retold him what had happened on Hallows Eve and the connection between Voldemort and Harry.

"I already know that, Albus. What I want to know is why Harry is having vision of our Voldemort? Our Voldemort wasn't the one that cursed him." James said forgetting to stay calm.

Remus sat on the bed next to James and Sirius chose to sit on the desk chair. "Calm, James." Remus said quietly.

Bill came into the room. "We can't find Severus anywhere, sir."

Albus sighed, disappointedly. "Thank you, William."

"What happened?" Bill asked when he saw the scene before him. He walked farther into the room.

"Just another vision, son." Arthur replied.

Harry chose that moment to wake up. His eyes popped open and his mouth let in a whole bunch of air.

"Harry! Are you alright?" James asked when he saw that Harry was awake.

"...Weasley's..." Harry murmured weakly.

James looked up at Arthur in surprise. Arthur looked just about surprised as everyone else in the room. He moved into Harry's sight and knelt down next to the bed. "Harry?"

Harry's unfocused eyes snapped in Arthur's direction. "...Attack...Weasley's...tomorrow..."

"Harry." Bill said kneeling down next to his father. "The attack on us already happened."

"No..." Harry's body started shaking and James tightened his arms around him. "...not...Burrow..." He managed to say before his body started shaking to violently.

Severus suddenly ran into the room with Frank running in behind him. He paused slightly with alarm when he saw Bill, but hid it quickly before anyone noticed. "I just got here." He said to explain why he didn't come up earlier. He pulled out a potion from his pocket and gave it to James.

As James tried to dump the potion into Harry's mouth, Albus turned to Severus. "Anything to report?" Albus saw Severus quickly glance at Bill and glanced at him too. Bill wasn't paying attention to them. He was watching James pour the potion forcefully down Harry's throat.

"Yes, I do." Severus finally said. His answer brought everyone's attention to him. "The Dark Lord wants to know how the Order is reacting quickly to his latest attacks and I, too, want to know." Severus said giving Albus a look to get him to play along. He made sure that Bill was standing somewhere behind him and couldn't see his meaningful look.

Albus saw the look and gave him a confused look before hiding it. "Severus, why don't you come with me and I'll tell you."

"Alright, Albus." Severus said with a nod as he followed him out of the room.

"That man could be really...weird." Frank said once they left. He turned back to the group.

"Who do you mean, Albus or Severus?" Sirius asked.

Frank shrugged his shoulders. "Both I think. Anyway, I guess I'll head home. We're still unpacking." He said before heading towards the door. "Oh, James." Frank said stopping at the doorway. James

looked up. "Neville said something about needing to beat Harry at UNO, I think the name was. So, he might be coming over soon." He said before leaving the room.

"What's UNO?" Sirius asked interrupting whatever James was going to say.

"It's a muggle card game, I think." Remus said. Just as he said this Arthur started bombing him with questions. 'How do you play?' 'Is it like exploding snap?' 'When did they invent it?'

James laughed faintly as Sirius and Bill laugh loudly as they watch Remus get attacked by Arthur. Bill finally managed to get his father out of the room after he had his fill of laughs.

James glanced down at the sleeping boy in his lap as Sirius teased Remus about this and that, mostly about Sally Harsh though.

He was thinking of what Harry had said when he woke up. He said something about an attack on the Weasley's tomorrow, but the Death Eaters already attacked the Weasley's earlier today. Do the Death Eaters plan to attack Weasley's when they get home? The thing is, the Weasley's won't go home right away. They would most likely stay here until stronger wards are up around their home. Maybe get a Secret Keeper. Even if the Death Eaters attack tomorrow, Harry said they're not going to attack the Burrow.

James looked towards his friends. "Can I be your best man at your wedding? James can be the bridesmaid." Sirius was saying. James rolled his eyes before going back to his deep thoughts.

Do the Death Eaters plan to attack the Weasley's when they're out shopping or something? But as far as James knows, none of the Weasley's plan to go out tomorrow. He felt so confused.

"...I'm not going to get married anytime soon anyways. So, lets drop it." Remus said in frustration.

"Oh, so you plan to have lots of fun with her first. Her parents would be thrilled to hear that their girl got knocked up by a werewolf." Sirius said sarcastically.

"She never even met her mother. Her parents are divorced. Her mother lives in America." Remus explained.

"Oh, sorry." Sirius said, being sarcastic. "I mean, her father would be thrilled."

James snapped his eyes up to Remus. "Wh—what did you say?" His eyes were wide as realization hit him.

Remus gave him a confused look. "Her mother lives in America?"

"Her parents are divorced." James said thinking out loud.

"Yeah...?" Remus and Sirius shared a confused look.

James gasped. "That's what Harry meant."

"Meant about what?" Both of his friends asked.

"Molly Weasley! The Death Eaters are going to attack Molly Weasley tomorrow!"

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Review Please! Srry the update is later then usual, but school started once again. So, the updates would slow down. Srry!

"The Death Eaters..." Fred or George said slowly.

"...are going to..." The other Weasley twin said.

"...attack our..."

"...MOTHER?" Both of the twins said together.

Sirius was staring at them with a dazed look on his face. "It must be a twin thing." He murmured to himself.

James nodded his head, as he looked at all the Weasley's sitting around the kitchen table. Fred and George looked shocked. Charlie and Bill seemed to be calculating something in their heads and Arthur looked pale and had withdrawn from the ground to look at the window above the sink. "Has anyone seen Dumbeldore?" He asked for the fifth time.

Most of the people in the kitchen just shook their heads. Others just murmured no. It was Bill who gave a real answer. "Last I saw him in was leaving the bedroom with Professor Snape."

James nodded disappointedly. "If we don't find him soon then we'll have to go without him."

"Go? Go where?" Fred asked even though he knew the answer.

"To get your mother and siblings out of their house before tomorrow." Remus answered.

"Molly is not going to like this." Arthur murmured sadly. "We'll meet in the living room in a half an hour." He said, taking control. "Until then, everyone look for Albus."

"Not everybody has to go." James said. "Someone should stay behind for when Albus shows up."

Remus and Bill were the two that volunteered to stay. Half an hour later, with no word on Albus or Severus, the rest of the Weasley's, James, and Sirius left to warn Molly.

Molly Weasley lives seven kilometers outside of the small town of Crawley in West Sussex, England. Her house was near the edge of

some small-unnamed woods. It over looked an even smaller lake. The house was a two-story log house. Inside is a comfortable family home with a large kitchen, five small bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a nice size living room. All in all, it didn't look to be a home to snoppy, stick up type of kids.

The six Order members popped onto a dirt road lending to the house. The first thing that came to their senses was the smell of heavy smoke in the air.

"No." Arthur gasped in horror.

In front of them was Molly's house burning up. Flame consumed the two-story house. Taking everything inside with it. Through the black smoke in the night sky, they could see the blazing green Dark Mark.

At the sight of the house the group, with Arthur in the lead, ran towards house, hoping there are survivors.

"MOTHER!"

The others were startled at Fred and George's sudden yell. The twins ran across the field towards the dock where Molly Weasley was kneeling with her head down. Her body was shaking from her sobs.

"MOLLY!" Arthur ran ahead of the twins in panic.

At the sound of Arthur's voice, Molly snapped her head up. There was dirt and cuts on her face. Blood was running down the side of her face from a cut across her temple. Her nose was bleeding and she had a fat lip. Her lip also had a small cut on her lower lip. Her robes were ripped and torn, showing cuts and burns. Her left arm had a huge, what looks to be a, deep cut.

"Molly, are you alright?" Arthur asked concern.

Her flashed angrily. Taking that as a warning, James said to the rest of the group, "Let's find the children."

"Am. I. Alright?" Molly started to say slowly her angry eyes not swaying from Arthur's.

"Let's go. Let your father deal with this." Sirius whispered as he pulled Charlie away from the scene. The rest followed, rushing towards the burning house.

Molly stood up and pointed a finger at him. "DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'M ALRIGHT, ARTHUR? IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU AND THAT...THAT...ORDER!" She yelled.

"Molly!" Arthur said calmly, trying to get a word in. "Just listen..."

"LISTEN! THEY CAME AND TRIED TO KILL US, ARTHUR WEASLEY! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE KIDS ARE! I NOW DON'T HAVE A HOME! I'M STUCK TALKING TO YOU! THIS DAY IS GOING FROM BAD TO WORST AND ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS...IS LISTEN! WHY DO I HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU?"

"MOLLY!" He yelled. "JUST TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CHILDREN?" Molly opened her mouth angrily, but was interrupted by Arthur. "THEY'RE MINE CHILDREN, TOO, MOLLY! WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT! I AM THEIR FATHER! I MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THERE FOR THEIR WHOLE LIFE, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I DIDN'T WANT TO!" He yelled glare accusingly at Molly. "SOMEBODY MADE SURE I WASN'T! A FATHER IS STILL A FATHER!"

Throughout their shouting match, neither of them noticed James standing a few meters away, listening to everything they said. Arthur's words rang in his ears. 'A father is still a father.' James wasn't a father anymore...right? The picture of Harry flashed into his mind.

Shaking his head he looked to the burnt house. They had stopped the fire, but all that stood there down was a pile of ash. The twins were walking through the ash, looking for any sign of their brothers or sisters. Charlie was kneeling down by the edge of the house, seeming to be lost in thought. Sirius was by the woods trying see if he could see any sign of danger or the rest of the Weasley children.

"THIS WOULD HAVE BEEN SO..." James heard Molly yell before something else took his attention away.

It was a noise. James tried to listen for it, but couldn't hear over Molly's and Arthur's yelling.

"QUIET!" James yelled. The couple turned to stare at him, but he didn't care. James was just glad they weren't yelling.

He heard the noise again. It came from the woods. He turned his head in that direction.

"James, what is it?" Arthur whispered.

"Do you hear that?" James whispered back without looking away from the trees. He heard the noise again. It sounded closer than before.

"Mother!"

That time everyone heard the yell coming from the woods.

"RON!" Molly suddenly yelled out.

"MOTHER? MOTHER!" Ron burst through the woods with Ginny clinging to his side.

The only bad injury that they could see was Ginny's left leg. It was twisted in an odd angle and was bleeding heavily. Other than that the two kids only had a few scratches and bruises.

Arthur made his way over to help Ginny with her legs, but at her glare he stopped. "I want Mother to fix it, not you. I don't trust you." She sneered.

Arthur tried hiding how much that hurt, while Molly stepped forward and gave her two kids a hug before healing Ginny the best she can.

"Ron, where's Percy and Rora?" Molly asked.

By now the others have joined them, but luckily kept their distance.

"I saw Percy run that way." Ron said pointing towards the edge of the woods.

James nodded to Sirius, silently telling him to go find Percy. Sirius nodded back. He then took Charlie and George and ran towards the woods.

"Where's Aurora?" Arthur asked, voice sounded urgent.

Ron glared at him with such hatred, that James grip on his wand tighten, waiting for him to attack. Fortunately, Ron turned back towards his mother.

"Last I saw of Rora, she was running up the dirt road."

James walked over to Arthur and whispered into his ear. "I think it's best if you and Fred look for Rora. I'll take Molly, Ginny, and Ron to St Mungo."

Arthur nodded in agreement. He gave one sad longing look at Molly and the children before looking back at James. "Don't let your time with Harry pass by or you'll regret it." He said before heading towards Fred. He spoke quietly to him before they ran up the dirt road to find Rora.

James stared at his retreating back before looking back at Molly and the kids. His feelings for Harry seem to change with each passing day. They change so much that James doesn't even know how he feels towards him anymore. There are times when he feels like it's in his right to care for him, to yell at him. But there are also times when he feels like it's not right. Harry isn't his son. He's some other James Potter son.

"But that James would want you to take care of his son. He would want you to care for him like he was your birth son. Wouldn't you want that same thing if you were in his place?" Lily's voice seemed to echo in his mind. He didn't know where her voice came from, but James silently agreed. If he had died and Harry had lived, he would want him to be cared for.

James shook his thoughts out of his mind and walked over to Molly, silently hoping she would allow him to take her to St Mungo. When he reach St. Mungo's, he'll send his patronus with a message to Sirius.

First thing Harry noticed when he awoke was the fact that he wasn't in his room. The room he was in was about the same size as his. With dark blue walls and a hard wooden floor. There were two nightstands, one on each side of the bed. On one nightstand held a

picture faced down in its frame. Frame was wide enough to fit four normal size photos. The other had few books on top of it. Harry could see his glasses on top of the books.

He reached for them and put them on his face. With the glasses on his face, Harry could now see the desk in the corner, facing the only window in the room. There were muggle paper, a book, a quill and ink on the desk. There were three doors in the room. One leading to the hallway, no doubt. Another might be a bathroom and the other could be a closet. At the foot of the bed sat a brown chest.

The bed he was on was a king size bed. It had tan sheets and a rolled up heavy blanket on top of the chest. It was a mismatched colored room. Like the person who sleeps here don't really care what his or her room looks like. As long as they have a place to sleep, change, and some privacy.

Harry felt oddly at place here. The room seemed to bring him comfort and a promise for privacy. He flopped his head back onto the pillow and moved to his side. The pillow case, he noticed, was a dark red. Pushing thoughts of the room out of his mind, he rolled back onto his back and tried to think about the last thing he remembered.

'Fighting with James Potter...' Harry thought in his head. '....attack on Remus...attack on Arthur Weasley...dueling with a dummy in the ballroom...James coming in...the passionate speech...the falling asleep...' Harry raked his brain. He knew something else had happened.

'...the vision...waking up in his father's arms...' Harry suddenly sat up as more memories came to him. Those two being the outmost important memories.

"The Weasley's!" Harry jumped out of the bed and ran to the first door he saw. He groaned when he saw that it was a walk-in closet. He closed the door and went to a different door. He almost shouted in frustration when he saw a bathroom and not a hallway. The bathroom was a comfortable but small one. A toilet, a shower and bath, a sink with a mirror over it, and a door that most likely have supplies and towels.

Leaving the door opened, Harry left the bathroom and made his way over to the last and final door in the room.

Harry stepped into the hallway and realized whose room he was sleeping in. James Potters. With that knowledge in mind, Harry stepped back into the room and looked at it with a new light.

This was his father's room. This revelation brought questions. Why? Why was he sleeping here and not his room? Why did James put him here?

Harry's eyes found the facedown picture on the nightstand. He made a few hesitating steps towards the nightstand, but stopped. He couldn't go through his father's things. James Potter barley tolerated him as it is!

Sighing, he left the room and made his way down stairs. Hopefully, someone would be able to tell him what happened after he gave his warning.

Arthur and Fred search the surrounding area, but found no sign of Rora. They even looked in Crawley. It must be past midnight now.

"Go back to Headquarters, son." Arthur said tiredly.

Fred gave his father a look. "What about you?"

"I'm going to go home and look for the family ring." He answered.

Fred paused for a moment, caught surprised. "Dad, I thought great-great grandpa gambled the family ring away?" Arthur's great grandfather, Dominique Weasley, was a heavy gambler. He was the man who gambled all their fortune away.

"Your grandfather found it when I was but a boy. He told me what I'm going to tell you. Keep it a secret. Don't tell anyone. Not even your siblings. Less people who know the better. Your grandfather had to steal this back from the family who your great-great grandfather gambled it to. If word gets out that we, the Weasley's, have our ring back..." Arthur shook his head sadly. "...the family would want it back."

"Whose the family? Why would they want to ring? They can't put it on unless they are Head of the Weasley family. Why are you telling me this, anyway? You know I'll tell George. I can't keep something like this away from him. Why not tell Charlie or Bill? They are the oldest." Fred's mind seem to burst with questions. He was acting oddly unlike himself.

"I'm telling you this as a precaution. If there are Death Eaters waiting there or something bad happens to me, then someone needs to know about the ring. And I know you'll tell George. He's your twin. But don't tell anyone else. You should go, Fred."

"But, Dad..."

"Fredrick, do as I say!" Arthur said with sternness that only his children heard him use. Even then it was rarely used. Plus, he used Fred's full name.

"Whose the family, Dad? At least tell me that." Fred pleaded softly.

"Your great-great grandpa was gambling with his sister, who later married Abraxas Malfoy." Without another word, Arthur popped out of there. Not too long after, the stunned young wizard left as well. Leaving behind a deserted dark street in the middle of Crawly.

Arthur walked into the Burrow, ready for anything to jump out at him. The usually warm home was dark and eerie. The wind seemed to whistle through the opened door and windows. With the full moon being tomorrow, the moon shined brightly through out the house.

Arthur kept his wand at his side. No telling what might be lurking here...or who. He made his way silently into the living room. There against the far corner wall, stood a small bookstand. It was about the size of a nightstand.

It was one of Arthur's smart ideas. Behind the bookstand was a secret door. The door was about the size of a book. You open the door that looks to be part of the wall and there you would find a vault, with a muggle lock. Inside is the ring. The trick is, though the ring is inside a muggle vault with a muggle lock, it's more protected than anything else in the house. The bookstand had many charms on it. One of them so to make sure the bookstand stays in place.

On the bookstand, Arthur made sure to put a small box on the last shelf, to trick people into thinking the heavy charms are for whatever was in the box. If a muggle robber managed to get into the house, he or she wouldn't even get by the charms.

If a wizard or witch breaks in, they might be able to break through the charms. But after they realized that the only thing in the box is some sentimental things from his childhood, they would either give up or try to find if there are any more charms around the bookstand. Finding none, cause the ring is under muggle locks and not magical ones, they would hopefully leave the stand alone.

Arthur just managed to remove the first three charms on the bookstand, when he heard something from upstairs. It was a creaking sound coming from the ceiling above. His room. His room was right above him. Whoever or whatever was there, was in his room!

"Lumos." He whispered quietly. The light from his wand shined for a brief moment, only long enough to see if anything would be in his way. "Nox." He stood up and as quietly as he can, Arthur made his way towards the stairs.

Once he reached the door to his room, he paused. With an ear against the closed door (he swears he had closed it after the battle), he listened for any sounds coming from within. He heard nothing at first, but then, right before he was about to turn away, he heard a scraping sound and a sniff.

Cautiously, he slowly opened the door. The room appeared to be empty, but Arthur knows there's got to be someone in here. He took a few steps into the room. A small sound came from the other side of the bed. Arthur raised his wand as he took small ready steps towards the other side of his bed.

What he saw shocked him. There was a little body huddled in a ball in the corner. Arthur couldn't see who it was; it was too dark.

"Lumos."

At the sudden light, the head of the child looked up and Arthur gasped in surprise. The face of the child was covered in dirt and blood. The child's eyes were red and puffy from crying and there

were tear marks running down the face. When the child saw Arthur more tears seemed to run down the child's face, in relief.

"Daddy."

REVIEW PLEASE! I know I took FOREVER to update...but school started and I'm in my first advance class in my life. Homework seemed to have taken over my life!

Chapter 18

Arthur Weasley stood in shock at his youngest child coiled up between the bed and the wall.

"Aurora?" He took a step forward.

Aurora Weasley stood on shaking legs and rushed at her father. She hugged him like her life depended on it. Her body shook with sobs.

Arthur was not expecting the hug and stumbled on his feet at the impact. He quickly got his balance back and wrapped his arms around her, whispering comforting words in her ear. His hand rubbed her back and the other ran through her tangled red hair.

Arthur led them to the bed and sat down. He rested his head on top of hers. She buried her head into his shoulder.

"Hush, my dear. I'm here. You're not alone anymore." He whispered comforting words to her.

Harry ran down stairs, hoping someone gotten to the Weasley's in time.

He ran into the kitchen first. Someone was usually there, sipping tea or eating something. This time though, no one was there. Groaning, he left the kitchen and ran to the living room.

Remus was the only one there. He was sitting calmly on the couch, reading the newspaper. His feet were crossed on top of the coffee table. He glanced up when Harry entered the room. "Hey, sleepy head." He said, returning to the paper.

Harry walked farther into the room. "Where is everyone?" He asked as he looked around the living room, like he expected them to pop out.

"Bill is looking for Albus at Hogwarts. James took Molly Weasley, Ron, and Ginny to St. Mungo. Sirius, Charlie, and George are looking for Percy. Arthur and Fred are looking for Rora. And I am waiting for any more news." Remus said casually, not looking up from the paper. War has been going on for so long that everything

seemed to be casual. The deaths, the missing people, and the growing numbers of Death Eaters. It's all normal everyday stuff now. No matter how depressing it is. "Did you know that the Quidditch game was canceled yesterday, due to some dragon flying around the pit?" He continued to say, ignoring Harry's shocked look. "James and Sirius would like to know that." He murmured.

"Wait, wait." Harry held up his hand to stop Remus from talking again. "Why is Mrs. Weasley at St. Mungo? Why is Percy and Ron missing? What happened?" He asked when he finally got Remus's attention.

"Death Eaters attacked their home. We didn't understand what were you trying to tell us in time. James figured it out too late." Remus answered.

Harry sat down on the couch next to Remus. "How long did it take?"

Remus finally set the paper down. "It must have been an hour or so."

"That doesn't make sense! The attack was planned for tomorrow!"

Remus shrugged his shoulders. "I was just thinking about that a while ago. They must have known that we knew. They found out somehow."

"Professor Snape?" Harry guessed.

Remus shook his head. "No, couldn't be. First of all, he didn't even know that we knew. Secondly, last I saw him; he was with Albus, giving a report. It wasn't him."

"Then whoever it was knew that we knew about the attack. Who all knew?"

"The Weasleys, Sirius, and James. All trustworthy people." Remus ran a hand through his face.

"Could there be someone eavesdropping?"

Remus started to shake his head. "No, I don't think so. The only other people I could think of would be the Longbottoms. They left

soon after you tried to warn us. They didn't know that Molly was going to be attacked."

"Then how did Voldemort know that we knew?"

Remus shrugged his shoulders again. "Either he didn't know and changed his plans for some other reason or another...or someone told him we knew about his attack."

While Remus was talking, Harry had gotten this thoughtful look on his face. As time went on he became uncomfortable about the conclusions he came up with. Remus was watching him in silence, waiting for Harry to get his thoughts together before asking what was wrong. "What's wrong, Harry?"

Harry opened his mouth, but then closed it again. Only to open it once more. "I've been thinking of my vision I had. It started with the Order meeting."

"Order meeting? How did you see the order meeting?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. I was looking through someone's eyes. I don't know whose though. Madam Pomfrey was examining me or him or whoever eyes I was looking from."

"Bill's." Remus said remembering the meeting they had just hours ago. "Bill was hit by a curse from Lucius Malfoy. There doesn't seemed to be any effects, but that's what worries us."

"Malfoy! But he..." Harry started to say.

"Yes, we know. Sirius told us what you told him." Remus interrupted. "What else did you see?" Remus asked putting the subject back on track.

"After Bill mention something about seeing his mother before going to Egypt, the vision changed. I was now seeing through Voldemorts eyes and he was mad about Malfoy being seen casing the curse. Then he sent Snape on a mission to find out about my vision."

Remus eyes widen. "How did he know about your visions?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Though he did mention that Dumbledore said something about my visions. But I know Dumbledore wouldn't tell him about them."

"Harry..." Remus started to say, turning to face him. "...I want to see the memory of your vision. This might be important."

Not in the mood to argue, Harry agreed to show him.

Remus came out of the pensive. He looked distraught. "So? What do you think?" Harry said dreading the answer.

"I think we need to show this to Albus. Whatever spell that was, I think it gave Voldemort the ability to see through Bill's eyes."

Fred soon interrupted them as he came through the front door.

Remus stood up. "Where's your father?" He asked afraid something had happened. Harry watched from his position on the couch.

"He went back the Burrow...to pick up something."

"And Rora?" Remus asked with a twitch in his left eye.

Fred shrugged his shoulders. "Didn't find her."

The floo erupted and Charlie and George came through. Harry glared at them when they came floored in gracefully. He will never be able to do that. He always fell flat on his arse.

Fred quickly pulled George out of the room. "Fred, what...?"

"I got to tell you something."

Remus ignored them and asked Charlie, "Where's Sirius? Did you find Percy?"

Charlie nodded. "We found him barley breathing behind a bush. We took him to St. Mungo and then Sirius had to go file his report at the Ministry."

The floo erupted again and this time Bill came through. Harry gave Remus a nervous glance.

"Hello, Charlie. Did you find Percy?" Bill asked oblivious to Harry and Remus's exchanged nervous looks.

Charlie opened his mouth to answer, but was interrupted. "Hey, Bill." Harry said louder necessary. Though it did grab his and Charlie's attention.

"Hi, Harry." Bill said.

"Did you find Albus?" Remus asked.

Bill nodded. "Yes, he was in his office talking to Professor Snape about the second year lesson plans."

Remus to a relieved sigh, glad that Bill didn't walk in on something that would revile Snape as a spy.

"I told him about the attack on Mother and that she was attacked earlier then planned and that Percy and Rora is missing." Bill continued.

Charlie opened his mouth again to tell Bill they found Percy, but was again he was interrupted. "What did Albus say?" Remus asked, hoping it wasn't anything to important.

"That he'll be there or here. I don't remember which. So, did you find Percy?" Bill asked Charlie. Charlie was once again interrupted.

"Do you want tea?" Harry asked, as the same time Remus said, "No!"

Charlie gave them a confused glare. Bill just looked confused. "What?"

"I mean Albus didn't happen to mention the location of the Headquarters, did he?" Remus asked.

Harry eyes widen and looked up at Remus. "Is that possible?"

"If Albus said it, yes. If someone else said it, I don't know, but I don't want to take that chance." Remus answered looking worried. He looked back Bill. "Well, did he?"

Bill shook his head. "No, he just said get back to Headquarters."

Remus gave a sigh of relief, but Harry still looked worried. "Remus?"

Remus looked down at Harry. "What?"

Harry looked at him in the eye. "Bill came through the floo network. In order to do that he had to say the location and the password to get in."

Remus took a deep breath and his eyes widened as realization hit him. "Get everyone out of the house." He said with a shaking breath. "GET EVERYONE OUT NOW!" He yelled when no one moved. "Go to Hogwarts, NOW!"

"I'll get the twins." Harry said running out of the room and up the stairs. On the way towards the twin's room, he stopped at his. The diary lay on the desk where Harry had left it. He quickly picked it up and ran to the twin's room.

He stopped at the doorway to his father's room. He hesitated for a second, but then rushed in and picked up the faced down picture. Without looking at it, he ran out of the room.

"FRED! GEORGE!" He yelled. A pair of heads popped out of a room.

"Yes, Harry." They said at the same time.

"We don't have much time. We have to leave the house, NOW!" Without making sure they were following Harry ran back down stairs.

Remus was the only one in the living room by the time Harry and the twins were downstairs. In his hands was Harry's pensive. "Come on, you three. I don't know how much time we might have."

Harry took a handful of floo powder and threw it into the fireplace. "What's the password?"

"Gumdrops." Remus answered.

Harry nodded his head and stepped into the floo. "Hogwarts, Headmasters Office, Gumdrops." He shouted clearly.

He came out on the other side with soot on his face and clothes. He tripped and fell to the ground. Bill helped him to his feet and moved him aside as George came through gracefully. With a quick cleaning spell, Harry was now clean and able to see.

Once everyone was through, Albus spook up. "Now, Remus, Charlie and William tell me why you evacuated Headquarters." He said asking an unasked question.

"Albus, I would like to discuss that privately." Remus said.

Albus stared at him before nodding his head. "If you five excuse us for a moment." He said to Charlie, Bill, the twins, and Harry.

Harry was about to argue, but Remus sent him a warning glare. Sighing in defeat, he followed the Weasley boy's out of the office.

"We should contact the..." Harry heard Remus say before the door close behind him.

Not knowing where else to go, Harry made his way to the Quidditch pitch. Being at Hogwarts is making Harry think about it. It's August right now, the odds of getting back to his world before school starts is very slim right now. Does that mean he'll go to Hogwarts here in this world or is he just going to hang out somewhere and not go to school?

Harry ran his fingers along the wall as he walked. He could feel the tickle of magic rush to his fingers and through his body, like it always has before. This place is home, no matter what world he is in. If he has a choice, he'll choose to go to Hogwarts. Smiling at his decision, Harry ran the rest of the way to the pitch. If he didn't know any better Hogwarts seemed to sparkle at his thoughts of coming here for school. It seemed happy, if that was possible.

The night air hit his face when he finally made it outside. It was then he remembered he still held onto his mother's diary and his father's...James's picture. He looked down at them and was tempted to take a look at the picture. He settled himself on the Gryffindor bleachers and placed the diary on the seat next to him.

"Lumos."

Now with light to see the picture, Harry took a breath and flipped the wide picture frame over. His eyes widen at the four pictures that were in the frame. The first picture was of James and Lily snuggled up on the Gryffindor common room couch with a mug of hot chocolate in their hands. You could see the light of the fire on their glowing faces. They were looking at each other with shy smiles. James tilt his head down towards her and gave her a hesitant kiss on the lips, which turned into a make out session. Harry smiled. Most kids don't like seeing their parents kiss, but to Harry it was a sign that yes they did love each other. James Potter didn't force Lily Evans to marry him, like Harry thought when he saw Snape's memory.

The second picture was a picture of his parents wedding. Lily was in her white wedding dress dancing with James. They were the only pair on the dance floor. In the background you could see Sirius and Remus standing next to each other, drinking something with light blue cups.

The third picture had all three of them, James, Lily, and baby Harry. They were all on the floor in front of a green couch. You could see a pair of feet of a person sitting on the couch behind them. Both, James and Lily were lying on their sides with baby Harry sitting in between them. Baby Harry was laughing as James and Lily would lean in at the same time and kiss his cheek.

It was the fourth picture that caught Harry by surprise. It was a picture of his sixteenth birthday party. Harry was opening the gift from Sirius. His eyes were glowing happily. Harry didn't even remember being this happy at the party.

James landed gracefully on his feet as he came out of the fireplace. Remus was sitting in the chair in front of Albus, talking about something or other. James wasn't really listening.

"Hey Remus, Albus." He said as a greeting.

"Hello, James." Albus said happily.

"Hey, Prongs." Remus said absent-mindedly. His thoughts were far from the present.

James seemed startled. That was the second time in two days that he was called that.

Albus's eyes were twinkling madly. "It's so nice to hear that name again." He simply said.

"Albus..." James said pushing his feelings aside. "...why can't we go to the Headquarters? I got a letter from Fawkes..."

"Yes, I know. Remus and I were just discussing that before you came. I'm waiting for the other Order members" Albus interrupted.

"Oh, Hi, James. When did you get here?" Remus asked as he snapped out of his thoughts.

James gave him an amused look as the floo erupted again and Sirius came through.

Soon all the Order members were there and the meeting started with the reason they couldn't go to the Headquarters right away. Some people like the Weasley's noticed that Bill was missing from the meeting. Arthur Weasley wasn't present either. George and Fred glanced at each other worriedly. He should have been back by now.

"Does anyone know where Arthur is?" Albus asked.

"He went to the Burrow to pick something up." George said sleepily. It was near two in the morning. Almost everyone was tired. No one had gotten any sleep so far tonight.

Suddenly the floo erupted again and Arthur stepped out with a small body pressed against his side.

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Sorry, it took so long...I thought I had chapter 18 updated all ready when I wrote chapters 19 and 20! PLEASE REVIEW!

Chapter 19

Everyone who was living at the Headquarters is going to sleep at Hogwarts until they know for sure that Voldemort knows the location.

Bill was just informed that it would be safer if the Weasley's stayed at Hogwarts until their house is secured. Sirius, James, Remus, and Harry was just staying there to give them company. They couldn't tell Bill the really reason or Voldemort might find out.

Harry crept down the halls it was almost seven in the morning now and he was tired. It has been a really long day for everyone yesterday. People just managed to get to sleep less then three hours ago.

Remus and Sirius should be up. They still have a job to go to in an hour or so. Harry realized that Remus still had his pensive. But before he goes to get it, he wants to make a quick stop.

Harry quietly opened the infirmary doors. He didn't want to wake the person on the other side.

When he came back into the castle earlier, he saw Arthur and Madam Pomfrey carrying a girl to the infirmary. He overheard Arthur calling her Aurora and Madam Pomfrey calling her Rora. Remembering what Remus told him about her, he wanted to meet her. In his world he was the Weasley's seventh son. Not meeting her would be like not knowing a sister. Yes, Remus seemed to have a dislike towards her, but Harry still feels like he should meet her.

The infirmary wasn't too dark. Luckily there was enough light to see the body of a young girl lying on her said facing towards him.

Harry gasped. He remembered this girl. It was the girl from the Alley. The one he saved. She was sleeping and Harry didn't want to disturb her. So, he quietly backed out of the room.

He continued his way to Remus's room. Even if he's not up, he should be up and can't really yell at Harry for waking him.

Harry knocked on Remus's door calling to him as he did it. "REMUS! WAKE UP! REMUS!"

The door finally opened and Remus, who was still dressed in his nightwear, poked his head out the door tiredly. "Harry?"

"Hey, Remus. Just thought you should get up now...and you have my pensieve." Harry said joyfully, knowing his happy tone would only make Remus groan.

Remus rolled his tired eyes. "Yes, I have it." He opened the door wider to let Harry in. "It's sitting on the table." He said as he closed the door. "I hope you don't mind if I added a memory to it."

Harry glanced at the box that sat on the coffee table in between the couch and fireplace. He glanced back at Remus. "What memory is it?"

Remus gave a big yawn before saying, "Just a memory to show what such good friends your father and godfather are. They are too modest about the subject. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to get clean up." Without waiting for an answer from Harry, Remus walked tiredly out of the room.

Harry sat on the couch and pulled the box to him. He opened the lid and went in.

Harry popped up in the middle of the second year dorm room. James Potter was staring out the window of the dormitory where snow drifted to the ground. And Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, and Peter were getting ready for bed.

"I'm sick of this weather," James said gloomily. "I'm ready for it to be spring. I want to be able to go outside again. You know, sunshine, clear skies..."

"You don't have a broom here," Sirius said. "You couldn't fly even if the weather was nice."

"I know. I asked my dad if he can send my broom from home. For Quidditch. But I want it now," James said longingly, but he continued to stare out the window anyway.

"Besides," Peter said, "we have a ton of homework over the next couple of weeks."

"Don't worry about it, Peter," Sirius said. "We'll get it done."

"You still worried about Charms?" Remus asked, and Peter nodded. "Yeah, I'm a little worried about that one too. We'll practice Thursday, before class on Friday, okay?"

"We have that Potions assignment due Friday as well," Sirius reminded him.

"Right," Remus said, making a face. "Fine, we'll practice charms on Wednesday."

The room went strangely silent. Harry glanced at them, looking as puzzled as Remus.

"What?" Remus looked at each of them, but they were all staring determinedly at something else, and shooting furtive glances at each other. "What?"

"That's probably not going to work," Sirius said finally.

"Why not?" Remus was completely baffled. Sirius finally looked up.

"Isn't your grandmother going to be sick on Tuesday night?"

Remus suddenly went quiet and his face paled.

"Remus?"

Sirius, James and Peter were all staring at him, waiting.

"We wanted to see you," Peter said. "When you were sick."

"We thought it was one of the 'worthy occasion' we could use the cloak for." James sounded almost apologetic. "We got to the hospital wing, and you weren't there. And between all your injuries and the fact that you were lying to us..."

"It was the lying more than anything," Sirius said quietly. "We knew it had to be something huge for you to lie to us like that. And not just then. We're not stupid, Remus – we knew that you'd been lying to us before."

"When we got back from the hospital wing, we were talking about it in here," James continued. "Trying to figure out what was going on. And the full moon was shining in the window..."

He didn't have to finish. From there, it would have been a simple matter of looking at a calendar. Remus nodded slowly. "Excuse me." He choked on them as he spoke, clumsily getting to his feet from the bed and heading for the door. Sirius locked it with a flick of his wand.

"We can talk about it in the common room, if you'd prefer," James said. "But it really might be best to talk about it here. Don't you think?"

Remus walked back to his bed and sat down. He buried his head in his hands.

"Come on, Remus," Sirius said softly. "Say something."

"They'll kick me out."

"Who will?" James asked sharply.

"If parents find out. They'll write to Dumbledore, and he'll have to expel me. He'll have no choice." His voice was shaking.

"So we won't tell our parents," Sirius said blankly.

Remus shook his head and looked up at his friends.

Peter and Sirius were both sitting cross-legged on their beds. James was still standing in front of the window. They were all watching him, looking quite serious.

Serious, Harry realized, but not scared. Not repulsed. In fact, they looked stubborn and determined. Harry smiled, glad that Remus had such good friends and glad that his father was...or is one of them.

"How old were you?" Peter asked timidly, breaking the silence. "When you got bit?"

"I was six."

"Six?" James swore under his breath. He looked horrified, and angry.

"Where do you go every month?" Sirius asked.

"The Shrieking Shack, in Hogsmeade." His voice sounded more like own again, less raspy. "There's a tunnel from under the Whomping Willow."

"That's why they planted it!" Peter said, making the connection. "I heard some of the professors talking about how it was new back at the start of last year, and I couldn't understand why on earth they would plant something like that."

James and Sirius both let out very small laughs, and Remus managed a small smile. He still wasn't breathing quite regularly enough for laughter.

"Does it hurt?" James's question wiped the smiles off of their faces. Harry saw that now, he did look a little scared. Scared for Remus not scared of him.

"Yes."

"They say the Shrieking Shack is haunted. That terrible sounds come from it. Crashing and breaking and sounds like animals in pain." It was Sirius who spoke this time, his voice sounding small and timid, and far more like Peter than like himself. "They say that it's ghosts."

"No ghosts," Remus said softly to his shoes. "Just me." Harry watched as Sirius shuddered.

They sat in silence for a minute. When Remus looked up, all three of them were frowning, apparently deep in thought. They looked troubled.

"You guys..." he began, but stopped, making Harry wonder what he was going to say.

"Nothing changes, Remus," James said. "We're still us. We don't care that you're a werewolf."

"And you're still one of us," Peter added.

"Nothing changes," Remus echoed to himself under his breath, blinking furiously.

"Nothing," James repeated.

"No more lies." Remus looked up at Sirius. "We tell each other the truth from now on. Deal?"

Remus looked at each of them in turn, and nodded. "Deal," he said quietly.

It was as though an official meeting had been adjourned. Peter crawled under his covers, Sirius closed the hangings around his bed, and James changed into his pajamas. Remus continued to sit on the side of his bed.

James paused before he closed the hangings around his bed. "You all right?"

Remus considered for a moment. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah, I'm all right." He was trying very hard to pretend like his face wasn't at all wet. But Harry could clearly see them from where he was standing.

"Good," James said. "It's late. Get some sleep, Moony." The memory then went black.

(Memory Thanks to N16's story 'Year One'! Of course I changed a few things to make it make sense for my story and this happened in second year for my story.)

Harry came out of the memory and smiled. It makes him wonder about his own friends. Will he ever see them again? A lump in his throat formed when he thought of the possibilities of not seeing them again. They'll wonder for the rest of their lives what happened to him. He'll be stuck here. Sure, he'll have his father, godfather, and Remus, but what about Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville, and Luna? What about the memories they formed together? Good and bad? Even if he meets and becomes friends with their counterparts, it wouldn't be the same.

Sighing, Harry left Remus's room and made his way to Dumbledore's office. He wanted to know if he's going to Hogwarts

this year. On his way to Dumbledore's office, Harry stopped at his room and dropped his pensieve off.

"...Gumdrop... Cauldron Cakes...ummm... Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans... Canary Creams... Sugar Quills...ahhh...Chocolate frogs...Ice Mice... Pastries...Milky Way...Oh, for Merlin sake, what is it?" Harry yelled in frustration. "Don't tell me Dumbledore stopped using foods and sweets as his passwords?"

After a few more guesses Harry finally found the password. It was M&M's. Where Dumbledore learned of M&M's, Harry has no idea.

He walked up with stairs, not feeling it necessary to rush. He just wanted to know if he'll be going to Hogwarts and he wanted to know if Dumbledore is any closer to finding how to get him home.

Harry was about to knock on the door when he heard someone yelling from inside. He pushed his ear against the door.

"...VOLDEMORT TO GET BACK! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!" Harry heard James yell. Dumbledore said something, but Harry couldn't hear what.

"WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME THIS? SHOULDN'T YOU BE TELLING HARRY THIS?..." James said something else, but Harry couldn't hear the words to clearly.

To hear better, Harry slowly turned the doorknob and pushed the door open just a crack.

"...his father, nevertheless." Dumbledore was saying. "I'm going to make it your duty to tell him."

"WHAT? Albus, I am not his father." James said fiercely. "It's not my duty to baby-sit." Harry finched.

"For one thing, James, I'm not asking you to baby-sit. Secondly, weather you like it or not, he is you son is one way or another."

"Albus..." James growled.

"James, I know as much as you do that if you had died and your son lived and if your son went to another world then you would want that James Potter to take care of him, would you not?"

James said nothing.

"Beside, I think Harry is doing you three some good." Albus continued to say.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's been a while since I heard those nicknames you three used to call yourselves. I always found those names amusing."

Harry heard James sigh. "Fine, I'll tell him."

Taking that as a warning that James was leaving, Harry quickly, but quietly closed the door and took a step back.

When James didn't come out, Harry decided to just knock on the door. He really couldn't stand out there forever.

Knock. Knock.

James was startled at the sudden knock on the door. He had been deep in thought, thinking of the best way to approach and tell Harry what he needed and wanted to know.

"Come in." Albus said.

The door opened and the person that kept hunting James walked in. He nearly groaned.

"Hello, sirs." Harry said quietly. He shifted uncomfortably at the stares he was getting.

"Hello, young Mr. Potter. What may I help you with today?" Albus asked Harry with a smile.

"Well, sir..." Harry glanced at James before looking back at the Headmaster. "...I was just wondering if I'll be going to school here or if I'm going to be home schooled at the Headquarters or something.

Just continue my training or go to school and secretly continue my training. Or not continue my training at all." He babbled on.

Albus held up a hand to stop Harry's chatter, no matter how much it seems to amuse him and James. Harry immediately snapped his mouth shut. "Sorry, sir." He said sheepishly.

"It's alright, Mr. Potter." Albus said with a smile. "To answer your question, I do believe that no student should go without a good education. And since your father..." James glared at Albus, still in denial over his parental role. "...works here as the DADA professor, I think it would be wonderful if you come to Hogwarts this year. You're still able to train. I'll leave that to James to get a workable schedule. Until then, Mr. Potter, I do believe you should go get some more sleep. Everyone had a rough day yesterday." Albus said.

Harry suddenly realized that he was tired and excused himself from the room. Once the door closed behind him, Albus gave James a stern get-to-it look. James groaned, but got up and left the room reluctantly.

He rushed down the stairs to catch up with Harry. Reaching the bottom, James quickly saw Harry walking down the hall. "Harry!" He yelled as he jogged towards him.

Harry stopped and turned at the sound of his father's voice calling him. He waited until James was standing in front of him before asking, "Yes, sir?"

James shifted uncomfortably. "Come with me. There's something I need to tell you." He started walking down the hallway. Harry quickly followed him.

"Where are we going, sir?" Harry asked when they walked passed the doors to the Great Hall.

"A relaxing atmosphere. You're going to need it."

Nothing else was said until they reached the secret door to the kitchens. James tickled the pear and the door opened.

"Master of Messy Hair, Master of Messy Hair, Master of Messy Hair." The house-elves said as a greeting to James.

James cringed the title. Harry held back his chuckle, but his eyes sparkled in humor. He looked at James, the question showing in his eyes.

"Sirius's idea. Third Year. Not funny." James said. "Couldn't get the house-elves to use my real name." He said at the table patted at the seat next to him. "Sit Harry. We have much to talk about." Harry took the seat next to him as James turn towards one of the house-elves. "Something small to eat would be nice. Thank you." He turned back to Harry.

"Sir?" Harry asked quietly. Two big size meals appeared on the table in front of them.

"You may call me James, Harry." He said looking down at the table.

Harry tried not to show how much that shocked him by taking a drink of his pumpkin juice.

"Harry, Albus told me about Godrick Hamason and what he told you about why you are here and how you got here. He just told me how you'd be able to get back to your world." James took a deep breath.

Harry perked up. "Really? How?"

"It's not easy or something you'll want to do. Let me tell how Godrick Hamason got back to his world."

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Review Please...I Love Reviews...

Chapter 20

"Godrick Hamason is best know for the idea of a school for children to learn magic. He lived before the Four Founders built Hogwarts, where there were no schools to teach children to control their magic." James started to explain in a teacher tone. "When he arrived in the different dimension he popped up in the parlor where his counterpart died some years earlier. Living in that manor was a couple with a young son. All magical and all had tutors to help control their magic. Are you with me so far, Harry?" James asked.

Harry put down his cup and nodded. He looked highly interested in what James was saying. To him, this was so much better then History of Magic with Professor Binns.

James took a sip of water before continuing. "Living in this world he learned the problems of young ones learning magic. He learned how this young boy's friend was burned at the stake for witchcraft, how the wife's mother was drowned for witchcraft, how the husband's brother was tarred and feathered for witchcraft and later died from too much tar getting into his lungs. There were many stories that the family went through, many harsh stories, but I'm not going to name them all." James said. "Anywho, Hamason wanted to help. He locked himself in the spare bedroom and started drawing up the plans for a school that teaches magic. In his journal he said that he knew he'd never be able to put this plan into action, but he hoped to give it to the young son for the boy already started showing signs of leadership and knowledge."

"How old was the boy? Who was he?" Harry interrupted.

"I'll tell you who he was later. As for his age I do believe Albus said he was around five to seven." James answered. "Now on with the history lesson. Hamason finally finished his lesson plans a few months after. He gave it to the boy. When he did he left in a flash of light."

"What! That doesn't tell me how to get back?" Harry yelled.

"Hush, Harry!" James scowled. "I'm not done. That's not the end of the story." He said more quietly, but sternly.

Harry looked down at the table, ashamed. "Sorry, sir." He said sheepishly.

James started at him a bit longer; making sure Harry wasn't going to say anything else, before continuing. "When he gained conciseness, he was in an open field surrounded by a forest and a big lake. He had decided that that place was the perfect place to put the school.

"When he finally got back to civilization, he realized that time had passed by. With that in mind he began to redo his plans for the school, excluding the location he found."

"Why didn't he put the location down in the new notes?" Harry interrupted again.

"Well, according to his journal he felt that since he didn't put the 'perfect' location down in his old notes, he wouldn't put them in his new notes."

"Oh. I guess that makes sense." Harry said, not really looking like it made sense to him.

James lips perked up into a half smile. "He was more than half way done with the notes when he ran into a familiar couple in the market one day."

"It was the couple he stayed with in the other world, wasn't it?" Harry asked almost eagerly.

The interruptions and Harry's eagerness made James feel like he was telling a bedtime story. It made him chuckle. "I'm not telling you a bedtime story, Harry."

Harry's cheeks flashed a light red color and he looked down at the food on his plate in embarrassment. "Might as well. I mean, Dumbledore did tell me to go get some more sleep."

James laughed. "Do you want to take this to your room? I'll tuck you in and finish the rest of the story until you fall asleep." He said jokingly.

Never remembering being tucked into bed, Harry was half tempted to tell him he wanted that. That he wouldn't mind if James did just

that. But knowing that this was a rare moment where James Potter is laughing and joking with him. Harry didn't want to remind him that he was his dead son from another dimension. So, putting on a fake smile Harry shook his head. "No. You can finish it here. I don't want to feel too much like a child."

James smile faded into a sad smile. It's been so long since he tucked in his own little boy. He remembers the last time doing it. It was the night before the attack. He read Harry's favorite story of all time, Brown Bear, Brown Bear What Do You See? Harry's favorite book. Harry was making the animal sounds that night and fell asleep by the time he gotten to the teacher part.

"Are you going to finish the story, sir?" Harry asked.

James shook himself out of his thoughts and nodded. "You can call me James, Harry." When Harry didn't say anything James continued. "Now, where was I?"

"Finding the couple at the market." Harry answered.

"Oh, right. Hamason saw the familiar couple in the market. With them was the same boy he gave his other journal to. I guess he figured he should give his new notes to him since he gave them to him in the other world.

"When he was finally done with the rewrites of the plans, Hamason went to the market everyday until he saw the couple again with their son. He slipped the notebook into the boy's cloak when the boy took it off to get measured for a new cloak. That was the last he saw of the boy and his plans. He moved back to his small magical community and died soon after or at last stopped writing in his journal."

"Who was the boy?" Harry asked instead of asking how this was going to help him get home.

"Well, Harry, the boy obviously found the journal and used it to the best of his knowledge. He and three of his friends found the 'perfect' spot for the school and built one."

"So it's got to be either Gryffindor or Slytherin, right, sir?" Harry asked.

James ignored him. Instead gave him more clues. "And with his background on muggles, he developed a bitterness towards them. They killed a lot of people close to him in the past."

"Salazar Slytherin?" Harry asked in disbelief.

James nodded his head. "Now, Harry..." James said turning his body towards Harry a little bit more. "...tell me what would have happened in that world if Hamason didn't go there?"

"Hogwarts would have never been built." Harry answered trying to figure out where this is going.

James nodded his head. "I wouldn't say never, but you get the jest of it. If Hamason never went to that world, he would have never made the plans to build our Hogwarts. He lived in a magical community where everyone is treated as equals. He didn't know the harshness of the muggles. Him going there started a train reaction. He went to that world and came back with an idea on how to start a school. Going to that world and accomplishing what needed to be accomplished helped him when he came back. Do you see what I'm saying here, Harry?" James asked hoping he didn't have to tell him what he had to do to get back to his word.

Harry shift uncomfortably in his seat and watched as a house-elf did the dishes. He looked back at James. "Not really. Well, I do, but I don't see how this pertains to me." Harry lied. He just wanted to make sure he wasn't thinking to quickly. He's been known to do that too often and this wasn't a time to do that.

James sighed. If he knew him better, he might have seen the lie, but he didn't. "This is Albus's theory. Your counterpart..." James paused. Something got caught in his throat and he could feel his sorrowful heart skip a beat. This is going to be harder then he thought. "...your counterpart died here, but the prophecy still exist." He paused again. "You have to kill Voldemort to get home." James said bluntly and quickly. He stood up quickly and started to pace. "It's just Albus's theory, but...but it makes sense." He stopped pacing and faced away from Harry, not wanting him to see how emotional he is feeling.

Harry stared at the table top in shock. He had to kill Voldemort in order to get back home? Only to kill him again once he is back?

Remus looked down at the book in his hand. "Little Brown Cub by Lulu Lang. That goes in the L's and in the children section." He murmured to himself. "How in Hogwarts did that get over here in the A's and in the young adult section?" He asked sounding astonished. When he came to work today he found the bookshelves back in place and the books back on the shelves. Apparently, the Aurors did a lousy job in putting the books on the right shelves. Remus shook his head. "Those Aurors need to go back to school and learn their alphabets."

The bell over the door rang, signaling that someone had walked in. "Auntie, why did I feel a tinkle in the doorway?" Remus heard a childish voice ask. The child must be magical in order to feel the wards around the bookstore. It's a temporary ward, until they could send someone to make it stronger. Anyone that had a tint of magic in them would feel the wards.

"I don't know, Elise. I didn't feel anything." Sally Harsh answered her niece.

Remus walked towards the entrance where Sally Harsh was holding the hand of a little brown curly haired girl. The girl must have been six to eight years old. "Good morning, Mrs. Harsh." Remus said, smiling.

"Mr. Lupin." She said smiling at him and nervously pushing her white hair behind her ears. A habit Remus noticed she did a lot around him. "This is my brother's daughter, Elise." She introduced. "She wanted to pick out a book to read."

Elise looked offended. "I did not..."

"Elise." Mrs. Harsh said sharply before giving a nervous chuckle.

Remus ignored the exchanged and knelt down in front of Elise. He held the book out to her. "I was going to return it to where it belongs, but if you want to take a look at it..." He let his sentence drop as he held the book closer to her.

She looked shyly at the book before slowly taking it. "Maybe, I'll see if I like it since I'm already here." She tried to say maturely. She

marched over to one of the red overstuffed chair by the window and opened the book.

Remus smiled at her before standing back up. "Mrs. Harsh, your book you must have order came in today."

"It's about time. I ordered that a month ago. My nephew has been wondering what happened to it."

Remus just smiled and went behind the cash register. He bent down to grab the wrapped book from the bottom shelf. He walked back over to her and gave it to her.

"Thanks, Mr. Lupin." She said opening the package. She opened the book out. Remus paled at the title and just stared at the cover, shell-shocked.

"The Werewolf Book by Brad Steiger?" He asked nervously.

Mrs. Harsh grimaced, but nodded. "Yes, Elise's brother has been interested in mythical creatures since he started going to some boarding school last year. Asked me to order this for him."

Remus shifted nervously and glanced over at Elise. She seemed to be eyeing him from over the top of her book. Her suspicious look made him even more uncomfortable. He quickly turned his attention back to Mrs. Harsh. "Well, you can tell him he won't find much in that book."

She looked curiously at him. "How do you mean?"

"The book, though interesting, is not really reliable. The author has a mad habit of getting off subject completely. He talks about sex crimes, serial killers, UFO's, and the yeti just to name a few. And the illustrations draws the attention away from shortcomings in the text." Remus explained.

Suddenly the door opened again and, to Remus's surprise, Sirius Black walked in. "Hey, Mate."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Harsh." Remus said walking towards Sirius. "Sirius, I thought you were at work."

"I am. I was sent to protect you just in case more Death Eaters attack." He said grinning.

Remus rolled his eyes. "Why do I not believe you?" He murmured to himself. "Sirius, why in Hogwarts would the Ministry care rather or not a werewolf dies?"

"Fine, so it took a little persuasion on my part, but, hey, I was getting bored talking to no one but my dear little cousin, Tonks. Then she got called anyway. I had to get out of the office." Sirius complained, sounding like a young child.

"Fine, you're allowed to stay. Just stay over there with the other seven year old." Remus said pointing over to where Elise was watching them.

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Will do." He said hoping over to where Elise was. "Oh, Remus, don't forget to ask her for her floo number." He sang loudly.

Remus blushed and avoided Mrs. Harsh's eyes. "Phone number, Sirius." He corrected.

"What?" Sirius stopped halfway to Elise to look back at Remus with his eyes full of confusion.

"Phone number." At Sirius's blank stare, Remus groaned. "It's phone number. You said floo number." Sirius stared blankly at him. "Phone number is the..." He glanced at Mrs. Harsh quickly before continuing. "...muggle terminology." He said quickly.

"Oh." Sirius said smiling before putting a frown on his face. "What's a phone?"

Remus made a growling sound. "Ask Elise." He snapped.

"Who?"

"The girl." He growled.

"Alright, alright. Don't go all Voldemort on me now." Sirius said raising his hands in surrender.

Remus stared at him like he was crazy. "What?"

"You know, Voldemort. Grumpy." Sirius said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

Remus just shook his head and rolled his eyes before turning back to Mrs. Harsh to apologize. "I'm sorry about that."

"You have...interesting friends, Mr. Lupin." She said glancing over at Sirius.

"Yeah. You learn to love them." Remus said looking over at Sirius as well. He was kneeling in front of the chair where Elise was sitting, talking about unicorns. Sirius was trying to convince her that they are real. Finally she just said, "I'll just ask my brother."

"Do you know a better book to get for my nephew?"

Remus snapped back into attention. "What?" He asked turning back to Mrs. Harsh.

She held up the book. "You said this wasn't reliable. I was wondering if you knew a better book."

"Oh." Remus knew of a book that would let her nephew know the hardships of werewolf life. It is a journal of a werewolf. He wrote and published it hoping the harshness and rudeness towards werewolves would stop, but of course it didn't. Voldemort came around and the harshness and rudeness turned even more ugly than it was before. Remus even wrote in the margins of his own copy of things that changed since the book was published. But to give that book to muggle to give to her nephew...? Should he risk that?

Remus looked over at Elise.

"My brother goes to that same school, Mr. Black! I didn't know you went there too! Do you have a...wand, too?" She asked Sirius, quietly, so that her aunt doesn't hear her. The girl seems to know about magic. Her brother goes to Hogwarts after all. Maybe he could entrust her with the book.

"Yes, I have the prefect book for him." Remus finally answered turning back towards Mrs. Harsh. "I'll go get it." He went in the back of the cash register stand and came back with a book in hand. He paused, not giving it to her. He suddenly smiled. "Here, let me wrap this." Before she could protest, he was going through the shelves behind the cash register stand, looking for something to wrap the book in.

He faintly heard Sirius and Elise talking about something, then silence, whispers, and loud out of control laughter. He glanced behind, looking suspiciously at the pair. He saw Mrs. Harsh staring intensely at the floor with her cheeks a bright red color. Shaking his head in confusion, Remus turned back to his task.

Neither of them saw the figure sitting in a coffee shop across the street watching their every move. The figure watched with sickening interests when the muggle woman was checking the werewolf's behind while his back was turned. He gave an evil grin when he saw the werewolf give the wrapped book to the muggle woman. It wasn't long before the muggle woman and the little girl left the store.

The man smiled. "Perfect." He whispered to himself. He left the shop and started following the pair down the street.

Harry walked towards the Quidditch Pitch. He needed time to think. He quickly left the kitchen without another word or glance at James. Outside of Hogwarts felt different than his worlds. It was dull. There wasn't as much magic in the air. Harry couldn't feel Hogwarts magic as strongly. He shook his head. No need to think of that now, he has worst things to think about.

He stood in the middle of the pitch wishing he had his firebolt with him. The firebolt that Sirius gave him for his birthday was still at the Headquarters. The school brooms aren't really that great, but Harry really needs to fly. Flying helps.

The shed to the school brooms were magically locked. Not even an Alohomora would open it. Sighing deeply, Harry started walking towards Hagrid's hut. Harry stopped half way there, remembering Hagrid didn't know him.

So, instead, Harry headed for the lake, more sadden then he was before. He sat on the ground leaning against the Golden Trio's tree. This was his friend's spot. They always hang out here looking among the lake as Harry is doing now.

'I'll never get home,' was Harry's first thought. He'll never able to kill Voldemort. Much less kill him twice.

Why him? Why is it always him? Stupid prophesy. Stupid life. Harry groaned. This was not helping. He sighed and stood back up and headed back to his room.

Maybe staying won't be so bad. Harry started to think as he entered Hogwarts. 'I mean my father is alive here. Sirius is too and he's a free man.'...but what about your friends? A voice seemed to ask him inside his mind. Harry didn't think he was ready to see people he knew and talked to in his world, but them not knowing him. It would just be too awkward. Its been awkward with just Dumbledore, Sirius, Remus and other people in the Order.

Harry sighed sadly. There was no win-win situation. Why can't he have both? Harry quickly shook his head. He shouldn't be selfish. Surprising enough, there are people who have it worst then him. He shouldn't be selfish.

"Don't be selfish, Freak! It does you no good... You should be serving not taking... Everyone is more important then you! You should think of them and not yourself, you freaky boy!" It was the one lesson that his Uncle had to keep reminding him of when he wanted more water, more food or more time out of the cupboard. It's been installed into his mind since as far back as he could remember and he had a feeling that it would stay there until the day he dies. Always think of others before yourself. That is what he was taught. And Snape wonders why he has a hero complex. Blame his uncle.

James watched from a distance as his alternant son walked back into the castle, seemingly lost in his thoughts. James had almost followed him to the Quidditch Pitch, but decided that Harry could use sometime to himself. But James still kept an eye on him. Its not safe walking unsupervised on the school grounds. Voldemort had gotten that far in his attacks before.

He had watched as Harry started making his way down towards Hagrid's hut. James looked at him confusingly. He didn't think Harry ever met Hagrid. Just then Harry suddenly turned towards the lake.

He knew him in his world. James had suddenly realized how hard it must be for Harry. James knows how he feels. He feels the same way with Harry. He known his baby boy for 15 months and then he was taken away from him to be replaced with this kid.

Harry stood up a few minutes later and started heading back to the castle, much to James's relief. It truly was much safer inside.

James started walking in the other direction when the door of Hogwarts slammed opened again. He stared in puzzlement as Remus ran straight down the corridor, without saying anything to him or Harry, who had turned to see what was up.

Sirius was right behind him and would have kept going if James didn't stop him. "Sirius, what is going on?" James asked grabbing hold to Sirius's arms to stop him.

Sirius looked seriously at him. "I have no idea. We were in the bookstore when this gray owl came in with a letter for Remus. He read it and, in a mad rush, he closed the store and came here. He looked scared, James. Scared and worried." Sirius said concernedly. "Whatever was in that letter scared him."

Sorry, about the long wait...my muse seemed to have disappeared for a while...if you want you can give me ideas and comments when you review...

Chapter 21

It's been a few days since Remus had come barging into Hogwarts and Harry still doesn't know why. What ever it was though it had James, Remus, and Sirius gone at odd hours of the day. Sometimes, Harry won't see Remus for a few days. With work and doing what ever he is doing, he doesn't seem to be at Hogwarts at all. James would leave whenever Remus was at work and sometimes would be gone until late. Harry never sees Sirius anymore.

On the other note, Snape has reported that Voldemort doesn't know where the Headquarters are. Apparently, he wasn't looking through Bill's eyes then or he couldn't hear the location cause it didn't come through Albus Dumbledore's mouth. Which ever it was, everyone was grateful. They would be moving back to Headquarters soon.

Dumbledore, Snape, Tonks, McGonagall, and Moody took over his lessons now. Since the other three are busy. McGonagall is continuing James's animagus lessons and Tonks took over Remus's and Sirius's lessons. Dumbledore would come in once and a while.

A week after the day they left Headquarters, they were allowed back in. Harry put James' picture back on the nightstand and quietly went back to his room.

An Order meeting is going on downstairs and, for the first time since Harry has been here, he wasn't allowed to attend the meeting. Something that frustrates him to no end. Here he is bored out of his mind and stuck upstairs.

A knock on the door broke Harry out of his bored thoughts. Still lying on the bed Harry shouted, "Come in."

The door opened and Neville came in. "Hey, Harry."

Harry lifted his head from the bed and smiled at the boy. "Hi, Neville. Come join the room of boredom and despair." He said before flopping his head back on the bed.

Neville laughed and walked into the room, closing the door behind him. "I just thought you wanted to play that muggle game you promised me a while back."

Harry propped himself on his elbows. "Which one? UNO or checkers?" He asked.

Neville shrugged his shoulders. "Which one is more fun?"

Harry thought. "Checkers." Harry took the time to study Neville. There weren't much different then this Neville and the one he knew, but there were one, maybe two, differences that caught Harry's attention. Though this Neville is nervous around adults, he isn't as nervous as the Neville from his world. This Neville had more confidence around other children, just not around adults. While his Neville was a nervous wrack around anyone.

Another thing Harry noticed was his weight. This Neville wasn't as pumped as the Neville he knows. And this Neville is much worst at muggle games.

Neville led the way to the library and Harry followed, wishing he had Fred and Georges extendable ears with him.

"Nothing. None of the suspected Death Eaters led me to anything." Remus said with a defeated sound in his voice. The report was the same from James and Sirius. They had no clue where the Death Eater took Mrs. Sally Harsh and her seven-year-old niece. Or whom that said Death Eater was.

Dumbledore sighed, disappointedly. "Severus, were you able to find out who took Mrs. Harsh and her niece?"

Severus Snape shook his head. "No, no one is saying anything of the kidnapping."

"Why are they keeping it tight lipped when they know that we know about it? I mean, they sent the letter to Remus saying they had them." Sirius pointed out.

"I don't know. Maybe he's afraid of too much information would leak if he makes it public knowledge." Remus guessed out loud.

"I want you guys to continue what your doing. And Severus keep an eye out. Now lets move on to other business."

"Albus, what are we going to do about Bill?" Arthur asked.

Albus sighed. "We first have to know what they did."

"We know what they did. We need to know what it is though." Sirius said. "And how to get rid of it before Bill gets too suspicious. It's not best to anger him, I can imagine."

"Where is Bill currently at?" Albus asked.

"He's with his mother and younger siblings at St. Mungo's." Arthur answered. "Speaking of the younger siblings, how is Aurora? Is she alright?"

Albus nodded. "She is currently awake, but doesn't seem to be talking to anyone." Arthur nodded.

"I'll visit later today."

"Crazy eight. How did we manage to go from checkers to crazy eights, anyway?" Neville asked looking at his six of hearts card.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. They were both lying on the floor of the library in front of the fire, the checkers game was laid out next to them and in between them were a pile of discard cards from their current game of crazy eight. "Do you know what's going on?" Harry asked indicating the Order meeting going on downstairs.

Neville shook his head. "Something about someone. I overheard my parents talking about them looking for someone."

"I wonder who?" Harry mused as he placed a six of spades down on the pile.

The door suddenly opened and Remus, James, and Sirius came in looking completely wiped out. It was the first time in weeks Harry saw them all together at once. Remus flopped onto the couch with James next to him and Sirius next to James. James leaned his head back and closed his eyes and Sirius stared past the boys and into the fire in the fireplace. Remus stared at the game they were playing. "What are you two playing?" He asked, not recognizing the game.

"Crazy eights." Harry answered. "A boy taught it to me back in first grade." He said remembering the new boy talking him on the new boy's first day of school.

"Tell me about this boy. Was he your friend?" Remus asked wanting to forget about the disappointing meeting they just had.

Harry watch Neville put a four of hearts down and call crazy eights. "Friend? Not really. I mean, he talked to me his first day at school, but that was the last time we talked. He was new to the school so he didn't know the rules." Remus raised an eyebrow. "He taught this game to me during recesses. It was fun and I liked it, but after he stopped talking to me, I had no one else to play it with. So, I played by myself in my cupbo...room with an old deck of cards." Real old. All the cards weren't there and the corners were torn, the edges rippled. It was Dudley's old deck. He had gotten it when he was four and threw them out when he was four and a half.

"Why did he stop talking to you?" Remus asked feeling a bit concern at what he was hearing. The sentence 'I had no one else to play it with' caused most of the concern.

Harry shrugged, unconcern. "Dudley and his group of followers told him the rules of being going to school alive and uninjured." The rules were simple ignore one Harry Potter or beat one Harry Potter up. Don't talk to one Harry Potter unless it's an insult and don't help the said Harry Potter.

James lifted his head from the couch and opened his eyes. "Dudley? Why does that name sound familiar?"

Harry flinched when he realized he slipped. He didn't want anyone here to find out he lived with the Dursleys. The less people who knew the better.

"I don't know about you, Mate, but I sure don't know any Dudley's." Sirius said finally looking away from the fire.

James didn't respond. He was deep in thought. The name sounds really familiar, but he can't think where he knows it from. "Who's Dudley?" James finally asked.

Harry looked down at the game, refusing to meet anyone's eyes. He shrugged his shoulders. "Just a bully, a spoiled bully who always gets his way with his no good, neat-freaked parents. They're a rude, selfish, neat-freaked, want-to-be-normal-but-not type of family. They hate anything non-normal, like magic."

The family Harry described sounded oddly familiar too. James just couldn't think of who the family was though.

"I'm guessing the family knows about magic?" Sirius asked.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I think..." he lied. "...but I don't really know. I do believe Dudley's aunt was a muggleborn witch."

"Who is this family? Is it possible that I know them?" James asked. "Wait" James said as a thought came to him. "What are you doing in a muggle school?"

Harry looked down at the cards in his hands, refusing to look them in the eye. He looked up at Neville, who hasn't said anything since the three adults walked in. "Well, I think the game is over and it's getting late. I think I'll be going to bed."

Harry stood to get up, but James stopped him. He moved forward onto the couch and stared sternly at Harry. "Who, exactly, is your guardian? Something tells me it isn't Sirius." He asked.

Remus lend over to Sirius. "Do you think we should leave?" He whispered.

"And miss James being a daddy? No way. Plus, I'm eager to hear the answer as well." Sirius whispered back.

Remus rolled his eyes and grabbed onto Sirius's arm. "Come on. James will tell us when he's ready."

Sirius groaned, but got up anyways. Remus took Neville by the shoulder and led them out of the room. The door closed and James and Harry were alone.

Harry watched them leave, but James didn't seem to notice. He stared at Harry waiting for the answer. Harry didn't say anything. He

stood frozen. He really didn't want anyone to find out where he lived over summer holidays. "I'm waiting, Harry."

"Why do you care? It doesn't matter. You can't do anything to change it anyways." Harry said bitterly. "And trust me, sir, I have tried to change my living arrangements with Dumbledore a few times." Not completely a lie, but not really a truth either. He begged to stay at Hogwarts for the summer, if that counts as trying to change his living arrangements.

"Harry, I would like to know why." James said ignoring Harry's question. He was right James couldn't do anything about it. They live in two separate worlds. Really, why should he care? What good would the information do him? What good would it do to Harry? Why does he want the information? James shook his head and stood up. "You know what? Fine. You don't have to tell me. You're right. Telling me won't change anything. I can't do anything to change it. We live in two separate worlds. I am not your father. You are not my son. You don't have to say anything and I have no right demanding it from you."

Harry looked stunned. He thought James would push him to revealing who his guardians are. To be shot down like this was a blow. Harry had to fight the urge to tell James, just for spit. Instead of giving into his urge, Harry nodded. "See. No point in me telling. It doesn't matter."

Still standing, James asked, "Just answer me this, Harry. Do your guardians abuse you?"

The question caught Harry off guard for a second and it took him a minute to answer. "No. I wasn't abused." Others had it worst than him. He wouldn't call it abused. Out of what he read in the school library, abuse is more extreme than what the Dursleys did to him. Though he could just hear Hermione saying it was still abuse. He mentally shook her voice out of his head. "Even if I was being abused, it wouldn't matter. You or anyone else here can't stop it." He probably should not have said that. It would make James think he was being abused. Harry felt like hitting himself.

And James did suspect it, but once again Harry was right. There was nothing he can do to stop it. Best to let Harry believe James

believed him. He nodded his head. "Good." He walked out of the room fully aware of Harry's eyes on him.

Sirius waited impatiently for James to finish his fourth bottle of firewhiskey. It was near midnight now and Remus had gone off to follow his assigned Death Eater. Apparently, Remus overheard Mr. Grazer, his assigned Death Eater, talk about going to some club tonight. Remus hoped this 'club' would lead to where they are keeping Ms. Sally Harsh and her niece.

Sirius has been waiting for James to talk about what went on in the library with Harry. Whatever happened, it caused James to drink four full bottles of firewhiskey. Something bad must have happened. Though it really doesn't take much for James to resort to drinking firewhiskey.

James slapped the now empty bottle onto the kitchen table. "Are you going to tell me what happened now?" Sirius asked half concerned and half impatient.

"What would it matter?" James asked drunkenly. "There is nothing we can do or say that would change it. We live in two different worlds. Give me a other bottle of firewhiskey, will you?"

"No, James. I think you had one to many." Sirius said. "Now tell me what happened."

"I said it doesn't matter." James said miserably. "I don't even know solid facts, just things I picked up while talkin' to him."

"It does matter, James. Whatever Harry is going through at home...errr...his world, I mean, must be bad. While he is here we can show him that even though we can't do anything to help him get out of it, and maybe we could, we are here to help him get through it. Maybe offer some advice or tips or whatever. So, tell me what is the big problem that is making you drink more then enough bottles of firewhiskey." Sirius asked once again.

"I didn't catch anything you said, but I think you were trying to be like Remus." James observed.

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Just answer the question."

"I think he is being abused at his current residence in his world." James said bluntly. "And I think the family he described is his guardians, which means they are the ones that abuse him."

Sirius stared shell-shocked at him. "Abused?" He asked slowly. "Why would his Sirius and Remus let that happened? Who do you think is the family? Dumbledore wouldn't have put Harry in a random family."

"I don't know. I know Dumbledore wouldn't have put him into a random family. Which makes me believe I'm supposed to know them some how." James placed his head in his hands and groaned at his sudden headache.

Sirius ignored him. "What family do you know that has a Dudley, which are neat-freaked, hate 'non-normal' things including magic...umm...that the mother of the family has a sister that's muggleborn...ummm..."

James lifted his head suddenly as a thought passed by him. "What was that last thing you said?" He asked.

Sirius stared at him. "Don't you remember Harry saying Dudley's mother has a sister that might be muggleborn?"

James stared at him in horror. "Lily had a sister who married and had a son. She hated magic and was the most neat-freaked person I have ever met."

Sirius eyes lit up with recognition. "Oh, yeah, I remember. She was at your wedding. Left before the cake was cut if I remember. She had a little babe with her. You don't think Harry lives with her do you? You think she'll really let harm come to her only nephew. From what I remember Lily saying, she and her sister were really close before Lily came to Hogwarts. Lily's sister was just jealousy. Do you really think that carried on to Harry?"

James sighed and nodded, keeping his eye on the empty bottle in front of him. "I never told you what happened when Lily and I went to visit her three weeks after Harry was born."

Sirius took the empty bottle of firewhiskey away from James and set it aside. "I didn't even know you two went to her house. Merlin, I

can't even think of her name. It was some sort of flower, I remember."

James nodded. "I do believe it was Petunia something or other. I can't remember her married name. Anyway, Lily wanted to show Petunia her nephew. She thought that her sister had a right to. Lily still wanted her sister in her life." James paused. He stared off into space, remembering the encounter. "They didn't want us in the house. Lily begged Petunia to listen to her and asked her if she wanted to hold Harry. Petunia refused quite rudely. Her husband, he..." James paused in anger, the memory, though years old, was still fresh in his mind. "...he hit her. He hit Lily. Lily was holding Harry, who was barely three weeks old. Lily almost dropped him and he began crying. Neither Petunia nor her husband did anything, they just yelled at us to get out of their sights and, I quote, 'Take the crying freak with you'. They slammed the door on our faces. If Harry lives there with him, I wouldn't be surprised if he was abused."

Sirius started at him in shock. "James, why didn't you tell me about this? I would have gladly gone over to Petunia's home and teach that man a lesson."

James nodded. "I know. That's why I didn't tell you. Lily was so heartbroken over it and I knew if we did something to them she would just be more upset. I just wanted to put it behind us. We both did."

Sirius nodded his understanding before a grin slowly formed on his face. "We can do it now."

"What?"

"If they abused Harry then that's a good reason in my books to prank them as bad as our pranks in fifth year." Sirius said with a glint in his eye.

James didn't say anything for a while. "I'm not into pranks anymore, Sirius."

Sirius rolled his eyes. "I know. That is why I suggested it. We use to do so many good pranks, Mate. It kept us alive and doing something in school. What's the harm in pulling a few Severus Snape worthy pranks on Petunia's family?"

"Those pranks we did on Snape were pretty mean." James pointed out unnecessarily.

Sirius nodded. "That's why they would be grate for Petunia's family."

James shook his head. "No, Sirius I don't think we should. I'm not going to do it."

"I can't believe I'm doing this." James whispered to his best mates as the three of them snuck quietly down Privet Drive. It was about two in the morning. The August air breezed past them. Bringing with it the smell of summer flowers.

James doesn't know how Sirius pushed him into doing this, but he did. He had waited for Remus to get home and both of them ganged up on him.

"Which one is her house?" Sirius asked.

James looked down at the houses on each side of the street. They all looked the same. How did Harry stand it? If James lived here he would soon be going to Azkaban for destruction of property. "How am I supposed to remember which one is her house?"

Both Sirius and Remus gave him a look. After what happened between Petunia's family and his, they both knew he would engrave the address into his memory for future references. Which he did on that day. He sighed. Sometimes he hates the fact his friends know him to well. "Number Four." He answered.

"Two, Three, ah Number Four!" Sirius said as he pointed to a light blue house facing east.

With the darkness covering them, they sneaked towards Little Whinging, Surrey Number Four Privet Drive.

"What destruction should we start out first?" Sirius asked eagerly.

"I think we should start inside and work our way out." James said.

"I think someone should do outside, someone does the first floor, and someone does the second floor." Remus said.

"I'll take second floor!" Sirius said excitedly. He wanted to be the one to curse the bedrooms.

Remus rolled his eyes. "I'll take outside." He said knowing that out of the three, he can be the sneakiest. Best be outside if he's the sneakiest. Though, being the sneakiest it would have been better to do the second floor where the three sleeping people are, but Sirius had already called that out and Remus didn't really want to go inside the house.

James sighed. "I guess I'll take the first floor."

When they reached the house they separated. Remus went around back to the backyard as the other two broke into the house. Sirius went up the stairs and James walked through the first floor.

The house was neat, too neat. It was orderly and organized. James couldn't help but grin when he thought of the prefect revenge.

Meanwhile, Sirius was having the time of his life, placing this prank in the room and that prank in that room. He almost gagged when he saw the "man" of the house. The man was huge...so, huge he was almost not a man, but a pig or something otherworldly. Sirius had fun trying to find a prank to freak him out. He grinned when an idea hit him.

Remus stared at the backyard, the neatly trimmed, neatly cut backyard. Flowers were in perfect order the grass looks like it never been stepped on it was so green and...well, prefect. Almost sickening. It didn't take him long to think up a prefect prank for their neatly, ordered backyard.

Once his job in the backyard was done, Remus turned to the house itself. 'The light blue house needs a bit more color.' He thought to himself.

By dawn, the three of them went under the disillusionment charm to watch the show. They waited outside by the window looking into the living room, which was dirty beyond relief. Mud was on the ground, on the ceiling, and the furniture's. The furniture was ripped and torn. The easy chair was stuck to the ceiling; the couch was balancing on top of a broken TV. The bookshelf was up side down up on the wall.

The once hard wooden floor now had neon pink carpet. The pictures that had hung on the wall was now on the ceiling and each person in the picture had marker drawn faces on it. And this was only the living room. James had made sure to do the kitchen and hallway like this as well, with the kitchen table on the ceiling and the flower vase broken pieces scattered on the walls of the hallway.

Sirius sighed in mock sadness. "I wish we can see their reaction to what I did upstairs. Waking up to see your handsome husband having pink skin, a pig nose and pointy pig ears would be quite funny to watch." Sirius said. Remus rolled his eyes but still let out a chuckle. James though just smiled at his friend's childish prank, not that his was any less childish.

It was long before they heard the screaming and stomping coming from upstairs. Sirius sighed again. "This would take a while." He said. "All three of them are going to have a tough time trying to find the stairs. I placed a maze of some sort up there." He answered the questioning looks his two friends gave him.

A crash from downstairs woke Harry up around three thirty in the morning. He crept out of bed and took his wand as he walked towards the bedroom door. As soon as he opened the door, he can hear laughter coming from downstairs. He lowered his wand, realizing whoever it was; they aren't a threat. The bark like laughter told Harry who it was.

Curiously, Harry walked down the stairs. He found them in the living room. Sirius was cracking up on the couch. His face was red from his laughter. Even the cool, collected Remus Lupin was laughing so hard there were tears down his face. Never once, since Harry met the man, had he seen him act this way. The only person with an ounce of sanity left in him was James Potter. He sat between the laughing baboons, chuckling. He looked happy, content.

"Did you see the look on their faces?" Sirius finally managed to say over his laughter. "His face was soooooooo hilarious."

"Which guy are you talking about? The big pink guy or the small snotty boy?" Remus asked, laughing.

"Small? Moony, did you see the size of that boy?" Sirius asked.

"No, no...guys, guys." James spoke up, grabbing their attention. "I think her face was the most hilarious. Especially, when she saw the living room."

The two burst into laughing. "True, true. So, true." Sirius said. "When she saw the kitchen..."

"No, when she saw the backyard..." Remus said.

There was a pause before they all shouted, "The house itself..." They all burst into laughter.

"Oh, Moony, my old boy, that was pure genius." Sirius said.

"I know, I know...I outdid myself." Remus joked. "Did you see the look on their neighbors faces when they saw the neon rainbowed house?" He asked. The three started to laugh uncontrollably. "Merlin, Prongs, I haven't heard you laugh this hard in a long time." Remus looked up when he suddenly heard the floor creak. "Harry!"

Sirius looked up and smiled. "Harry, Garry."

Remus shook his head. "Oh, no. Sirius." He whined as James smiled brightly, taking Sirius' unsaid challenge.

"Harry, Garry, Marry." James said.

"Harry, Garry, Marry, Tarry...ahh..." Sirius shouted.

"Larry!" James shouted. "Harry, Garry, Marry, Tarry, Larry. Ha! I win!"

Sirius shook his head. "No, no. That is only five words. We need seven."

"Crap." James said as he started to think of two more words. "Sharry."

"Not a name." Sirius said, as he, too, thought of two more.

"Narry."

"Not a name." Sirius said again. He suddenly jumped. "Ha! Harry, Garry, Mary, Tarry, Larry, Carry...and, ah...Barry! I WIN!"

James shook his head. "Carry and Barry aren't names."

"But there aren't anymore names that rhyme with Harry." Sirius complained.

"Then I win. Since I got the most."

Remus tuned them out and turned to Harry. "What are you doing up so late...err...early I mean?"

Harry walked further into the room. Sparing a glance at the arguing pair. "It's hard to sleep when all I hear is laughter coming from down here." He said standing behind Remus.

Remus chuckled. "Sorry. We just got back from having some fun. Fun we haven't had in a very long, long time." He looked over at Sirius and James, who were still arguing. "They haven't played their little name game since...oh, since the day you were named. They started out with the name Jacob and they were going through the entire list of names that started with 'J'. I do believe Sirius won that one because James, in his hast to win, accidentally said 'Harry' instead of Jerry."

"Ha!" Remus and Harry jumped at the saddened noise. James smiled at Remus. "Thanks Moony." He turned back to Sirius. "Harry, Garry, Mary, Tarry, Larry, Perry, Jerry!" He shouted almost at the same time Sirius did. Though, James finished the list of names before Sirius. "I WON!" James shouted.

Sirius scowled. "Merlin, now I owe you."

James smiled. "Pay up, Padfoot, old pall."

"I don't have the money on me at the moment." Sirius said. "All I have on me are the rest of the dungbombs."

"I can take the dungbombs." James said.

Sirius looked horrified and shook his head, quickly. "No, no. I'll keep the dungbombs. You can have the money."

"Come on, Harry. Sit down. You don't want to stand all night, do you?" Remus asked as he moved over so Harry can fit on the couch.

Harry sat down next to him. It was somewhat of a tight fit, having three grown men and a teen sitting on one couch.

The rest of the night was full of carefree talking. Harry listened to many tales of the infamous Marauders and overheard much of their inside jokes. It was a nice change for Harry. Since he got here there hasn't been much carefree attitude. Especially, with James. Listening and watching them, seeing their close relationship that was taken away from Harry in his word, helped him realized just how much he missed his parents. It made him even more angry with Wormtail for taking this away from not only him, but from taking it away from these three men in front of him.

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Sorry, it took so long to update...but review please...

Chapter 22

By seven o'clock the overly tired males of the house were sitting down for a quiet breakfast. Harry, at least, was lucky enough to get some sleep last night where the other three had stayed up all night. So, being the most awake of them, Harry decided to be the one to make breakfast. Usually it was Remus making it, but Harry doesn't think he'll trust a bug-eyed Remus to do it.

After living with the Dursleys, Harry is awesome when it comes to cooking. He's been cooking since he was four and a half. His first meal he cooked was French toast, scrambled eggs, and coffee. He didn't do well at all cause it was his first. He had burnt the French toast, the scrambled eggs were runny and the coffee 'didn't taste right'. He had gotten a small beating for it. A smack in the butt, bruises on his arm, and sent to the cupboard for the rest of the day.

"I can't believe I have to go to work today. Maybe I should call in sick." Sirius moaned as he lazily ate his breakfast.

"If you call in then I'll call in." Remus said. "It's a full moon tomorrow night anyways and my body is aching." He didn't seem to have the appetite to eat anything. He stared down at his food, pushing the scrambled eggs around on his plate with his fork.

James shook his head. "No, you both should go in today. You missed too many days already this year." Sirius and Remus groaned.

Harry sat in silence. He desperately hoped today won't be another awkward day with just James and him in the house.

Two hours later, Remus and Sirius had gone to work, leaving James and Harry by themselves. Harry was sitting by himself at the kitchen table working on an assignment Moody gave him for his next lesson. James was somewhere in the house. Since Remus and Sirius had gone to work, Harry hasn't seen him.

A warm breeze came in through the open kitchen window. The smell of roses from the neighbor's yard floated into the kitchen. Suddenly, an owl came flying into the kitchen and landed on the table in front of Harry.

He took the letter and thanked the bird. "Sorry, but I don't have anything for you to eat." Harry said apologetically. The owl seemed to glare at him before lifting off into the air. With a shrug, Harry opened the letter.

Dear Mr. Harry Potter,

You are welcome at Hogwarts this year. Please, note that you would have to have an appearance change and name change. You must understand that it's still possible Voldemort doesn't know who you are and we still have to keep you a secret from the Ministry. Along with this letter is a list of objects you would need for your sixth year of Hogwarts. Please, ask James Potter to take you to Diagon Alley for your supplies. We will see you at Hogwarts September 1. The train at Kings Cross leaves at exactly eleven o'clock. Do not be late.

Deputy Headmistress M. McGonagall

Harry smiled. He was going to Hogwarts even though he was in a different world. He was going home! He then sighed heavily. 'I guess I have to find where James Potter went off to.' He thought to himself. The first place he'll look is James' room.

Harry was surprised at what he saw when he looked into James' room. The door was wide open and, looking at the sight before him, Harry is pretty sure James doesn't know it's opened.

The first thing Harry saw was the scattered photographs all over the floor. James was sitting cross-legged, his back against the bed. Harry saw a familiar box sitting open on top of the bed. It had the written words 'Old-Life' in bold letters with, 'Don't ever open again' underlined a few times below it. It was the box Harry saw when he went up there looking for the late Black's diary.

What caught Harry's attention though was not the familiar box or the scattered photos, it was the tears running down James' face. His eyes glued the photos on the floor. Now was not the time to talk to James about going to Diagon Alley. Making sure to be quiet, Harry turned around and headed to his room, forgetting all about his assignment Moody had assigned.

Why he did it? Why did he bring down the whole box? It was because of last night. He had almost forgotten how to have fun, how

to live. He brought the box down to look at all the photos, just to remember. It was sometime during last night when he realized he was starting to forget the little things about Lily. Like how she smiled every time she got something right or how her eyes narrow with flames inside them and her hair looks wild and fiery when she was angry.

He had pulled all the pictures out of the box and laid them out on the floor. He sat down, cross-legged and looked at each and every photo he had.

There were wedding photos, old school photos, baby photos, and summer photos. There were photos of people he haven't seen since Hogwarts, photos of people he sees every day, and photos he never knew were taken.

He felt tears going down his cheek as he stared at the scattered photos. Lily wouldn't have abandoned Harry. She would have embraced him with opened arms. She would have known right away that Harry was not a Death Eater, that he was just a boy needing a parent. She had called it her 'mother instincts'. He remembered an encounter with a small girl. Lily just knew the girl needed help and had said, "It's just my mother instincts. You boys just don't seem to have them." At the time it was a joke, but she seemed to be right.

The question is if he can be a father to someone who is only here temporarily. Can he take that responsibility? Will he be doing it for himself, Harry, or for Lily? Thrust into being a father to a teenager would not be easy.

Suddenly he heard the floor creak from outside his bedroom. He quickly wiped his eyes and looked up just in time to see someone leaving his line of vision. There was only one person it could be. "Harry!" He called out.

A few seconds later, Harry showed up at his doorway again looking curious. "Yes, sir."

James waved him over. "Sit."

Hesitating for a second, Harry slowly sidestepped the photos and sat down next to James. He looked at the photos close to him with interest.

"We need to get going on your animagus lessons." James said. "Tell me the step before transforming into your animal."

Harry thought about it before giving the answer. "You have to make the potion."

James nodded. "Can you tell me what can happen if you do something wrong in your transformation?" He quizzed.

Harry thought for a moment, again. He was not expecting that question. They haven't gone over that part yet. "You can be stuck as a animal forever, right?"

James nodded. "If you don't know how to get back, yes that can happen. You can also get stuck in between a human and animal and that isn't fun." He said with a grimace. "Hold on, there's a picture of that somewhere." He said looking through all the photos that was scattered on the floor. "Ah, here it is." He said holding up a photo for Harry to see.

Harry couldn't help but burst out laughing. The young Sirius in the photo was glaring at the person taking the picture. The glare was ruined by the fact he had a dog nose, he had black paws instead of hands, and he had black dog-ears poking out of his head. A young James was standing next to him. He was looking down at the floor because of the big antlers sticking out of his head.

"The antlers were so heavy I couldn't keep my head up." James explained with a faint smile.

Peter was the funniest looking out of the three. He had a rat-ish looking nose, rat ears poking out of his head, and you could see a tail moving back and forth behind him. He looked terrified.

"We had to go to Poppy and lie to her. We told her that we were trying out our transfiguration skills. We were checking to see if we could turn a human being into an animal without being an animagus. I don't think she really believed us, but she didn't push it."

Harry looked down at a photo lying next to him. "What about this photo?" He asked as he showed James the photo.

"That is when Sirius finally asked his first girl out in first year. Remus, Peter, and I followed him and took this photo. It was his first kiss." James explained. He picked up another photo off the floor, the animagus lesson forgotten. "Look at this photograph. Every time I see it, it makes me laugh. How did our eyes get so red?" He said with a laugh before showing Harry.

The photo was of Sirius Black as a dog. There were about four or five girls around him, petting him and kissing his head. One of the girls was putting a pink bow into his fur. The dog seemed to be glaring at the person taking the picture. James Potter and Remus Lupin were behind the group, laughing their heads off. "Peter was taking the picture."

Harry picked up another photo of Sirius in his animagus form. "What is on Sirius's head?" He questioned.

James laughed. "That was the old Mrs. Norris. Before the Mrs. Norris Filch now has." James picked up another photo and showed Harry it. "This is where I grew up. Potter Manor."

Harry took the photo with wide eyes. "Wow, sir. That's a big place."

James nodded sadly. "Yes, it was. Much too big for only a three person family. That is why Lily and I weren't living there at the time." He snapped back to the present. "The second floor always creaked though. It made it hard to sneak out to meet with the guys." He laughed as a memory of it came to him.

Harry picked up a photo of Hogwarts. "As you know that is where I went to school." James said unnecessarily. "Of course I had better things to do than learn. There were pranking, trying to get Lily to go out with me, cutting class to work on our animagus, and basically having fun." He looked at another photo. "Oh, here's Josh. He's an old friend of mine. Really old. I met him before I went to Hogwarts. My first friend. He lived near by me, but once I went to Hogwarts, we drifted apart. He was a muggle, you see, and he quickly met other friends while I was away. I was wondering about him." He mused.

Harry picked up another photo of a muggle arcade. Sirius, James, Remus, and Peter were at an arcade game, but Harry couldn't tell what game. "I didn't know arcade games were that old." He said.

James took the photo and looked at it. "Yes, I remember that. The game we are playing is called Pong. It was launched in 72. So, it was pretty new at that time. We spent all our money there. It was our first time playing arcade and we were having so much fun we didn't want to stop." He sighed. "The cops hated us hanging out there, knew we were trouble. We were chased out by the muggle cops a few times." He laughed. "I heard someone burnt the place down a few years after graduation." He placed the photo down.

Harry picked up another photo and started laughing. "What are you guys doing in this photo?" He asked.

James took the picture and laughed. "We were at Remus' house. His mother is muggle, as you might know. She had this radio that we would listen to. This photo is of us singing to each song we knew. Which wasn't much, since Sirius and I are both purebloods. So, half way through each song we would make up our own words."

Harry picked up another photo of a blond hair girl about eleven or twelve. "Who is this?" He asked.

"Her name is Kim. She was the first girl I kissed. I was so nervous I almost missed." He said, laughing. "She is married now with a few kids of her own. I haven't since her wedding though. She was a year or two older than me." He picked up another photo of a small town. "I miss that town. That was the muggle town I lived really closed to. It was in walking distance."

Harry picked a few more photos and looked at them. They were of Lily and Harry. He suddenly felt like an outsider looking in. That Harry was the Harry who is suppose to be here, not him.

"If I could relive those days there is one thing I will never change." James said.

Harry looked up from the photos. "And what would have be, sir."

James looked down at all the photos. "Every memory these photos hold."

There was a moment of awkward silence that followed.

"What's that?" James asked when he finally caught sight of the letter in Harry's hand.

"Oh, it's a letter from Hogwarts." Harry said handing James the letter. He read the letter before nodding.

"Are you ready to go?" He asked.

"Now?" Harry asked.

James nodded. "Yes, now. There is nothing better to do." He said looking down at all the photos. He stood up and looked at the list of stuff they need. "It shouldn't take too long to get everything you need."

Bill Weasley sighed deeply as he stared at the white walls of the hospital. He was sitting in Percy's room. He looks pretty bad with all the potions next to his bed.

They're hiding something from him. The Order, he means. They seem to exclude him from meetings and important events. Bill looked down at his hands. Maybe they know what Lucius Malfoy hit him with. 'Then why not tell me?' He thought to himself. He looked out the window. Maybe he should confront his father about it. He nodded to himself. 'Yes, that is what I'll do.'

Voldemort sat on this throne deep in thought. Now that he has the filthy muggle and her mudblood young niece, he now needs a way to lure the werewolf in. The plan was quite simple. With the muggle and mudblood, lure the werewolf in, then lure, hopefully Potter, in with the werewolf. And with Potter, lure the boy who might be Potter's son. And wherever Potter is Black is, so he'll have the three troublesome men in his grasp and the boy who he supposedly killed years ago. Voldemort wants to know how the boy is alive, if it's really him.

A smile came over him when he came up with the perfect plan. Why didn't he think of this plan before now? He stood up from his throne and called Peter. "Wormtail!"

A pumped, rat-ish looking half blood man came nervously towards his master from a dark corner of the room. "Y-Yes, Master."

"Give me your left arm." Voldemort ordered.

Wormtail did as he was told and with scared wide eyes he watched as his master grabbed his left arm and point his wand to it.

Voldemort pressed his wand to the Dark Mark to call Severus Snape to ask him which of his Death Eaters Remus Lupin was following.

James and Harry walked through Diagon Alley getting the supplies Harry needs for Hogwarts. Harry, of course, had his appearance changed to the same light brown hair and blue eyes he used last time he was out.

James walked into Flourish and Blotts with Harry trailing behind him. But as they were walking in, someone with a big pile of books was walking out. James and the person bumped into each other and the pile of books fell onto the ground. James and Harry quickly knelt on the ground to help pick up all the books.

"Professor! I am so sorry Professor Potter! I wasn't watching where I was going!" Harry quickly perked up at the familiar sound of Hermione Granger's voice.

"It's alright, Mrs. Granger. It's not your fault." James said after the last of her books where picked up.

The three of them stood up and Harry kept his eye on Hermione. With Ron seemingly different it was wonderful to see Hermione still having her love for books.

"I'm really sorry, Professor. I really didn't mean to run into you. I wasn't watching where I was going." She blabbed on.

James held up a hand to stop her rush talking. "It is quite alright, Mrs. Granger. I wasn't watching where I was going either."

Hermione finally stopped trying to apologize. "What are you doing here, Professor?" She asked. Her eyes then widen with horror. "Oh, I'm sorry, Professor. You don't have to answer if you don't want to. I didn't mean to ask."

"It's quite alright, Mrs. Granger. How many times do I have to tell you that it is all right to ask questions? I would like you to ask questions."

Harry narrowed his eyes in thought and confusion. Hermione Granger not asking question? He never thought he'd see the day where Hermione Granger, the smartest witch of their year, the bookworm of Gryffindor, won't ask questions.

"I'm here with the transfer student from America." He heard James say as he came back to the present. Hermione was now looking at him. "He'll be in your year actually. Harry this is Hermione Granger. Hermione this is Harry...Jameson." Harry felt his eyes widen at his new last name. Jameson...James son. James did not let his eyes stray from Hermione, though he can feel Harry's eyes on him.

Hermione held her hand out with a bright and...was it, hopeful?...smile. She bit her lip. "Hi, Harry. It's nice to met you."

Harry smiled as well, glad to be on good terms with at least one of his closest friends. "It's nice to meet you too, Hermione." He said shaking her hand.

"Harry, you may stay out here while I get your books." James said, leaving the two alone before Harry could protest.

There was a moment of silence between them before Harry nervously asked, trying to play into the role of 'transfer student', "So, what is Hogwarts like?" It would be nice, familiar, to hear Hermione rant on about Hogwarts...the classes to the teachers to the interior all the way to the color of the grass.

He saw the familiar light in her eyes as she opened her mouth excitedly, but then as quickly as it came, it left and she stared sadly at the ground before putting on a fake smile and looking back at him. "It's great. You're going to love it."

Harry raised an eyebrow. What happened to Hermione? Where is the ranting girl he knew in his world? "That's it?" He asked somewhat disappointedly.

She looked uncertain and she bit her lip nervously. "I can go on, but you won't want me to. I tend to get too deep into subjects, not many people like that."

Harry smiled. "Well, I won't mind. I want to hear all about Hogwarts. Anything. Tell me everything." He encouraged.

Hermione's eyes seem to brighten and her smile was huge. "Do you really don't mind?"

Harry shook his head. "Nope, not a single bit."

She still looked doubtful but she opened her mouth and information about Hogwarts came flying out. As she continued, she gained confidence and picked up speed as she become the Hermione Harry knew back in his world.

Harry grabbed her upper arm and pulled her to the side to let people walk into the store. She didn't seem to realize it happened and Harry smiled. So, much like the girl he knows.

It wasn't long before they were sitting on the ground with their backs against the wall of the bookstore, talking like they were old friends.

"My parents died when I was fifteen months old. I lived with my aunt and her husband and son since then." Harry answered truthfully when Hermione asked about his parents.

Hermione gasped. "I am so sorry. I didn't know. I'm sorry I asked."

"It's all right, Hermione. I don't really remember them anyways. I remember my mother very faintly and I remember my dad's voice, yelling." Harry said looking off into space, trying to remember more.

"Yelling? Was...was your dad abusive?" Hermione asked, hesitantly.

Harry snapped back to reality. "Abusive? No, he wasn't. He was a good dad, I think...err...at least he would have been, I'm sure. No, he was yelling at my mom to get to safety and away from...from the threat."

Hermione gasped again, in horror. "Threat? Were...were your parents murdered?" She asked softly.

Harry nodded. "Yeah." He said simply. It's weird telling someone about his parent's murder. In his world, everyone knew that story already. He never had to explain it to someone.

"What do you remember of your mother? Something good, I hope." Hermione asked, hopefully.

Harry shook his head. "I'm afraid it isn't a happy memory either. I...I remember her dieing." He took a deep breath. "I remember her death, her pleas to the murderer to leave me alone, her sacrifice, the Killing Curse being said and the flash of green as it hit her body. I can still hear her body hitting the ground." He answered, his eyes, not seeing the busy street of Diagon Alley, but the back of the red haired woman as she plead to her death.

He shook himself out of his memory. "I'm sorry, Hermione. I shouldn't have told you." He doesn't usually open up to people like that, but this is Hermione Granger, his best friend who could almost read him like an open book. It felt right to open up to her. He needed that out of his system.

Hermione looked horrified. She had tears in her eyes. "Oh, Harry. The only memory you have is of your parent's death? That's...that's horrible."

A soft cough came from the doorway to Flourish and Blotts. Looking up, Harry saw James. He wasn't looking at Harry. Instead, he seemed to looking past him deep in thought. "I got your books, Harry." He sounded distant, like he still had lots on his mind. This time James looked at him. Not only look at him, but he really, really looked at him like he was seeing Harry for the first time, in a different light. He looked almost guilt. It made Harry wonder just how long he was standing there and how much he heard. Just the thought of James hearing anything that Harry said made him feel uncomfortable.

"We should continue to our next stop." James said before turning to Hermione. "It was a pleasure to see you, Mrs. Granger."

The two children stood up. "It was a pleasure to see you too, sir and met you, Harry. I hope we can talk again at Hogwarts." Hermione said hopefully.

Harry nodded. "I'm sure we will."

The rest of the trip went by quietly. Not much was said between James and Harry and James seemed to be distant, like he was too busy thinking of something.

They finished the school shopping in record time and returned to Headquarters just as Remus was getting back from work.

James grabbed Remus and pulled him off to the side just as they entered the Headquarters. "I need to speak to the Headmaster, Remus. Stay here with Harry, will you?"

Remus nodded. "Of course, James, but...why?"

James walked over to the floo. "I'll tell you later with Sirius, but right now I need to yell at Albus."

Remus nodded. "Alright. I'll expect to hear an explanation though." Remus turned to go as James threw the floo powder into the fireplace. "Wait...yell at Albus? What fo..." Remus turned, but it was too late. James had already left for Hogwarts.

Got the idea of this chapter by listening to Nickelback's 'Photograph' song...Can't you tell? LOL...srry, it's late... I email my chapters to a friend before posting them, but she hasn't emailed back with the touch-ups...so if there are more mistakes in this chapter that's because I got tired of waiting for her to email me back with the edited chapter! SORRY!

Chapter 23

Albus Dumbledore was sitting at his desk calmly sucking on a lemon drop when James flooded in. As soon as James saw him, he went off like a rocket. He quickly stepped towards his desk angrily and started ranting passionately.

"He remembers his parents' death and you failed to tell me that small little detail? What? Did that information disappear from you crazy, overdone brain? How could you? You put him with abusive people who wouldn't comfort him each time he dreams about it or thinks about it? He most likely grew up the first eleven years of his life not knowing what those nightmares were about! He would have been scared and alone with no one to smooth his fears. How could you put him with abusive guardians? How could you not tell me he remembers our deaths? How dare you not be there when he needed someone? HOW COULD YOU?" James yelled angrily, forgetting that half of his rant doesn't go to this Headmaster, but a different Headmaster.

Tired from venting out his anger, James flopped onto a chair. "How could I? How could I not be there? This is all my fault." He whispered, distantly.

Albus, who was sitting calmly throughout the whole time James was venting out his anger, stood up and walked around his desk. James was bent forward, looking at the ground feeling distant and disconnected. Albus placed a hand on his shoulders. "How is it your fault, James?"

James shook his head. "I never should have trusted Peter. I shouldn't have made him our Secret Keeper."

"Did you know Peter was working for Voldemort?" Albus asked, gently.

James looked at him. Shocked, Albus would say such a thing. He shook his head. "No."

"Then I don't see how this is your fault. As for the abuse..." Albus continued saying before James can protest. "...I must say I don't know what you're talking about."

James perked up. "You didn't know Harry had been abused?"

Albus shook his head. "I figured Harry went to live with Sirius, did he not?"

James shook his head as Albus headed back to his desk. "He never told us, but we almost fully believe he was sent to his aunt home. You know, Lily sister?" Albus nodded. "I don't remember her name, but we believe that Lily's sister or at least her husband abused him."

"Hmmm..." Albus leaned back into his chair, thinking. "Why would my other self keep young Harry in such an abusive home?"

James shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe he didn't know about it."

Albus shook his head, still deep in thought. His hand rubbed his forehead as he thought. "No. He would have known something was up."

"Come on, Harry. The next charm I'm going to teach you is the Patronus Charm." Remus said as they cleaned up the ballroom from the blasting Harry did.

"Umm...Remus, you taught me that already." Harry said.

Remus cleared the last burnt mark on the wall before turning to Harry, who stood near the middle of the ballroom. "No, I didn't. I haven't even mentioned the charm to you, yet."

Harry chuckled. "No, I meant the Remus in my world. The Remus that I knew. He taught it to me already."

"Oh. That changes things a bit now doesn't it?" Remus said smiling. He looked almost disturbed, like the thought of having another Remus around freaked him or the thought of Harry growing up with another Remus or perhaps it was the thought of not really knowing who Harry Potter is. Remus walked over to Harry. "Come on, Harry. Let's see that Patronus Charm of yours. Sorry, we don't have any Dementors, but I don't see that to be necessary if you already know the spell. How far are you in the charm?"

"I can form a full corporeal Patronus Charm." Harry answered.

Remus raised an eyebrow in surprise. "A full one? My, Harry, that is impressive. Come one lets see it."

"Expecto Patronum!" Harry's brilliant white stag came out of his wand at the same moment Sirius and James walked in.

They stopped dead in their tracks when they saw the familiar looking stag. "Prongs." Sirius whispered in amazement.

Harry glanced at them, worriedly. He didn't know how James would take to seeing his Patronus. They aren't exactly on the best terms. Though, they aren't on bad terms either, but they aren't good. They still barely know each other. For that matter, he doesn't know where they stand at all with each other. James Potter is always confusing him.

James stared at the stag before turning and walking out the door. His face had remained expressionless for the whole exchange. Sirius took on last sad look at the stag before chasing after him.

Harry looked at Remus, confused. Remus was watching the doorway sadly, but turned to Harry when he felt his eyes on him. "James haven't transformed into his stag since it happened. This is the first time anyone has since it since then." He said when he looked at the Patronus.

"But what about the full moon? I thought..." Harry let his sentence drop, not knowing how to ask.

Remus shook his head. "He even stopped showing up for that. It wasn't all that necessary after the Wolfsbane potion. Padfoot sometimes join Moony, but Prongs..." Remus shook his head. "Moony misses Prongs." He said like his wolf side and his human side was separated from each other. He looked at the stag again. "This has got to be a record." He murmured.

"What?"

Remus knelt down next to the stag and smiled. "Ha, something I haven't taught you in your world." He chuckled as Harry knelt down next to him. "Without a threat around, a Patronus can stay for only so long. Maybe only thirty seconds or less. Yours, though, is lasting over a minute."

Harry petted the stag's nose. "What does that mean?" He asked.

Remus laid a hand on the stag's back. "It means you are more powerful than I thought you were." The stag only now started to fade away into nonexistence.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Great, another thing to perk up my fame as the Boy-Who-Lived." He said sarcastically. Remus chuckled.

The Order sat around Albus Dumbledore's office, looking defeated. Everyone in the Order seemed to be there, even some who weren't in the Order like Hermione, Ron, Ginny, and, surprisingly, Luna and Neville. Professor Snape and Dumbledore seemed to be the only two talking as of yet.

"Albus, I told you. I can't rescue him. The Dark Lord knows I'm a spy. He is after my head."

"Surely you are mistaken, Severus. He couldn't possibly know you told us of the attack." Albus said calmly.

Severus eyes flashed with anger. "Albus, the Dark Lord set that up to catch the spy! He told each untrusted Death Eater different things to do so. He knows I am the spy! I can't rescue your precious wolf."

Harry gasped and flung himself out of his bed, his sheets winding around his legs as he fell to the ground. His breathing was heavy and his heart beating faster than it should. His body was covered in sweat, making the clothes he wore to bed stick to him like a drug. He struggled to get out from under his tangled sheets as fast as he could. Once free from the sheets, Harry ran out of the room and straight into the bathroom. Leaning against the sink, he turned on the cold water and started splashing his face with it. It cooled him instantly. He turned off the water and just leaned against the sink, thinking of his vision/dream thing.

He haven't even questioned why he dreams of his friends. He's Harry James Potter, the Chosen One, the boy-who-lived; everything impossible is possible around him. But now he is wondering why. Why is he having these dreams? He isn't connected to them like he is to Voldemort. Not that he isn't happy seeing them, even if it's in his dreams, but knowing that Remus, the last of his father's friends, the

man who saved his life—Harry really was going to jump into that veil after Sirius, if it wasn't for Remus holding him back—knowing that Remus is in the hands of Voldemort, but not able to do a thing about it...it terrifies him. Harry is scared for Remus. Harry may not have gotten as close to Remus as he wanted to, but he certainly got close to Remus of this world. And knowing this Remus gave him insight of his Remus.

Harry looked at himself in the mirror. There were bags under his eyes and he looked a bit sickly. "Voldemort has Remus." He whispered into the mirror. A burst of helplessness hit him and, with it, anger. His fist hit the mirror; luckily the mirror had some sort of unbreakable charm in on it so it didn't brake.

He couldn't take this anymore. He desperately needs to get back to his own world. As much as he likes being here, he is needed back at home. He feels so helpless here. There is nothing he can do to help Remus or anybody else that might need his help. His friends could start dieing one by one and there would be nothing he can do to stop it.

"Harry?"

Harry looked at Sirius through the mirror with dead eyes. Sirius stood in the doorway looking concern. He was wearing a black robe over navy blue silk pajama bottoms. There were red soft slippers on his feet. He walked farther into the bathroom, his eyes set on Harry. Harry watched him walk closer before looking back at his reflection. "Harry? What's wrong?" Sirius asked stopping just behind him.

Harry shook his head and looked down at the sink. "It's nothing. What are you doing up this early?" He asked, trying to change the subject.

Sirius gave a look that plainly said he knew what Harry was trying to do, but he answered anyway. "I'm getting ready for work. I'm going in early so I can be here to celebrate my cousin's birthday later."

"It's Tonks birthday today?" Harry asked glad of the change of subject.

Sirius nodded. "Yeah. Remus should be getting up to fix my breakfast any minute now." He said with a mischievous grin that

clearly meant Remus didn't know he was going to be waking up quite rudely. Sirius looked back at him, seriously again. "What are you doing up this early?"

"Just going to the bathroom." Harry lied. He walked away from the sink. "I guess I'll be going back to bed then." He said, knowing he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep after that vision. He walked past Sirius, knowing, by the look on his face, that he didn't believe Harry.

Days passed with each painfully minute. Harry had no visions telling if Remus is all right and if he was now safe. With no telling if Remus is all right, Harry jumped to many painful conclusions. He hasn't been getting much sleep with his nerves out of place and it was being to show. During his lessons with Sirius, he's been slackin' off. Too make matters worst, the Remus from this world hasn't been seen in two days. He had gone off to follow the Death Eater he's been following and hasn't been heard of since. No one seems to know where he is.

Two days before schools starts, James came over from Hogwarts. Professors, apparently, leave for Hogwarts a week early to set up and do last minute preparations. James though would come by once and a while to work with Harry on his animagus form. They were making the potion that would tell Harry what animal he is. It takes two months for the potion to brew. Then he'll have to do a spell to help his body morph. After the spell is cast then all Harry have to do is practice morphing into his animal and that, James said, is the longest process to do in becoming an animagus.

It was after they added the next ingredients that Harry stumbled upon James and Sirius talking about him. He was walking to the kitchen and passed the library where James and Sirius were talking.

"...something about Harry." Harry stopped when he heard his name and moved closer to the door, listening as Sirius continued. "Surely, you noticed how he's been acting lately."

"Why do I have to do something about it?" Harry heard James shout. "And just because Remus isn't currently here, that doesn't mean you take over his role of being the responsible one, the one who try's to tell me what to do."

"Well, someone has to if you don't pull your act together! Harry needs you, James. You must have noticed the bags under his eyes and his lack of concentration. Even Severus Snape noticed. He is barely eating, not concentrating, and not sleeping. I hear him walking the halls at night like a bloody ghost! I haven't heard a whole paragraph come out of his mouth in the past two weeks! Something has to be done!"

"I asked once and I'm going to ask again. Why. Do. I. Have. To. Do. It?" James asked slowly and forcefully.

"You're his father!"

"No, I am not. I only had one son, Sirius, and I heard him die. I heard his screams for mommy and daddy to save him and I couldn't do nothing about it!"

There was tense silence in the air, uncomfortable even to Harry. He could hear someone's footsteps walking away from him, possibly to the window.

"I know, James." Sirius' voice floated out through the door. "I know you lost your only child, but don't think you are the only one effected by it. You might have been most effected by it, but I was effected by it too so was Remus and even Albus. I lost my godson that day. I lost Harry too. You know I feel responsible for it. I shouldn't have suggested Peter to be the secret keeper. Lily didn't trust him and we both knew she has a good sense of things like that, but I didn't listen. I convince you to choose Peter against your better judgment. Don't deny it, James. You know I'm right. It's my fault. How did we get to this depressing subject anyway? We're talking about the Harry Potter that is here now." Sirius said, trying to sound indifferent.

"It's not your fault, Sirius. You didn't know. No one knew. We both, against our judgment and past experiences thought the spy was Remus and you did prove a good point saying Voldemort would know you were our secret keeper. Changing it was the logical choice at the time." James said quietly. Harry had to really listen to hear him. "There's nothing I can do that you can't do, Sirius." His voice got louder as he got back to the subject at hand. "And if you're so...so concerned about it then you can do something about it. Talk to him or something."

"James, you don't seem to understand, do you?" Sirius said tiredly. "I'm tired of arguing with you about Harry." The statement made Harry wonder just how many times they have talked about him behind his back. The thought anger him. "Yes, I admit in the beginning I didn't want to know him either, but seriously James, this is getting old. I see you two have little bonding moments and then you push him away. Besides...never mind." Sirius said sounding defeated. "Just talk to him okay. Something happened the night before Tonks birthday that got him to be like this." He said once again getting back to the subject.

"What transpired?" James asked trying to sound unconcerned though the tone of his voice gave him away.

There was a moment of silence where Harry can imagine Sirius shrugging his shoulders. "I went to work early if you remembered so I would be able to be there later that day for Tonks birthday. Harry was in the bathroom. He didn't look so good. He looked...sickly and he had bags under his eyes. He didn't tell me why, just pushed it aside and left." There was a moment of silence and Harry wondered what they were doing before Sirius spoke again. "James, can you at least promise me you'll consider talking to Harry?"

Harry heard James sigh loudly. "Alright. I'll consider it, but don't expect anything. I might decide not to."

"I can live with that, I guess. Well, I'm off to the Ministry." Harry heard the floor creak under Sirius' feet.

"Ministry? It's not your shift."

"I'm going to go see if they found anything on Remus. Something tells me if we find Remus we find his girlfriend and her niece..."

Harry quickly backed away from the door and headed down stairs to the kitchen. He didn't know what to think. Should he be angry that they were talking behind his back, trying to find a way to force him into talking or should he be grateful cause then he'll be able to tell someone what's been bugging him lately? He would not willingly go to someone with his problems. No way will he do that. He has too much pride for that, but if someone forces him to speak then his pride wouldn't be hurt as much. They do say confession is good for the soul. Though, it's not really confessing, but to Harry it still applies.

He sat at the kitchen table drink a cup of butterbeer when James came into the room. Harry tensed up, wondering if James is going to take this chance to talk to him, but James just grabbed a bottle of firewhiskey from the icebox and walked out of the room, not glancing at Harry once. He didn't even seem to notice Harry was in the room. Once he was out of the kitchen, Harry relaxed. He got out of his chair and walked into the living room just in time to see James flooing back to Hogwarts with the firewhiskey in hand. Harry was now the only one in the house, again. It's been happening since Remus disappeared and James went to Hogwarts, but Harry didn't mind. He likes the quietness of the house and the stillness.

James didn't appear at the Headquarters the next day. Harry pushed the thought that he was avoiding him when he realized that tomorrow was his first day of school. Hogwarts professors surely must be busy doing last minute things and setting up and doing whatever else they do.

Harry sat up on his bed. Tomorrow was his first day of school under the name Harry Jameson and he doesn't know what to do. He guesses he'll be sorted, but he didn't know how that would work out. Will he be sorted before or after the first years? Will Albus Dumbledore make an announcement? When he gets off the train, should he follow the first years or follow the rest of the students?

Nervousness settled inside Harry and he quickly left his room, closing the book he was trying to read. He needed to talk to someone about it, like Dumbledore.

Sirius was sitting in the living room reading the Daily Prophet and drink tea. He looked up as Harry came into the room. Harry could tell Sirius hasn't been getting enough sleep. There were bags under his eyes. He knew Sirius was worried about Remus. Harry would hear Sirius leave late at night to look for him or to go to the Ministry to see if they found anything yet. This is Harry's first time seeing Sirius relax since Remus disappeared.

Sirius looked up when Harry came into the room. "Hello, Harry. Aren't you and James supposed to be adding the next ingredient to your potion?" He asked turning back to the newspaper.

"He's not here." Harry said sitting down on the couch next to him. "I was wondering if you knew what I'm suppose to do tomorrow for Hogwarts?"

"James isn't here? He was supposed to come by to tell you what will happen tomorrow." Sirius said looking confused.

The thought that James was avoiding him came back and Harry sighed, finding himself feeling disappointed. Harry left the room and headed up to his bedroom. Maybe James would come later.

James Potter didn't show up at all that day. Harry laid in bed worrying about what the next day would bring. He could hear Sirius get up and leave the house and once again Harry found himself walking the halls. He made sure to wonder the halls after Sirius left for the night now, ever since he overheard the conversation between Sirius and James.

"Bring them forth." Harry found himself hissing. He immediately knew he was inside Voldemort's head. Looking around at the room, he realized it was the Voldemort from this world, not his own.

A few Death Eaters left and came back with three people, struggling to get free. They were gagged and tied. A few of the Death Eaters took the woman and child off to the side, holding them there, while the man was thrown in front of Voldemort. The man lift his head and glared up at him. Harry gasped in shock. It was Remus! There was a cut that was bleeding from his temple and his cheek was bleeding. He looked terrible. There were bags under his eyes and he was dirty.

"You know, wolf. I can kill you now." Voldemort said stepping slowly down the steps towards him. "But that would ruin the fun and I wouldn't be able to get answers out of you about the boy." Voldemort stroke his wand while he watched Remus with a smirk on his face.

Remus glared up at him. "I will not tell you anything, Tom." Harry could feel Voldemort's anger raising and Harry silently prayed that Remus wouldn't anger him too much. He doesn't want to see Remus die. He doesn't want Remus to die at all. His prayer went unnoticed. "And you're stupid to think I would tell you."

Voldemort glared at him and Harry can feel his anger going to a boiling point, but suddenly it vanished and Voldemort smiled. Harry frowned with dread. A smile from Voldemort isn't a good thing. Harry can feel Voldemort's mind planning something, but couldn't guess what it was. Voldemort turned to the Death Eaters holding Sally Harsh and Elise. "Bring the little one forward." He commanded.

They both had a silence charm on them so Harry couldn't hear Sally Harsh screaming for her niece or Elise crying and struggling as she was being dragged over to where Voldemort was standing. Remus' eyes were wide with horror as he watched them drag Elise.

The Death Eaters pushed Elise until she was standing right next to Voldemort. Voldemort knelt down to be at her level, ignoring the tears and her frightened look. Her small body was shaking in terror. "Isn't she such a dear, Remus?" He hissed out. Harry felt sick from Voldemort's pleasure. He stroked the edge of his wand across her cheek and she whimpered silently.

Remus made a move forward, his eyes ember from his anger, but a Death Eater that was standing behind him quickly pushed him back down and he stumbled back to his knees. He seemed to be really angry, angrier than ever before. Harry never seen him look this angry.

Voldemort laughed. His laughter sent visible shivers down Elise's spine. "Now, now, Lupin, don't do anything rash. It might just end little Elise's life." He threatened pleasantly, like he was talking about the weather. Voldemort looked over at Elise and stroked her cheek with his finger this time. She flinched and whimpered at his touch, but Voldemort didn't seem to notice. "Tell me, Lupin, the boy, where did he come from?" He asked pleasantly.

"I do believe he came from his mother's womb." Remus said. "After all, that's where everyone comes from."

Harry felt Voldemort's anger once again as he glared at Remus. He turned his attention back to Elise. "I'm sorry, dear Elise, but it doesn't seem like Lupin cares for your life. It must end now." Elise shook visibly when Voldemort raised his wand to her.

"NO." Remus yelled. Voldemort paused and turned his attention back to Remus. "We don't know where he's from." He said desperately.

"You lie, Lupin." Voldemort said sweetly as he raised his wand again. "Avada Kedavra!"

"NO!" Remus shouted as he jumped forward to try and save Elise.

"NO!" Harry yelled waking up from his vision. He was shaking and breathing heavily. After getting his breathing under control, Harry checked the time with his wand. It was only five in the morning, but he knew he wouldn't be getting anymore sleep. He rolled out of bed and sat at its edge. Was Remus dead? Or is Elise dead? Harry didn't know. He couldn't tell who the curse hit and not knowing would keep him up for the next few nights, which isn't good as he will be starting school today. Harry groaned. He certainly hopes Remus made it, but then again he hopes Elise made it. Harry sat on his bed for the next hour, not getting up until he heard Sirius come back. How was he going to tell Sirius and James the possibility of Remus being dead?

Chapter 24

Harry didn't tell him. He just couldn't. To tell Sirius his best friend since they were eleven might be dead isn't news Harry wants to tell him. So, instead of telling Sirius like he should have done, Harry let himself be taken to King's Cross Station to start his sixth year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Harry sat in the compartment in the back of the train. He was watching out for Neville and Hermione. They are the only two people around his age that he knew in this world. Though there were many people Harry recognized from his world and would have liked to say hello too, but knew he couldn't. They don't know him. There was Luna Lovegood, Colin Creevy, Cho Chang, and Susan Bones, but there were also a lot of new faces and there were faces missing. Dennis Creevey was missing so was Hannah Abbott. Harry saw Padma Patil, but couldn't see Parvatie Patil anywhere. He could see Dean Thomas but not Seamus Finnigan.

Finally, Harry saw Hermione Granger. She was moving slowly through the crowd of students and their family. She was by herself. No one approached her as she made her way to the train. Harry stuck his head out the window. "Hermione!" She looked startled when she looked up and caught sight of him. She smiled timidly. Harry waved at her to come and at his wave she smiled more brightly, jumping onto the train more eagerly. He didn't see the looks people shot him for talking to the bookworm, the pushy know-it-all Granger. The title she got in her first year and couldn't shake off know matter what she did.

Harry opened the compartment door and stepped out to watch for Hermione. He could see her coming and smiled. It was wonderful to see one of his closest friends again; of course she doesn't know him as he knows her.

"Hey, Hermione." He said smiling when she finally reached him. He quickly came forward to help her with her trunk. "Here, let me help you with that."

She smiled. "Thanks, Harry, and thank you for letting me sit here with you."

Harry gave her a curious glance, wondering why she would thank him for such a small thing. "Your welcome. I hope you don't mind sitting here with me, I mean if you have other friends you want to sit with..."

She shook her head. "No." She said stepping into the compartment. Harry followed behind her and put her trunk on the rack above her seat.

They sat by the window across from each other in silence. Harry was still worried about what would happen once he get off the train and Hermione didn't know what to say to her first friend. She was still shock to have a friend now.

The door to the compartment opened and they both looked up to see who it was. Neville came into the compartment. "Hey, Harry. I was looking all over for you."

"Hey, Neville. I was watching out for you, but I didn't see you. Come, sit." Harry offered.

Neville went to sit down when he saw Hermione. "Oh...ummm...hi, Granger." He said awkwardly as he sat down.

"Hello...ahh...Longbottom." She said awkwardly as well.

Harry watched this with interest. "You guys don't get along?" He asked looking from Hermione to Neville.

Neville shook his head. "It's not that we don't get along. It's just we don't really...talk." He said not looking comfortable. "We don't see each other often. She has more advance classes then me." He said.

For the rest of the train ride, Harry worked on getting Hermione out of this strange shell she is hiding under and on Neville and hers friendship.

"We better get our robes on." Neville said standing up. Hermione stood as well. "I guess we can leave so Hermione can change first."

Harry stood up and pulled out his robes. "Why leave? Just put your robes over your clothes. I mean we're jumping into pj's right after the feast anyway." He said before pulling his robes over his clothes.

The two stared at him like he was from another planet, not knowing he kind of was. "Why didn't I think of that?" Hermione said as she followed Harry in putting her robe on over her clothes. Neville stared at the two for a moment before putting his on over his clothes.

The train started to slow down just after they sat down and began talking again. Harry sighed nervously as they stood up again and headed out of the train. He still didn't know where to go or what to do.

Hermione and Neville stuck by him, as he stood uncertain on the platform. "I guess I'll jump into a carriage and talk to Dumbledore before the feast begins." Harry said as he started walking towards the carriages. Hermione and Neville followed him.

"Mr. Jameson. Mr. Jameson!"

Harry turned at the sound of his fake last name. He can see James Potter over the heads of the other children. He turned back towards his two friends. "I guess, I'll catch up with you guys later."

"Yeah, Harry, see you at the feast." Hermione said jumping into the carriage.

"I feel sorry for you, Harry." Neville said. "It's going to be really awkward for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you got to get to Hogwarts somehow. My guess is you'll be riding with Professor Potter and I know you two don't really get along yet. So, it'll be awkward." Neville answered.

"Oh, right." Harry said looking towards his father.

"Mr. Jameson!"

"Well..." He said turning back to Neville. "...I got to go. See you at the feast, Nev."

Neville smiled. "Yeah, see you then." He jumped into the carriage with Hermione.

Harry made his way to James...errr...Professor Potter. "Professor." He said as a greeting.

"Mr. Jameson." The Professor greeted. "Come on. We'll talk on our way to the school." He said as he climbed onto the first carriage. Harry climbed in after him.

Professor Potter sat across from Harry and spoke as the thestral pulled the carriage towards the school. "You'll be introduced and sorted after the first years. When we get inside I will direct you where you're supposed to wait and leave you to sit at my seat at the Head Table. Once you hear Professor Dumbledore introduce you, you will come in and sit. Professor McGonagall will place the Sorting Hat on your head and you will sit at your assigned table. Simple and easy enough. Any questions?"

Harry shook his head. "No, Professor." Harry looked at the passing land, trying to distract himself from the sudden awkwardness. James Potter seemed to be doing the same.

James glanced over at Harry, noticing the bags under his eyes and his pale complexion. He turned away, remembering what Sirius and him talked about a few days ago. "Harry." He said turning his head in his direction, but making sure not to look directly at him. It would make it easier for him if he didn't look at him and pretend Harry was someone else.

"Yes, Professor?" Harry said looking away from the passing scenery and at his father's tense form.

James made a mistake and glanced at him. He opened his mouth, but he quickly shut it. He shook his head. "Never mind." He said, leaning back in his seat and turning away. The rest of the ride passed by in silence.

Hogwarts was just as amazing as it always been. Harry marveled as James—Professor Potter led him up the steps to the Great Hall. The other students weren't there yet since their carriages left the station later than Harry's.

Professor Potter led him away from the Great Hall, surprisingly. Harry glanced at the doors of the Great Hall curiously, wondering

why they weren't heading in there. The Professor opened the door and led Harry inside. Harry instantly remembered the room. It was the same room the champions of the Triwizard Tournament had to wait in after they were called. James walked over to the door that led to the Great Hall. "Once you hear Professor Dumbledore announce you, you'll walk through this door and sit on the stool. See you in there." He said. He opened the door and took one last glance at Harry. He stood there looking at Harry for a while with this sadden look on his face. No doubt wishing it was his own son sorting not an alternate one. He shook his head before closing the door behind him.

Harry paced in the room to pass time. He heard the older students come into the Great Hall talking about their summers and he soon heard them get quiet as the first years were led to the Sorting Hat. Harry walked closer to the door to hear better and was able to hear the Sorting Hat sing its song. Then, a short wait for the first years to get sorted into their houses. There weren't a lot of first years. With Voldemort still around, parents are reluctant to have their children out of their sights. Plus, Voldemort was on a killing spree a few years back, apparently. He killed many of the children that were supposed to go to Hogwarts.

Finally, the moment arrived. "Before you start eating your supper, there is one more student to be sorted." Harry heard Professor Dumbledore say through the closed door. "I would like to welcome a soon-to-be sixth year student, Harry Jameson."

Harry took a deep breath to calm his nerves before slowly opening the door. The students and staff were clapping as he walked to the stool. The tables were only half full. There weren't many students. By the looks of it Hufflepuff had the most students. Gryffindor didn't look like they had any students. Maybe fifty or sixty students sat at the Gryffindor table. Harry frowned knowing Voldemort had something to do with the lack of students.

He sat down on the stool and the hat was placed on top of his head. Unlike his first year, the hat didn't fall all the way down to his chin. It managed to stay on top of his head.

'Ha, sorted you before, I did.' The Sorting Hat said inside his mind. 'And I stand by what I said before, Mr. Harry Potter. Slytherin would make you great.'

Harry shook his head. 'And I'm going to tell you what I told you before. Not Slytherin.'

The Hat chuckled. 'Thought you were going to say that. Hmmm...Ravenclaw wouldn't be too bad for you...No? Hummm...Hufflepuff. You are quite loyal and fierce when you choose to be. You are fiercely loyal to your friends and to your cause. No? You are quite determined to be in your old house. Yes, you quite are. Just to let you know, Mr. Harry Potter, you would have done great in any house. GRYFFINDOR!" The Hat yelled.

The Gryffindor house cheered as Harry jumped off the stool and sat down between Neville and Hermione.

The Headmaster stood up again. "Now that everyone is sorted, we can begin our feast after I say a few words. To you first year and a reminder to you older students, the Forbidden Forest is strictly off bounds. I would like to stress that out to everyone." Dumbledore said seriously. "Anyone caught coming in or out of the Forbidden Forest would be suspended from their studies for a month and not allowed to go to any Hogsmeade trip. They will also find themselves having detention for a month and have their house points taken down to zero. This is a few serious matter."

Harry was surprise about the harsh punishment and wondered what made it so. He turned to ask Neville but Dumbledore wasn't done.

"I would also like to remind everyone that curfew is eight o'clock sharp. Anyone caught out of their dorms pass eight would get one-week suspension and a week of detention with a minus twenty in their house points. There are to be no magic in between classes. Our..."

Harry tuned the rest of the announcements out and turned to Neville. "Nev, why all the strict punishments?" He whispered quietly to him.

Neville gave him a confused look. "Don't they have the strict punishments in your world?" He whispered back. Harry shook his head. "Oh, lucky you. With You-Know-Who around they placed the punishments to make sure no one dare break any rules. After eight, dementors roam the halls. Death Eaters were known to know ways into Hogwarts. So, the Minister signed for dementors to roam the halls of Hogwarts after dark to protect us students." Neville

explained. "As for the Forbidden Forest...well...over the years more and more dangerous creatures moved in. It's way to dangerous to be inside the forest. Dumbledore announces it every year to get the point across to troublemakers. If a prefect tells it to first years before bed then they don't usually see how serious it is. But if the Headmaster says it..." Neville shook his head as he trailed off his sentence. "People usually sees the seriousness in the situation."

School started and Harry immediately fell into it's routine. It seemed pretty much normal. Harry would sometimes forget he was in a different world. Though when this happens he gets slapped in the face when Ron Weasley say something nasty or when Hermione pulls him into the common room five minutes before eight every night. The real slap in the face is DADA. Every time he forgets he's in a different world and walks into the DADA class to see his father sitting at the front desk is like a huge wake up call. It usually brings his mood down. Hermione, of course, doesn't understand, but Neville does and would lead her off the subject. Harry was thankful to him for doing so.

Many people were curious about Harry. Once again he found himself being stared at and whispered about. But after a month things calmed down and the students had other things to think about instead of the new transferred student.

Neville and Hermione seem to be hitting it off as well and Harry was grateful. Hermione seemed to be helping Neville in Potions a lot and you can tell by Neville's raising grade. Something never accomplished by the Neville Harry knew.

Harry had also found out about the mysterious background of Hermione's life at Hogwarts. It didn't take long to figure out why she seemed closed into herself all the time and why she had no friends before Harry. Apparently, when Hermione came to Hogwarts her first year she had that same bossy know-it-all air about her that his Hermione had. But without the troll and without Harry forcing her to see life outside of books, she didn't loss the bossy know-it-all air and people began to shun her. Soon Hermione became a loner. By her third year, she tried to make friends by being less bossy, but the damage was already done and no one wanted to be her friend. Neville told him most of it, as Hermione didn't want to talk about it.

Neville did have some of his own friends. He was friends with Dean Thomas and a boy Harry never seen before, a Stephen Brown. Stephen was in their year, a Ravenclaw. Though Neville is friends with them, they don't seem to be close friends. So, Neville mostly hanged out with Harry and Hermione.

Harry still wasn't getting enough sleep, even after a month passed since his visions. There still has been no word where Remus is being kept or if he is still alive. Professor Potter didn't look any better, though he kept his lessons strong. If anything he threw himself into his lessons to try to forget where Remus could be right now. Harry doesn't even know how Sirius is. He hasn't heard from him since he went to Hogwarts.

Defense Against the Dark Arts class was once again Harry's favorite class. Professor Potter—it was easier thinking him as just his professor and not his father who doesn't want him—was an awesome teacher. Stern, straight forward, and, better yet, didn't favor one house above the other. He helped those who needed it and praise those who do well. It's hard to choose who's the best DADA professor, Professor Potter or Remus. They both are or were pretty good professors.

The first time Professor Potter and Harry really talked was the start of Quidditch try-outs. Harry, of course, wanted to try out, but Professor James Potter was against that. As soon as Quidditch try-outs started, Harry was called to his office.

"Professor? You wanted to see me." Harry said coming into his office after knocking. The Professor was sitting behind his desk grading papers, but he set them aside when he saw Harry.

"Not really, but Professor Dumbledore left me little choice." Professor Potter said. It was a harsh statement, but Harry was use to it and it was nothing compared to Professor Snape. "Sit, Mr. Jameson." He said, indicating to the chair in front of his desk. Harry sat down and waited for Professor Potter to continue. "I'm sorry to be the one to do this. I don't understand why your Head of House and Headmistress can't, but the job was laid to me. I've been told to tell you, you can't be on the Quidditch team and I agree with that."

Harry mouth opened in shock. "Sir, what do you mean I can't join? Why?"

"Mr. Jameson, Voldemort is wondering about you. You can't put attention on to yourself. It's dangerous."

"So, I can't join because of Voldemort? That is the lousiest excuse I ever heard! Voldemort was after me my whole life and I managed to play Quidditch and go to Hogsmeade." Harry paused. "I am able to go to Hogsmeade, right?"

"Did your parent or guardian to sign your permission form?" A pause. "I didn't think so." Harry glared at him. "Now, calm down, Mr. Jameson. They are doing this for your safety."

"Safety my arse!" He swore as he stood up from his chair.

"Mr. Potter! I ask you to calm yourself. It's too dangerous to play and your safety is their only concern right now."

"You know, this world isn't any better then my world! Keeping me from information, doing things to keep me 'safe', without thinking about me as a person. All you people ever think about, is me as a savor, not a person! I'm a human being, not some pawn in a chess game!" Harry stormed out of the office.

Harry stormed to Dumbledore's office. After saying one sweet after another, Harry flew up the stairs and, didn't even bother on knocking as he walked through the door with a glare. He didn't even realize Professor McGonagall in the office as well. "Sir, you're going to need a better reason then Voldemort to keep me off the team."

Dumbledore looked surprised. "Mr. Potter, whatever do you mean?"

"Don't play with me, sir. You told Professor Potter to tell me I can't join the Quidditch team because of Voldemort."

"I did?" Dumbledore glanced at Professor McGonagall and chuckled. "It seems James is one step ahead of us." He turned back to Harry. "Mr. Potter, your Head of House and I were just talking about keeping you off the team. I, however, never told your father to tell you this. He didn't even know your Professor and I were discussing it."

Harry looked confused for a second before shaking his head. "That is besides the point..."

"No, Mr. Potter, I think that is the point." Dumbledore interrupted, smiling his grandfatherly smile of his. "Why don't you have a seat?"

Harry sat down without thought, for his mind was elsewhere. "How can that be the point? I'm not talking about who gave me the demand. I don't care who did. I'm talking about the demand itself. Not being on the Quidditch just because of a threat that has always been there? I think I would like to take that risk, sir. I've been on the Quidditch team since my first year and the threat of Voldemort still hung over our heads then." 'Though most people believed otherwise.' He thought to himself.

"But in your world Voldemort knew who you were. Here, him knowing can cause a lot more damage since he has already killed Harry Potter." McGonagall said.

"Besides that..." Dumbledore pulled out his bag of lemon drops as he lean back into his chair. "...I don't believe you realized what James Potter did." He said popping in a lemon drop. "Lemon drop, anyone?" He offered.

"What do you mean, sir?" Harry asked ignoring Dumbledore's offer.

Dumbledore set the bag of lemon drops on his desk. "James Potter went out of his way to make sure you understand the dangers of being on the Quidditch team. He does not want you on the team because of the dangers involved. He is worried and concerned about you. If he wasn't then why tell you not to be on the team. What does that sound to you, Mr. Potter?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know."

"You know what that sounds like to me? That sounds like a concerned parent. Any parent would do the same to protect their child the best they could. He just did what any father would do. Protect his only son...his only child."

Harry shook his head in denial. "I'm sorry, sir. But I don't think Professor Potter thinks of me as his son. No, I know he doesn't think of me that way."

Dumbledore chuckled. "You sure don't know much about fatherhood, do you? He may deny it, but that fatherly instinct is still there. You are his son rather he...or you...likes it or not. He still has that unconscious desire to protect you. The bond between a father and his son is strong, magical even. He loves you, Harry. He just...hasn't discovered that yet. It will take time, but he will find it within himself to accept you."

James flopped onto the couch in his privet room. He was thinking, not lesson plans or Remus, but Harry. He was allowing himself to think about Harry.

He had to admit to himself that he was proud of the boy. His skills in DADA were over the top. He has this will to do better and to know more. A strong will. James found himself watching Harry in class, observing him. Harry was a strong kid, willing to learn, willing to lend a helping hand. James saw Lily more and more in the boy, making it harder not to become attached. He can't become attached. One day Harry would leave for his own world and James would loss him once again to fate, never to see him again.

James sighed sadly. He knew even if he kept his distance, the day Harry leaves would still hurt. It would still be too painful for him to bare. The question he should be asking is...will it hurt more to loss Harry without knowing him or will it hurt more getting close to Harry and then losing him?

He was not joining Quidditch this year. Harry sighed sadly. He watched from his place at the blenchers as try-outs went on at the pitch. They were almost done with try-outs. They were trying out for a seeker now. The last spot they need. Watching the students trying out for that spot made Harry cringed. None of them were that good, if Harry was trying out he could have easily made the team. Gryffindor is not winning the Cup this year. There is no way they will with such bad players this year.

Harry was still sitting there when the students left the pitch. This would be his second year not playing since last year he was banned. He was so looking forward to it. Now there doesn't seem to be any reason to have his Firebolt. His two friends don't play Quidditch, much less fly. So, he can't even play a mock game.

"It's a bit quiet out here with no one else around. Usually makes it easier for one to think, but for me I prefer flying. It helps me better then sitting out here by myself."

Surprised, Harry turned and saw James Potter holding two Firebolts. He threw one of them at him and Harry caught it with his seeker instinct. Harry looked down at it in surprised. "Sir?" He looked back up and saw his Professor pull a snitch out of his pocket.

"Figured you want to fly around. Its never fun to fly by yourself. Besides, I want to see what you can do." He released the snitch and mounted his broom. "Unless of course you want to pout about not being on the team this year." He flew up into the air gently, still waiting for Harry to either say something or make a move. "Whatever you decide to it quickly. There is only an hour and a half left before curfew. I'll be sending back inside in an hour for you to get to your common room."

Harry held the broom in his hand tightly as he stole a glance at his DADA Professor. With a determined look on his face, Harry mounted his broom and kicked off. He couldn't help but smile as he felt the wind fly through his hair. He did some moves on his broom that made his father heart leap, yet at the same time gave him a proud smile.

Harry stopped flying and hovered over the pitched. He looked down at his professor, who hasn't moved yet. Just like Professor Potter, Harry has been wanting for this moment forever. Wanted to see how his father flies just like Professor Potter wanted to see how his son flew.

The Professor flew around the pitch stopping where Harry was. "What are you doing floating around here? The snitch is on the loose." He said in good humor. Flying can certainly lift his mood. Harry noticed.

After an hour of flying around, Professor Potter sent Harry back inside to the common room. It was a good game they played (Harry found the snitch four time, but James found it five times). Harry felt good, really good. He was happy and overjoyed. His father was even better at flying then he was. People said Harry was better then his father, but he doesn't think so.

Though Harry has to wonder why Professor James Potter was suddenly being nice to him...or is this one of those nice today, ignore it happened tomorrow type of thing? He does have a habit of doing that.

Sorry, it took soooo long to update...but my computer got a virus and i couldn't write anything...by the time my dad got the virus cleared out, i had to go to Girls Camp! And i was stuck at one scene, but i got over that quickly...PLEASE REVIEW WHAT YOU THINK!

Chapter 25

"I'm glad to see you're alright, Remus. We were worried about you." Albus Dumbledore said as he entered the infirmary.

Remus smiled sadly as he supported his injured arm. "It's glad to be back, Albus."

"You don't seem happy." Albus observed.

Remus shook his head and lean against his pillow. "Can't hide that from you, can I?" He looked away, refusing to meet Albus's eye. "I feel like a horrible person that's why."

"Oh, and why is that, Remus?"

Remus glanced at the Headmaster before turning away again, his eyes full of anguish. "Because I am actually upset that Voldemort doesn't have Harry."

Albus raised an eyebrow. "Upset? Why?"

"If Voldemort had Harry then we would at least know where Harry was and we would be able to rescue him But not even Voldemort knows where he is and...and...does this make me a horrible person, sir?" Remus looked at Albus, wanting and needing some words of wisdom.

Albus shook his head. "No, Remus. Even I wish the same thing, but then I remember what Voldemort is capable of. We don't know if Harry is happy where ever he is. If he is happy, do you really want to take that happiness away for captivity? Yes, if Harry was with Voldemort then we would be able to attempt a rescue, but at what cost? Would he be the same boy we know or would captivity in the hands of Voldemort change him?"

"But what if he isn't happy where ever he is? What if he is in more pain there then he would be with Voldemort?" Remus questioned.

"And questions like that is why wishing Voldemort had him doesn't make you a horrible person, but I would like to think Harry is happy wherever he is. It helps my ageing soul."

Remus nodded. "In Harry's third year I would like to say we gotten close..." He said changing the subject. "But then I started to distant myself when I realized Sirius was there to take care of Harry. I didn't want Harry to rely on me, a werewolf that could barely make a living. So, I let myself get distant from him thinking Sirius would always be there to help him. Now, Sirius is gone and I feel like I'm the only one left to take care of him. I'm doing a lousy job, aren't I?" Remus said with a humorless chuckle. "Now, I'm afraid I'll never see Harry again. That I'll be alone all over again."

Albus placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "Harry will come back, Remus. He will return."

Harry ate his breakfast much more eagerly and his two friends noticed. "You seem...happy." Hermione said as she watched him eat his toast.

He nodded before taking a sip of pumpkin juice. "Of course I am." He smiled. "For the past one and a half mouths I've been worried and concerned about two Remus's. Now, I know one of them is all right. He's alive and safe. Now, I only have to worry about one Remus. Which happens to be the Remus I am most concerned about." Harry said, as he placed his toast down, not in the mood to eat after the reminder.

Hermione, of course, had no idea what Harry was talking about and Neville never even thought of a Remus in Harry's world and didn't know he was in any sort of trouble. He looked confused as he asked, "How do you know that?"

"Later." Harry told him as he pushed his food away.

"What on earth are you talking about, Harry?" Hermione asked.

Harry opened his mouth, but quickly closed it when he realized what he almost did. He faked a smile and shook his head. "Nothing. Just talking about my uncle Remus Jameson and my uncle Remus...Smith." He lied. "They were both sick. Now my uncle RJ is better, but I'm still concern about Uncle Smith. Smith though was a whole lot sicker then RJ. He could die."

Hermione gave him a look that stated just how much she believed him. "Well, I do hope your uncle will be alright. Send my best wishes." She said, not sounding like she believed him.

Harry took his seat between Neville and Hermione just as Professor Potter walked in. "Today we will be finishing up the Unforgivable Curses. As you should remember from our last lesson, we were talking about where the Curses came from and why they are called the Unforgivables. Today we will be learning what they do and how do defend yourself against them. Can someone tell me what the Imperius Curse do?"

A few students raised their hands, Hermione included. Harry didn't. He didn't want to bring any attention to himself and the Unforgivable Curses are a sore subject for him. So many he knew fell to such curses.

"Mr. Thomas."

Dean looked startled. His hand hasn't been up. He sat up in his seat. "Umm...the Imperius Curse controls people against their will."

Professor Potter stared at him sternly. "That is a first year answer, Mr. Thomas. I want a sixth year answer. Mr. Jameson, please tell us in more detail."

Harry sat up, not prepared for Professor Potter to talk directly to him. After last night, Harry thought Professor Potter would ignore him completely. "The Imperius Curse causes the victim to obey the commands of the caster. It makes you feel this complete, wonderful release from any sense of responsibility or worry. You're happy and carefree able to do anything the caster commands you to do, dance, sing, murder, rape, anything. After you are off the curse you can remember everything you did while under it. You would be able to remember yourself killing your children or raping an innocent girl."

There was a strange silence in the room, which was quickly broken by the Professor. "Thank you, Mr. Jameson." The Professor eyed him before moving away from him. "How about the Cruciatus Curse? Anyone? Mr. Longbottom."

Harry cringed, thankful this Neville had his parents. Harry's Neville had lost his parents to this curse, just like Harry lost his parents to the Killing Curse.

"The Cruciatus Curse brings pain to the victim and one must have a desire to cause pain in order to perform the curse?" Neville answered, uneasily.

Professor Potter nodded. "That is true. Does anyone else have anything more?" Harry kept his mouth shut. "Come on. Can anyone describe more about the curse to me?"

"It's like a million knives hitting your body at once and your body is burning. There is this sensation of flaming bones and a head that was split open. You're in pain everywhere and can't escape it. There is no physical evidence of the curse, but even afterwards you can feel the pain raking your body." Harry answered, even though he kept telling himself not to.

Once again silence met his answer. "Thank you, Mr. Jameson. Now we're going to move onto the Killing Curse. What can you tell me about the Killing Curse? Anyone? Ms. Granger."

"That curse causes instant death. There is no way to block it and no counter-curse. No one has ever survived it. Using the curse can earn you a life sentence at Azkaban." She answered confidently.

Professor nodded. "Good job, Ms. Granger. That is correct. I'm going to go around the room and I want each of you to tell me which curse you can defend yourself against and how. Starting with Ms. Bones. "

Susan looked scared as she stumbled over her words. "Ummm...the...the Imperius Curse with a...a shield?"

"Ms. Abbott."

Hannah blushed at the attention given to her. "The Cruciatus Curse with a...counter-curse?"

So Professor Potter went around the room. Students gave their answer to him. Most the answers were stupid in Harry's opinion. Someone said you could block the Killing Curse with a spell even

though Hermione had already said it couldn't be blocked. 'Shows you how much people actually listens to her.' Harry thought in disgust.

By the end of class, Professor Potter looked disappointed by the lack of knowledgeable people. Only a few people like Harry and Hermione managed to answer correctly. The answer being the Imperius Curse by your own will power.

Just as the class was about to file out of the room, Professor said, "I might not be here for a few days. I have some business to take of. Mr. Jameson, may I see you for a moment?"

Harry nervously waited until everyone was out of the room before making his way to Professor Potter's desk. "You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Do you have a free period right now?" He asked.

Harry shook his head. "No, sir, I have Herbology next."

The Professor sighed as he leaned over his desk and started writing on at the edge of a piece of paper. "Come down on your free period." He tore the part of the paper off and gave it to Harry. "This would get you into class."

Harry's free period happened to be right after lunch. He left Neville and Hermione at the library and continued on his way to the DADA classroom. He sighed nervously when he reached the wooden door before knocking lightly.

"Come in."

Harry opened the door and was surprisingly surprised to see third year Ravenclaws and Slytherin's staring at him with their books out. Professor Potter was standing the front of the room and it looked like he was giving a lecture. "Umm...you wanted to see me on my free time, sir." He said feeling a bit uncomfortable.

"Yes, that is true. Come on in, Mr. Jameson and close the door behind you." Harry did as he was told. "Wait for me in my office. I'll be there in a moment."

Harry made his way towards the front of the room, conscious of all the stares he was getting. He quickly made his way up the stairs to Professor Potter's office.

"Now, class I want you to start your essays and turn it in, finish or no, by the end of class. I'll be upstairs in my office if anyone needs anything."

Harry sat on an armchair that was against the wall, waiting for the Professor to come up. The office didn't look much different then Remus's back in third year. Potter's office just looked a bit more...personal. There were photos on the desk and some were hanging on the wall. The chairs were much more comfortable then Remus's.

Professor Potter came into the room and closed the door behind him. He sat at his desk and motioned for Harry to move closer. Once Harry was seated in the chair across from him, the Professor asked, "What do you have after your free period?"

"Potions, sir." Harry answered.

The Professor gave a grin. "I hope you don't mind missing some of it. 'Cause you just might."

Harry grinned back and shook his head. "No, sir, though Professor Snape might not like it if I'm late."

"He doesn't even like it when you're on time so there isn't much of a difference." The Professor turned serious, as he was about to approach the reason he sent for Harry. "There are a few things I wanted to talk to you about."

"Does one of them have anything to do with the reason you're leaving for a few days?" Harry interrupted.

The Professor nodded. "Yeah, but we'll talk about that later. Right now I want to discuss your lessons."

"My lessons?" At first Harry thought he was talking about his classes at school, but then he remembered the summer lessons he had. Once school started he hasn't been taking them. No one had said anything about them since school started.

"Yes, your lessons. We have to start them up again soon. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays. Sirius would come by on Monday around seven p.m. and I would take Saturday at four p.m. and Moody would come around seven on Wednesday. You will meet Sirius and Moody in the Room of Requirements and come to my classroom on Saturdays. You'll start as soon as I get back."

"Sir, what about my lessons on potions and Occlumency?"

"Professor Snape refuse to teach you when you're not paying attention, when you're sulking and willowing in self-pity. His words not mine." Professor Potter sighed. "Which brings me to our next topic of conversation? I should have talked to you before, but...I didn't. Mr. Jameson, I want to know why you haven't been getting enough sleep lately?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "You don't have to worry about that, Professor."

"I am worrying about it, Har...Mr. Jameson." He corrected quickly. "It was affecting your studies near the end of summer and it is affecting your studies now. You don't participate in class. Besides today, you usually give stupid one-word answers. You barely eat, you have bags under your eyes, and you are paler then I ever seen you."

Harry allowed himself to slouch in his seat. He didn't look at the Professor. "It's none of your business anyhow, sir."

"Not my business! Of course it's my business. I'm your bloody fa..." The Professor stopped short.

Harry snapped his eyes back to his professor, begging him to say it. He'll do anything if the man before him admits it. Anything. It would mean a lot to Harry if he says it. "Sir?" He asked, his eyes pleading and begging.

The man sighed and said, "I'm your bloody professor." Harry moved his eyes away and his shoulders fell with disappointment. "And as your professor, it is my business when it is affecting your studies."

"It won't affect my studies anymore, sir. What I've been worried about has been taken care of. Everything is okay now."—Besides

the fact that the Remus from this world may be dead—Harry thought to himself.

A knock on the door interrupted them. "Come in." The DADA professor called.

One of the Slytherin third year girls came in. "I'm sorry, Professor Potter, but I don't understand the second part of the essay. I don't know how or why laughter is a defense against boggart. It doesn't say anywhere in the book."

"Ms. Night, I want your own opinion. Why do you think laughter is a good defense and why? That answer wouldn't be in the book. And I can't help you since I might have a different opinion on the matter."

"Oh." The girl looked embarrassed. "Sorry, sir for disturbing you."

"It's quite alright, Ms. Night. Now if you please excuse us." She left quickly. Once she was gone, the Professor sighed and looked back at Harry. "Rather or not it will affect you here on out, I don't care. Just tell me what happened to make you so...so...dead."

Harry had a little debate in his head. Tell or not to tell? Why should he tell? He shook his head. "It really was nothing, sir."

"It certainly was something, Mr. Harry Potter." The Professor said, purposely using Harry's real name. "You're not leaving here until you tell me."

Harry debated in his head again. "Fine. It was just a vision I had. That's all. It had me worried, but last night I had another vision that showed me everything was alright."

"What was the vision about?" Professor Potter asked gently.

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "It was just a vision of my world, sir. That's all. No importance." The Professor stared at him without saying a word and Harry felt himself crack under the intense stare. "The Remus from my world was captured by Voldemort and I was just...just worried about him, that's all. And until last night I didn't have any visions telling me if he was all right or not. And then the Remus you know got captured and that had me worried as well. Not only that..." Harry said passionately, forgetting whom he was talking

to. "...but I then had a vision about the Remus from here, the Remus you know, and...and that vision had me even more worried. Finally, though I had a vision last night that eased some of my worries. The Remus from my world was at Hogwarts talking to the Headmaster with what appears to be only a broken arm."

Professor Potter nodded, thoughtfully. "The vision you had about Remus...ah, the Remus I know...what was it about?"

Harry refused to say anything and kept his eyes trained on the floor. His mind was telling him Professor Potter had the right to know, but his heart couldn't bare it if his father broke down in anger or tears at the high possibility of losing Remus, one of his dear friends.

The Professor seemed to notice. "Was he...killed?" He asked with difficulty.

"I...I don't know. Possibly." Harry answered as truthful as possible. He kept his eyes lowed to the floor.

There was this awkward silence before the Professor spoke again. His voice soft and full of pain. "About Remus. We discovered how he was taken and I thought you would want to know. Apparently, Voldemort knew we were trailing suspected Death Eaters and asked Snape, which Death Eater Remus was trailing. Snape lied to him. Told him a name of a Death Eater no one was following at that moment. On the night Remus was...captured he left the house following his assigned Death Eater, but for some reason started to follow a different Death Eater."

"The Death Eater Snape told Voldemort he was following." Harry concluded.

Professor Potter nodded. "Yes. We don't know why or how Remus started to follow that Death Eater, but the end results...well, you know." Paused. "The reason I'm leaving for a few days is because Sirius found a lead and I'm not letting him go alone."

"A lead? What lead?"

The Professor shook his head. "That's something I'm not going to tell you."

"Why are you telling me this, sir?" Nobody ever tells him anything that's how it's always been. "Not that I'm complaining." He said quickly.

Professor Potter leaned against the back of his seat and shrugged. "I just thought you would want to know and you have gotten close to Remus while you're here."

Harry was grateful that someone would tell him what's going on. He's usually out of the loop with only Sirius trying to tell him things behind Molly Weasley's back. "Thank you, sir."

"I'll write you a pass to potions." The Professor chuckled. "You seemed to miss the first quarter of potions class." He wrote Harry a pass and sent him on his way.

Remus stared at the moon through the bared window with worried filled eyes. The full moon was in two days. He glanced at the sleeping figure lying beside him. It didn't take a genius to know what Voldemort was planning. For the one and half months Voldemort had him, Remus never shared a cell with anybody. Now, two days before the full moon, Remus was sharing a cell. That's not a coincidence.

He knows why Voldemort is doing it too. It's his punishment for what happened a month ago.

"Avada Kedavra!"

"No!" Remus shouted diving to save Elise. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her to the ground just as the green curse flew across their heads. His shoulder throbbed in pain when he hit the floor.

Voldemort stood over them, his eyes narrowed in anger. But the glare didn't affect Remus; instead he glared right back at him. He sat up with Elise clinging onto his arm, her face buried into his chest, soaking his clothes with her tears.

"That will cost you, Lupin. Send them back to their cells." He yelled to his Death Eaters.

Remus shook his head, remembering the horror he felt when they shoved Elise in the cell with him. As soon as Elise saw him, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed, not knowing the danger that approached. Not knowing that on the full moon, he would kill her. Remus wanted to push her as far away from him as possible, but every time he tried she would cling to him tightly.

He looked back at the moon, his eyes unknowingly turning ember in its light. He glanced back down at the sleeping girl. He always feared full moons, always feared his mind turning into something atrocious. But never had he feared such fear for it as he does right now. He fears it more now than he ever had before, fears the killing machine he will become, fears killing little Elise.

The house was old, musty, and ivy was growing up the walls. The ivy was the only thing holding the structure up. The yard around it was over grown and yellow. Around the yard was a beat up wooden fence with a small gate hanging off its hinges. A stone path led up to the front door that was also hanging off its hinges. It was a small house with two broken windows and creaky porch and a half broken chimney. Gray paint was peeling off the sides of the house, showing this dull brown color beneath it. In front of the house was an old dirt road, an abandoned and forgotten road. On the other side of the road, across the house, were woods with tall trees that stood much too close to each other. The moon shinned over the house, making it look even spookier. The moon looked full since it was the night before the actual full moon. The sound of crows and the wind was the only sound that could be heard.

Behind the cover of the trees, James Potter observed the building and its surroundings before turning to question his friend and brother, Sirius Black. "Are you sure your sources are right? You think Remus is in there?"

Sirius looked at the house with a grimace. "It does seem rather unlikely, doesn't it? Can't sense any magic around the place."

James gave him a look. "Sirius, you can't sense magic. Only people like Albus and unfortunately, Voldemort would be able to sense magic." James flicked his wand and murmured a spell under his breath. "There is no magic in the area, at least my spell hasn't detected any." He looked at Sirius. "Should we risk it and go in?"

Sirius looked at the house, uncertain. "It wouldn't hurt to check it out." He cast the disillusionment charm on himself and James quickly did the same before they stepped out of the canopy of the trees.

They cautiously moved across the abandoned road to the house. The gate made a loud screeching noise when James attempted to open it. It made both of them cringed. "Great. If they didn't know we were here, they surely know now." Sirius whispered. "Why don't we just owl Voldemort and tell him where we are?" He said sarcastically without any humor.

James ignored him, but secretly agreed the gate had made too much racket. He walked quietly up the stoned path to the broken door, wishing they had brought backup. The stairs of the porch groaned under their weight. They finally reached the door, James standing against the wall on one side and Sirius against the wall on the other. James peered into the house, trying to see anything, but it was too dark. He could only see an empty hallway. He took off the disillusionment charm so Sirius would be able to see him. Sirius followed his example and took his off as well.

James pointed inside the house, indicating his decision to go in silently. They moved quietly, James first with Sirius close behind him. Just when they walked through the doorway, James felt his stomach tighten and a familiar pull at his naval.

I was really debating if i should kill Elise off or not...thats why it took SOOOOO long to update this chapter...i just couldnt decide...should i have killed her off? To late to change it now...though i can kill her off some other way if you guys want me too...she's not all that imporant in the story...REVIEW PLEASE AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK!

Chapter 26

James and Sirius both gasped for breath once the sensation left them. Their knees buckled from under them and they fell to the floor. James started to cough before looking around him. The first thing he saw was a long, dark stone corridor. "Where—where are we?" He looked around him and saw three more corridors branching off the little room they were in.

Sirius sat up and looked around to. "Don't know. How exactly did we get here?"

"It felt like a portkey." James answered standing up. He helped Sirius up then looked back around.

"That was no portkey I ever saw. A portkey is usually an object you touch that sends you to a place. I wasn't touching anything, but my wand, were you?"

"I know what a portkey is, Sirius. I'm not saying it was a portkey, I'm saying it felt like a portkey." James sighed. "It happened when we passed the doorway. Do you think Voldemort cast something there that transported us here? Something that my spell didn't detect?"

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Now, look who's stating the obvious. Which way do you think we should go?" He asked, getting at the situation at hand.

James looked down each corridor and shrugged. "They all look the same to me. Just pick one. Keep your wand ready. We have no idea what we're getting in. Better yet, transform into Padfoot and try to sniff Remus out."

Sirius stared at him in shock for a moment. Not only had James used the old nickname, but he was also the one to suggest for Sirius to transform. That would never have happened before Harry arrived. But Sirius didn't dare mention it. Instead, he nodded his head. "I can try that. Hopefully, it'll work." Sirius transformed into a big black, grim like dog. He sniffed the air, ran to the edge of one of the corridors and sniffed again. When he found nothing there, he moved to another corridor and sniffed, until he had gone to all four corridors.

He transformed back and shook his head. "Nothing. Nothing but the scent of Death Eaters and that scent is everywhere. I don't even have to be a dog to smell their skunk."

"Their skunk?" James questioned.

Sirius nodded. "Yeah, you know. Their bad smell."

James once again wondered how he became such good friends with Sirius before changing the subject. "So, no Remus?"

Sirius shook his head. "No. I think we should just pick a corridor and hope for the best."

"When you were sniffing around, did you notice anybody nearby?" James asked, not in the mood to fight at the moment.

Sirius shook his head. "Nobody."

They picked a random corridor and started to walk quietly with their wands out and ready. They didn't even walk four meters when they heard a popping sound coming from behind them, where they were just at.

Sirius and James quickly pushed themselves against the wall, hoping the darkness of the corridor would hide them from view. James turned his head to look at the new comers.

It was two Death Eaters, a tall one and a shorter one. "Well, Fredrick." The taller Death Eater said. "This is what we call the Main Hall. It's where every Death Eater has to go first. Kind of like a..."

"...a check-in. I know, father. You told me this already. Which hall way leads to the Dark Lord's thrown room? That is where I need to be for me to get my Mark. We have no time for tours, yet, father."

"Fredrick Anderson, graduated last year, was in Ravenclaw, and a second generation pureblood." James murmured.

"Quite right you are, Fredrick. The portkey to the thrown room is that way." Anderson said, nodding down the hallway on the left of the hallway James and Sirius were. "Just continue down that hall until you reach the dead end and then say..."

"...death of the mudbloods. I know, father."

"Right. I'll be going down to the dungeons." James and Sirius's ears perked up. That's where Remus would most likely be. "I wish I could see you take your Mark, but that's where my duty takes me. Good luck, son." Fredrick didn't reply as he made his way down the corridor. Anderson watched him go before making his way down the corridor right across from corridor James and Sirius' was hiding in. They waited a moment before following Anderson. They kept themselves far enough so he didn't hear them, but just close enough to see him.

Anderson stopped at a dead end and spun around to face the hallway. James and Sirius quickly pushed themselves against the wall to avoid being seen.

"Purest of Blood." Anderson called out, before disappearing.

Sirius and James walked out of their hiding spots. "That does it. Voldemort defiantly found a way to make a certainly area or room into a portkey." Sirius said.

"We should go." James said.

"You think that's smart? We don't know where we're going to pop up at." Sirius pointed out.

"I know and I don't care. Just make sure your wand is ready." James responded.

Sirius sighed and nodded. "Alright." He said. "Let's do this."

"Purest of Blood." James said. Then off they went.

Remus was staring at the setting sun. Tonight. Tonight the moon will be full. He only had two hours before he transform and he can feel the effects already in his bones and muscles.

Elise was once again sleeping next to him, using his tarred robe as a blanket and looking as innocent as possible. He sighed thinking of the fate of the girl and his own guilt that would sure to come afterwards.

"Mr. Remus?"

Remus turned his head and saw Elise had awakened. She was still laying on the ground, coiled up into a ball, but her eyes were now opened. "Yes, Elise?"

She looked at him curiously. "Why is your eyes yellow? And why are they shiny? Is my shiny? Do I have shiny eyes too?"

Remus held back a chuckle. Though the questions themselves weren't all that funny and they're questions he would like to avoid, it was the way Elise asked them. So innocent and serious and full of true curiosity. He nodded. "Yes, your eyes are shinning, Elise. Everyone's eyes shine when they are happy or overjoyed, even when they're in love."

"I never seen mommy's and daddy's eyes shine like yours before." Elise pointed out. "Why are you happy, then?"

Remus sat there; not knowing what to say since positive feelings certainly wasn't what he was feeling. Suddenly, he heard something from outside the door. He stood up and strained to listen.

"Remus!" He heard someone, sounding a lot like Sirius, yelled. "Remus, where are you!"

"Mr. Remus, what's wrong?" Elise asked as she sat up.

Remus ignored her as he rush to the door and pounded on it. "SIRIUS! JAMES! IN HERE!" He buckled over as a pain spasm hit his body, one of many to come until the transformation later tonight.

"He's here, James." He heard Sirius yell. "Remus, stand back. We are going to blow the door open."

"Shouldn't you do something less noisy?" Remus asked.

"Won't matter. We all ready have Death Eaters down our backs because of a certain someone I won't name." James said.

"It wasn't my fault I had to sneeze." Sirius protested.

Remus grabbed onto Elise and pulled her away from the door. "We're away from the door."

"We?" Remus' super hearing caught Sirius asking.

"Reducto!" The door burst open and Remus saw their appearances for the first time.

"What happen to you two?" He asked. They both were dirty, no more dusty then dirty. There were dust all over them and Sirius had a bruise forming on his forehead.

"Don't ask." Sirius scowled before leaving the cell.

"We were hiding in an unused closet all day. We took a wrong turn last night and ended up in this room. We heard Death Eaters coming so we hid in the closet door, which happens to be a closet. The Death Eaters were there all night and all day long." James explained. "We found your wand when we took out the guard that was...."

Remus suddenly went into another spasm. James caught him before he fell to the floor. "Merlin! I didn't realize it was a full moon tonight. We got to get him out of here, fast."

"What's wrong with Mr. Remus?" Elise asked.

"Nothing, Elise. I'll be fine." Remus said weakly. "Come on. We got to go."

They all headed out the door. "What about my aunt?" The girl asked.

"She's right. We can't leave Sally." Remus said.

"Don't need to. I found her!" Sirius yelled from down the corridor. "Mrs. Harsh, please stand back away from the door. I am going to blow the door open. Reducto!"

Remus' head whipped up when he caught the scent of the Death Eaters. His head titled to the side to hear how far they are. "James, Death Eaters coming." He warned. "They'll be upon us very shortly."

"How shortly?" James asked

"Like...now."

"THERE THEY ARE! Deprimo!" There were about seven Death Eaters. Sirius and James fired back at them as Sally supported Remus as he went into another spasm. They kept firing spells as they moved backwards towards, hopefully, safety.

"Stupefy!"

"Crucio!"

"Confringo!"

"Avada Kedavra!" The green curse flew past Sirius and hit Sally Harsh.

"NO!" Remus yelled.

"Stupefy!"

"Come on, we got to go." James yelled as he pulled Elise into his arms.

"What happened to my aunt? Don't leave my aunt! Aunt Sally!" She yelled as she burst into tears. Sirius pulled Remus to his feet and the three of them ran down the corridor. They didn't have much time before Remus transforms.

Harry found himself standing at the Ministry. A battle has already started. Spells, hexes, curses of any kind were flying this way and that. Aurors and the Order vs. the Death Eaters. He can hear screams and yelling from both sides. He can see Tonks fighting a Death Eater and Remus was fighting with Wormtail. Tonks quickly took her Death Eater out and went to help Remus with Wormtail. They quickly knocked him out. Remus stood over him, staring emotionless. His eyes then showed the pain Wormtail had put him through.

"I should kill you." Remus said to his unconscious body. "I really should, but I don't want to sink to your level." Remus turned to go. Tonks was watching a few meters away. Her eyes showed her pity as Remus turned away from his former friend. Tonks rejoined the

battle after it was clear Remus was ready to jump back in the battle himself.

Time seemed to slow down for Harry. All he can do was watch in shock as Wormtail shakily stood up and stepped towards an unexpected Remus. His silver hand shinned in the sun's glare from the broken ceiling above them. Harry wanted to warn Remus, but he couldn't. Not only was this only a vision, but also Remus was too preoccupied with the Death Eater he was currently fighting. If Harry could manage to grab his attention, the Death Eater could take the chance to fire a curse at him. So, there was nothing he can do as Wormtail took another shaky step towards Remus. He was now right behind him, his eyes shinned in angry and sorrow before he stabbed Remus through the stomach with his silver hand. Wormtail twisted his hand into Remus' stomach, making the silver brake off his arm. His silver hand was now inside of Remus, slowly killing him like a poison.

"REMUS!" Harry yelled painfully, even though he knew Remus couldn't hear him. Remus fell to his knees, eyes opened wide with shock and face filled with pain.

Tonks took noticed what happened and ran over, throwing a curse at Wormtail that made him fly back, hitting a wall. "Remus!" She yelled tearfully. She knelt next to him, quickly catching his body as he fell back. "Remus. Stay, please, Remus." She said crying, cradling him into her arms.

Harry knelt down on Remus' other side, breath shaking from trying to hold back the tears. Surprisingly, Remus' eyes snapped to Harry. "H-Harry?" Harry touched Remus' hand only to go through it. "Remus." Harry managed to say through the tears that were now falling.

"W-where..." Remus couldn't finish his question as blood inside his mouth made him cough, painfully.

Harry knew the question Remus was going to ask, but he waited until Remus was done coughing before answering. "I'm with Sirius and my dad, Remus." He chuckled dryly. "I finally got the chance to met my dad."

Remus eyes dulled with grief. "D-dead?"

"I'm not dead, Remus and you can't die. I'll be returning home and I need you there." He said through his tears.

Remus smiled softly. "I will be there when you return home, Harry. I'll...I'll be there with Sirius and...and your parents. We'll all be waiting for...for the day you'll join us. Hopefully, it won't be...be for many years to come." His skin color started to turn this ugly unhealthy color.

Harry frowned and shook his head. "That's not what I mean Remus and you know it."

"I know, my cub. I know." Harry almost choked back a sob. Remus looked at him, breathing heavily. "My time is almost up, cub." He coughed up blood again.

Harry shook his head in denial. "No, Remus, you can't. You can't die. I need you. Please, Remus, don't go."

"Remus? Who are you talking to?" Tonks finally asked through her tears.

Remus glazed at her. "Harry."

Tears fell from her eyes as she shook her head. "Harry's gone, Remus. He's gone."

Remus looked away from her and turned back to Harry. "B...but he'll be back. He will be back." He repeated.

"Please, don't go Remus." Harry begged. "I need you." He repeated.

"I-I'm sorry." Remus raised his arm to touch Harry's cheek. His hand hovered there, knowing he couldn't touch him. "I love you, cub. We weren't...weren't close as I wanted us to...to be, but I still thought of you as...as a son I could ne...never have. We are all pr...proud of you; your parents, Sirius, and...and I." Remus took a shaky breath.

Harry kept shaking his head in denial. "Please, don't go, Remus. Please." He begged pitifully.

Remus smiled sadly. "S...sorry, cub, but I...I must. Your-your parent's and-and Sirius is calling me home. T...take care, Harry."

"Please, Uncle Moony. I need you." Harry begged tried one last time. Remus smiled at the name Harry had once called him many, many years ago when Harry was just a year old.

Remus looked at the sun through the broken ceiling and drew in his last breath. His arms fell at his side and his eyes shut against his will. His head flopped to the side.

Harry felt numb as he stared at the body. He was barely aware of Tonks cursing at the Death Eaters angrily. Grief and anger fueled her as she took out one Death Eater after another. Harry couldn't even find the energy to cry anymore. The vision slowly faded and the last thing Harry saw before he woke up was Remus' body, empty of life.

Harry woke up with a gasp of breath. He quickly threw himself out of his bed, grasping for his breath. Tears rolled down his eyes as he thought of Remus's death. "Remus..." He whispered into the quiet room. The only sound was the sound of Ron snoring. He looked around the dark dorm room, suddenly feeling closed in, like the walls were closing in on him. He had to get out of here. He needs air! He stood up, put on his robes, and quickly left the dorm room.

The corridor was dark, with only a few torches lit, but it helped him think. He couldn't quite put it in his mind that Remus was dead. He just refused to believe it. First Sirius and now Remus. Harry hugged his body, feeling suddenly cold. Why? Why? Why did he have to die! He felt angry, thinking of Wormtail. Right at this moment, Harry felt like he can kill Wormtail without remorse.

Harry suddenly froze when he felt the familiar feeling of his surrounding atmosphere grow cold and dark. He started to curse himself, forgetting the dementors were now at Hogwarts. He pulled out his wand.

The dementors came out of nowhere, so quick and quietly from where ever they came from. "Lily, take Harry and go! It's Him! GO! RUN! I'll hold him off!" He heard in his head. "Expecto Patronum!" Harry's patronus leaped out of his wand towards the incoming dementors. "Expecto Patronum!" He cried again when the

dementors came back. "Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead!" He tried to shake the memory from his mind and tried to think of happy memories, but there were too many of them and Harry was quickly growing tired. "Expecto Patronum!" He felt his inside freeze as he grew weaker and weaker. He fell to the ground, his wand falling from his hand.

He heard running footsteps then, "EXPECTO PATRONUM!" A blinding light briefly took over his vision. He could feel someone kneeling down next to him, calling his name. "Harry! Harry, stay awake. Harry! Come on, so—Harry."

Harry focused his vision on the person kneeling next to him. "D—dad?" Then he blacked out.

"I love you soooooo much, Harry, and I will always love you, no matter what. You know that?" His father said as he held him in his arms.

Harry's mother chuckled as she hugged her husband from behind. "Of course he knows that, dear. You tell him everyday."

His father turned around and smiled at his wife. "True." He kissed Harry's forehead and Harry used that chance to grab his father's glasses. "Harry, I'm going to need those back."

His mother laughed as she took the glasses from him. "It's time for bed, Harry. You can play with your father's glasses tomorrow."

His father playfully glared at his wife as he balanced Harry on his hip with one hand and put on his glasses with his other. He smiled down at his son. "Goodnight, Harry. I'll be up later to tuck you in." He said as he started to hand him over to his wife, but Harry, who was laughing earlier, had stopped laughing and was now holding onto his father tightly, afraid to let go. "Harry, go to mommy." Harry whimpered and looked at the front door. "Harry, what's wrong?" His father asked, realizing something was up.

Suddenly, his parents heard what he had heard earlier, footsteps slowly walking up the porch steps. His parents looked at the door fearfully before connecting eyes. "The only people who knows where we are are Sirius and Peter. Sirius just left and Peter is coming tomorrow." His father whispered. He walked closer to the

front door, pulling his wand out. Fear went down their spine when they heard a cackling laughter. His father ran back to his mother, yelling, "Lily, take Harry and go! It's Him!" He forced Harry into her arms and pushed her towards the stairs. "GO! RUN! I'll hold him off!"

"James..." Harry's mother cried.

Harry's father stared at her bright green eyes and ran a hand along her cheeks. "Go, Lily, please. I love you. Protect Harry."

His mother cried as she nodded through her tears. "I love you, James. Be careful." She stumbled up the stairs just as the front door blew open. Harry can still hear what was going on downstairs as his mother went from room to room, trying to open a window to escape or find any other way out, any other way to save them.

"It's time to die, James Potter." He could faintly hear. The sound of battle made Harry's heart pump and fear grabbed him, fear for his father and his mother. His mother ran into the nursery, just as they heard Voldemort shout, "Avada Kedavra!" And then the sound of a thump as a body hit the ground.

His mother spun around to face the door. "JAMES!" She cried, knowing her husband was dead. She placed Harry in his crib and closed the door as they heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs. She ran back to Harry and looked down at him with tears. "I promise to try the best I can to protect you, my son. I'm sorry." She bent down and hugged him to her chest and kissed his forehead, right where his father had kissed him not twenty minutes before.

The door burst open behind his mother and a cackle of high-pitched laughter filled the room. His mother quickly placed Harry back into his cot and spun to face Voldemort. "Not Harry, not Harry, please not Harry!" She begged.

Harry couldn't see the man, his mother was standing in his way, but he can certainly hear him. "Stand aside you silly girl. Stand aside now!"

"Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead!" She continued to beg.

"I have no time for you! Stand aside!"

"Not Harry! Please, have mercy...have mercy!"

"Alright then. You leave me no choice! Avada Kedavra!" Harry saw the green light and heard his mother screaming as she was hit by it. Then the sound of her falling to the ground. He was now balling his eyes out with big fat tears. "MAMA! DADA!"

"It's your turn, Harry. Avada Kedavra!" All he heard was the sound of a high, cold cruel laughter, but he was more focused on the green light heading towards him and a burning pain on his forehead. Then a loud scream full of pain.

Sorry, it's taking long to update...Senior year right now...lots to do and no time to do them...sooooo...it's taking me a while to update all my stories...anywho, PLEASE REVIEW!

Chapter 27

Harry woke up to a blinding light and groaned. The light intensified his headache. He moved to his side and buried his head into the pillow.

He felt himself start to drift off, but a familiar voice was telling him to wake up. "Harry, you up?" He lifted his head from the pillow. Professor Potter was standing next to his bed. That was when everything that happened rushed back to him...the vision of Remus' death, the dementors, and the memory of his parent's death. Harry sank his head back to the pillow, his gaze staring off into space. He just saw his parents die and here was James Potter, standing right next to him. A James Potter that doesn't want anything to do with him. It was too much too soon. He feels so numb.

"Harry?" James touched his shoulders. "Harry, look at me." He said urgently. Harry looked at him with clouded, dead eyes. James almost cringed. "What did you see?" He asked quietly to himself. He sighed and squeezed Harry's shoulders before slowly removing his hand. He felt uncomfortable. He didn't know what to do. Should he leave or should he stay? He shifted his feet uncomfortably.

Too distract himself, he quickly allowed his thoughts to think back to last night, to two events that furthered the already rampant confusion in his mind. The first event had been struck by the uttering of a small word, one that he had never imagined to ever be used in reference to himself since his Harry died. Something about the word 'dad' being uttered from his son's lips caused his heart to stop for a moment, forcing the boy that laid on the bed into a new light. That tiny word had almost instantly inspired a warm feeling deep in his chest, and a wash of protectiveness. The sudden need to protect this boy from everything.

And then there had been an occurrence earlier that morning. Harry came down with a fever, after affects of the long exposure to the dementors or something like that. Poppy had given instructions to keep it down while she helped another student. James had refused to let anyone else do the job, surprising himself. He was sure that he'd caught Dumbledore smiling at him, but he'd ignored it. He hadn't been able to help himself from staring at the boy the entire time, feeling the thin body and head of soft hair rested comfortably against him as he forced the potion down his throat.

And now just the thought of Harry calling him 'dad' again, pulled up those feelings from last night, the warm feeling, the possessiveness, and the feeling that this, in a way, was his child and no one else's. James almost laughed at that thought. No else's but Lily's and an alternate vision of himself and Lily.

James quickly took himself out of his thoughts and was surprised to see himself sitting on Harry's bed, holding his hand. Harry still seemed to be in that hazy state.

His thoughts went back to last night. He had a fit last night when he saw Harry laying on the ground with over ten dementors around him, one of them pulling his head down for a kiss.

James was coming back from dropping Remus off at the Shrieking Shack. Remus had just barely made it to the shack before he transformed into a werewolf. Sirius took Elise back home so, it was James who had to deal with the half-turned werewolf. After he got Remus to the shack, he made his way inside to inform Albus. That was when he saw Harry. He already had his wand out ready for any dementors that might get in his way and it was a good thing too or he wouldn't have made it in time to stop that dementor from giving Harry the kiss.

After he rushed Harry to the infirmary, he blew up on Albus for forgetting to tell Harry that curfew was at eight because the dementors wander the halls then. He could clearly remember every word he yelled at Albus.

"...Did anyone tell Harry about the dementors? Or did you all just assume every other freakin' world has dementors wondering the halls at night? OR did you just assume Harry automatically knew that they were out after eight every night? HOW COULD ANY ONE NOT TELL HIM?"

"Calm down, James. I am sorry to say that the thought didn't cross my mind. Dementors have been in the halls since 1984, I have just grown accustomed to having them here that the thought left my mind."

"YOU DARN RIGHT! I can't believe NO ONE told him."

"You didn't tell him either, James."

It was the last thing that Albus said that made him shut his mouth. It was true, James didn't inform Harry either. He was just as guilty as the next person.

James stood up and walked to the window that looked out onto the lake. Why can't life be easy? Why does it have to get harder and harder every day?

"J-James?"

James turned and looked at the bed across from Harry. He glanced at Harry and saw he had fallen into a restless sleep. He walked over to Remus. "Hey, Remus, how you feeling?"

He groaned. "Like a hippogriff landed on me. Maybe it could have been a griffin. With those claws, they certainly would have done more damage. How's Elise?" He asked in a hoarse voice.

"Last I saw she was doing alright. Upset over her aunt of course, but doing just fine. You should ask Sirius. He was the one who took her home."

"Where is Sirius?"

James shrugged his shoulders. "Breakfast most likely. Though it should be over soon enough."

Remus lifted his head and stared at the figure on the bed across from him. "What happened to Harry?" He questioned.

James sighed. "He was out late last night..."

Remus' face paled. "Please tell me I didn't..."

"No, Remus!" James said quickly to get the thought out of Remus' head. "It has nothing to do with you. It was the dementors. I, luckily, got to Harry before they kissed him. He woke up not too long ago, but he didn't seem to be aware of anything. He's sleeping now."

Remus tilted his head to get a better look at James. "What happened?"

"I already told you what happened." James said confused.

Remus shook his head. "No, not that. Something else happened. I can tell. Something affected you a lot. I can tell your mind is still on it."

"Bill is going crazy. Albus is still researching what happened to him and Bill is not liking the fact we are hiding things from him and he knows we are." James said, trying to avoid answering Remus.

"James, you know that's not what I mean." Remus said.

James sighed and nodded. He sat in the chair besides Remus' bed. "I know." He ran a hand through his hair. Remus waited patiently. "He called me 'dad.'"

Remus blinked. "What?"

"He wasn't exactly in the right mind, but..." He let his sentence run off. He shook his head to clear his emotions and to think on his words. "But, it's been a while and I thought I'll never get the chance to hear that word again."

"You never thought you'll hear that word come from his lips again." Remus clarified.

James didn't say anything, confirming what Remus knew to be true. Harry calling James 'dad' had been an eye opener. Rather or not James knew it was an eye opener, Remus didn't know, but there are two possibilities that can happen from this point on. James would either try to distant himself farther from Harry, to save himself from emotional issues or he'd get closer, letting go of the past.

A few days later, Harry was sitting in DADA, once again oblivious to what was going on around him. Hermione and Neville noticed the change in him, but every time they tried to figure out what was wrong, Harry would just close into himself. He would walk away without saying a word. Though, it's not like he talked much anyways, not since he got back from the Infirmary. It had Hermione and Neville worried.

After the lesson, Harry immediately left the room. It was something his two friends had noticed. Harry would slowly leave the room in all

the other classes, but for DADA he would leave as quickly as possible, leaving Hermione and Neville to run after him. Today, however, Hermione and Neville stayed back, wanting to talk to the professor. Hermione didn't know why, but Neville had insisted that they go to Professor Potter with this problem.

After the room was cleared out from students, they made their way to the front where Professor Potter was sitting in his desk writing something on a piece of paper. "Pro-professor P-Potter, sir?" Neville stuttered, getting nervous around the adult.

The professor looked up. "Yes, Neville?"

Even though he asked for Neville, it was Hermione who answered. "It's about Harry. We're worried, sir. He hasn't been acting himself lately."

That grabbed his attention. He had noticed Harry acting odd in class and he missed quite a few meals in the Great Hall. Not that James was keeping a worried eye on him. It was just something he happened to notice...or so he told himself. "How so?" He asked anyways.

"He's very quiet lately, barely speaking at all. He skipped meals in the Great Hall. He is actually doing very well on his homework. He ignores us most of the time and drifts off to la-la land. He doesn't really participate in his classes. He only answers question when called upon and the answers are very simple, one or two word answers. Neville and I are quite worried about him, sir. We don't know what to do. When we try to ask him what's wrong, his just shuts himself off. Won't say anything or do anything. He doesn't answer our concerns." Hermione said getting worked up.

"He seems to be throwing himself into his classes, besides the no participation. He goes off by himself to study and do his homework, but he'll be gone for hours on end. Sometimes he won't even come back for the night. Neville and I figured he doesn't use the library, because we've checked there, but we don't know where he goes. I mean, maybe once and a while Harry would forget the time and realize he can't be in the corridor so late and stayed where he is, but...wait, does Harry know about the dementors?" Hermione asked, finally taking a breath.

James was about to answer, but Neville beat him to it. "Yes. I told him."

"What? When?" James asked.

Neville shifted uncomfortably on his feet. "The-the first day of school, sir."

The first day of school? Harry knew about the dementors and he still went out late that night. Why? What happened that night? And now his weird behavior. What is wrong with him? James felt like he should be pulling his hair out in frustration. He looked back at the two worried students and nodded. "Thank you for bringing this to my attention. I will speak with him. Tell him to be in my office right after dinner or, if possible, near the end of dinner." He said.

They nodded. "Thank you, sir." Hermione said. "May we have a pass to our next class?"

James nodded and wrote them a pass. After they left, he leaned back against his chair. Something certainly happened that night and he would pull out what transpired. But how? He needed help.

James walked over to the floo and threw in the powder. "Sirius, floo over. I'm going to need you." He stepped aside as Sirius came through.

"What do you need?" He asked.

James opened his mouth to explained, but then stopped. Sirius wasn't the right person to call for help. Yes, he would be able to calm James down and be there for emotional support if it's necessary, but he won't be able to tell him what to do, what to say once Harry gets here. He held up a finger. "Hold on." He turned back to the fireplace and threw in the powder once again, this time calling on Remus' place. "Remus, I'm sorry to floo you when you need your rest, but I need you too. It's about Harry."

Remus immediately came through the floo looking tired. "What about Harry?" He asked as soon as he came through.

James led them to his private rooms and sat on the couch. "Something happened that night..." He started to explain everything

that Hermione and Neville told him and his own observations. "And I don't know what to do. I don't know what to say to get Harry to open up."

"When are you going to talk to him?" Remus asked.

"After dinner." James answered.

Harry made his way to Professor Potter's office, feeling nothing but numbness in his chest. A feeling that he had become quite familiar with over the past few days. His footsteps echoed in the empty corridor.

It was his fault. Remus shouldn't have had to die. Harry should have been there. If he weren't stupid then he wouldn't have gone to the Department of Mysteries. Sirius wouldn't have died. Harry wouldn't have been brought here. Remus wouldn't think he died. Remus would be alive still. If Harry had been there he could have done something. He saw Wormtail get up, but he couldn't warn him. Couldn't warn Remus. Remus didn't have to die!

He reached the classroom in record time, unfortunately for him. He didn't want to see Professor Potter at all. He's been trying to avoid him the best he can, especially when Harry remembered the word he called the professor that night: dad. How can he be so stupid? The Professor must think Harry is trying to replace his dead son now.

He opened the door and walked into the room. Without hesitating, Harry made his way across the room and up the stairs to the Professor's office.

He knocked on the door after a moment of hesitation, thinking for a moment he can walk away and pretend he never got the message to see Professor Potter, but if he didn't get this done and over with now, the Professor would try and corner him. That means Harry would have to see him more often than not.

"Come in." He paused a second, having his father's voice wash over him with a pang of guilt. If he didn't go to the Department of Mysteries, if he didn't come here, his father would be happier, happy that the memory of his dead wife and son was still in the past. If Harry didn't come here, the memory of his wife and son wouldn't be on his mind so often. So, many bad things came about because

Harry didn't listen to Hermione and went to the Department of Mysteries.

Harry opened the door and stepped inside, making sure to close the door behind him.

James was surprised to see him. "Harry!" He didn't realize dinner was almost over. Actually, it shouldn't be over. "Dinner is almost over already?" Harry didn't say anything, but James didn't think he would. With a quick look at the time, James found that he was right. Dinner had just started. He sighed sadly when he realized his so...Harry hasn't been eating as much as he should. James shook his thoughts. He stood up from his chair. "Come with me, Mr. Potter, to my private quarters."

He led the way to a hidden door at the side of the office. He pushed the door open and allowed Harry to walk in before him. Sirius and Remus were on the couch talking quietly and eating lunch. They looked up when the two entered and set down their forks.

When Harry saw them, he backed right into James and glanced nervously away. James closed the door and locked it. No matter what, he will find out what happened that night right now. Harry is not running away from him. He walked around the pale boy. "Come, sit, Harry." He said softly, noticing the thin line he now stood. One wrong move, one wrong word, and Harry would break down. When people break down, they spill, but James would only use that as his last resort.

Harry shook his head and backed against the door with his eyes close. His face looked to be in pain.

"Harry?" Sirius asked, concerned.

Harry bit his lip. These three are dead in his world. They are dead! And once Harry accomplished his task he'd leave, never to see them again. Ever! He spun around and tried to open the door, but it was locked. "Open the door! Open the door! Let me out!" He yelled in a panicked state. He needed to get out of there. No way would he be stuck in a room full of dead people.

"Harry, I...we just need to know what happened that night." James said as softly as he can.

"Lily, take Harry and go! It's Him! GO! RUN! I'll hold him off!"

"Go, Lily, please. I love you. Protect Harry."

"It's time to die, James Potter."

"Avada Kedavra!"

"JAMES!"

"Harry, calm down." Sirius said. "Talk to us, please."

"Come on, you can do better than that!"

The jet of light hit him squarely on the chest.

"SIRIUS!"

"There's nothing you can do, Harry—"

"Get him, save him, he's only just gone through!"

"There's nothing you can do, Harry...nothing...He's gone."

"Mates, let me try to get through to him." Harry felt a presence take a step closer to him. "Harry, you alright?"

Wormtail twisted his hand into Remus' stomach, making the silver break off his arm. His silver hand was now inside of Remus, killing him like a poison.

"REMUS!"

"Remus. Stay, please, Remus."

"Please, Uncle Moony. I need you."

Remus looked at the sun through the broken ceiling and drew in his last breath. His arms fell at his side and his eyes shut against his will. His head flopped to the side.

Last thing Harry saw was Remus' body, empty of life.

Harry looked up at Remus with a tearstained face. He didn't even realize he was crying. He shook his head and hugged himself for comfort. It was his fault. They would blame him for Remus' death. They had every right to. He can't tell them. He can't! They most likely blame him for his parent's death, for Sirius' death, but please, for Merlin sake, he won't be able to handle them blaming him for Remus' death, too.

"Harry, cub, talk to me. Tell us what's wrong." Remus said gently.

He said it. He said it. He said 'cub'. Remus called him 'cub'. Harry leaned on the door for support and slid to the ground in tears. His Remus called him that, before he died.

"I know, my cub. I know."

"My time is almost up, cub."

"I love you, cub."

"S...sorry, cub, but I...I must."

He felt arms wrap around him and a comforting brace. Feeling emotional weak, Harry leaned into the hug, crying for the first time for all the losses he went through, but most of all losing the three people that was with him now. "I'm sorry, Remus. I'm really sorry. I should...should have been there. I didn't...didn't..." He sobbed into Remus' chest. "Uncle Moony." He moaned painfully.

James and Sirius watched on, feeling that concern and worry deep in their chest. They didn't dare move closer. Harry needed space. Remus was rocking him and whispering comforting words into his ear. He looked up at them with the same concern and worry they all were feeling.

James turned his back to the sight. He watched the flames in his fireplace with this burning feeling inside him. He should be the one comforting Harry. James shook his head. He had no right to feel like that. Remus was closer to Harry than James or Sirius was. It's Remus that had to right to comfort Harry.

He felt a hand land on his shoulders. He looked up and saw Sirius giving him a concerned look.

"James, Sirius." Remus whispered for their attention. James turned back around. "I think Harry cried himself to sleep."

James looked down and noticed Harry had his eyes closed and he was breathing deeply. "Let's lay him down on my bed. We'll question him tomorrow...or whenever he wakes."

Remus picked Harry up with ease and followed James to his bedroom. Sirius sat back down on the couch and waited for them to come back.

James closed the bedroom door behind him and sighed. He followed Remus back to the couch and slouched comfortably into the soft cushions. "I didn't expect that." He said, wearily.

"Who did?" Sirius asked. "How is he?"

"Sleeping peacefully for now." Remus answered. "He won't wake up for awhile. He is emotionally tired." He turned to James. "Sirius and I would stay the night, if you want us too."

James nodded. "Thanks, mates."

"I must say I am really curious now." Sirius said. "Harry's reaction just proves something worth knowing happened that night."

"Something horrible." James corrected. The other two agreed with him with solemn nods. They barely got any sleep that night.

Sorry, it took so long to update, but there was a death in my family and then we had to catch up in our Christmas shopping and everything. So, sorry and Merry Late Christmas and a Happy New Year! Hope everyone had a wonderful Christmas.

As some...err, most of you should know some of that memory flashback thing came from the book..mostly the OotP and PoA...

Please, update and tell me what you think...sorry if it seemed rush or anything...i had to force myself to start writting again...so this chapter is mostly forced out of me and it might seemed rushed...

Chapter 28

Harry's eyes blinked opened. He closed his eyes again and groaned before rolling over to burry his head deeper into the pillow. He had a headache the size of the United Kingdom. He blinked. He was in an unfamiliar room. He sat up quickly and looked around. The room didn't look lived in. The walls were bare and there were no pictures on the desk or dresser. The only think that made this room looked used was the books on the bookshelf and the set of shoes by the door.

Harry was about to slide out of the bed when the events of earlier...or was it yesterday...rushed back to him. He groaned and lied back down on the pillow. He couldn't face them again. There was no way he'll be able to face all three of them. Realizing it was still early; Harry figured he could sneak out before any of them woke up.

Liking this plan, Harry slid out of the bed and tiptoed over to the door. He opened the door quietly and peeked out. It was the same room from last night. He looked around the room, checking to see if it was empty. By the fireplace, though, was a giant black dog snoring in his sleep. On the couch Harry can just see a head full of light-brown hair. He located Sirius and Remus, but he couldn't see James Potter anywhere in the room. He must be sleeping in some other room.

Taking the chance, Harry snuck out of the room and quietly tiptoed over to the door he knew lead to Professor Potter's office. From there Harry would head back to his dorm room.

He froze when he heard movement coming from the couch. He looked over his shoulder and sigh in relief. It was just Remus moving position. He was still asleep. Harry continued the rest of the way to the door.

He finally made it the door out of here. His hand touched the doorknob just as a hand landed on his shoulder. Harry's heart jumped out of his chest. With one hand still on the doorknob, Harry looked over his shoulder.

It was Professor Potter. His hand was on Harry's shoulder and his face showing no emotion, but there was something in his eyes. Harry didn't have a name for it, but it was something.

"Come, Harry. We need to talk."

Harry didn't want to talk. He wanted to leave...and he doesn't mean just leave the Professor's room. He wants to go back home...to his world. But he allowed the Professor to pull him away from the door.

The Professor led him to another room. It was a private office slash library. Books lined a wall, a desk, and a sitting area with a couch, two easy chairs and a small table.

Professor Potter sat him down at the couch. Harry sat at the end, using the arm as a back rest as he pulled his knees to his chest and hugged them. His chin rested on one of them. He stared at his shoes. Professor Potter sat down next to him, turning to face him.

"I want to help you, Harry, but you..."

"Do you really?" Harry interrupted sounding skeptical.

He heard the Professor sigh. Harry glanced up at him and saw him run a hand through his hair. The Professor looked back at Harry and he quickly brought his gaze back to his shoes. He felt the couch shift as Professor Potter leaned forward. "Harry, look at me." He commanded gently. Harry was surprise at the tone. Never had he heard James Potter talk to him with such a tone. Harry raised his eyes to meet that of his 'father'. "I do want to help."

Harry can hear how sincere he was being, the look in his eyes, the sound of his voice, the tone of his voice. He couldn't look away from him. He finally looked away, looking back at his shoes. Before he told the Professor anything there was one thing he wants...no, needs to know.

Harry nodded, to show the man he understood. He glanced back at the Professor. "But may I ask you something, sir? I need to know." The Professor nodded. "Can you—" Harry paused and took a breath. This would not be easy for any of them. "Can you tell me what happened that night, on Hallows Eve?"

Professor Potter leaned back, surprise at the question. It took a moment to respond. He shook his head. "I—I rather not, Harry. Why—why do you ask?"

"Please, sir. I need to know. I need to know what happened. I need to understand."

The Professor looked at him, confused. "Understand what?"

Without looking away from him, Harry answered with sorrowful eyes. "I need to understand what was different. Why things worked out different here then my world? Why I lived and my parents died in my world and why I died with my mother here?"

Professor Potter took a moment to respond before nodding his head. "Alright, Harry. Just—just give me a moment." The Professor shifted. He was now sitting the right way on the couch, facing the wall of books. His elbows on his knees, head being supported by his hands, and eyes closed in pain. A moment later, he lifted his head back up, but he still refused to look at Harry.

Professor Potter stared at the bookshelf in front of him, not really seeing it. His eyes glazed over as his mind went back to that time long ago when he lost his family. He spoke, almost not knowing what he was saying. He was just speaking what his eyes were seeing at that moment. "It was during dinner. Lily was laughing. I don't remember what she was laughing at, but I would never forget the sound. If I had known it would be the last time I heard her laughter, I would have kept her laughing to the very end." He took a shaky breath. "She then turned to Harry and..."

"Harry! Stop pulling at your hair!" Lily pulled Harry's hand out of his already thick messy black hair. "Why do you have to have your father's hair?" She said, rolling her eyes heavenly.

James laughed. "Don't worry my little kiddo. She knows she loves our hair. We wouldn't be us without it." He said with a confident look at his wife.

She tried to glare at him, but the effect was ruined by the twitch of her lips. James smiled back before cutting into his chicken with his fork. He brought it to his mouth before looking back up at Lily.

She wasn't looking at him anymore. She was glancing at the window behind him. The look on her face stilled all motion. "L—Lily?" James whispered, fearing what had caught her attention.

She glanced back at him with a forced smile and shook her head. "It's nothing, James. I just thought I saw something go past the window. Must have been a bird or something." She didn't look convinced at her own words. She looked scared. Her eyes kept glancing back at the window. The humor mood of dinner turned into a somber affair. The reminder they weren't as safe as they would like...that their friends are in danger.

Suddenly, the sound of the door handle to the kitchen startled them. James slowly stood up from his chair, his wand in his hand. He watched the handle turn slowly.

"Lily." He whispered, not glancing away from the door. "Get Harry and get out of here."

Lily stood quickly, but silently. She reached over to her son, who was surprisingly quiet. She went to undo the buckles of his chair when the door opened and Lord Voldemort stood at its doorway.

"Lily, take Harry and go! It's Him! GO! RUN! I'll hold him off!" James yelled. "Forget the buckles!"

Lily pulled Harry out of the seat without undoing the rest of the buckles. The seat fell back onto the ground with a thump and Lily ran out of the room, no time to say another word to her husband.

He shook his head. "I was an auror and fought against Voldemort enough times to know..." He broke off and closed his eyes in emotional pain. He opened his eyes again, the pain in them so easily seen. "I should have known he blocked the floo network, put anti-apparition wards up. He even found a way to lock all the windows." With sorrow deep in his eyes, he continued...

Voldemort laughed. "You really think you can hold me off while your family goes to safety? How delightful!" He grinned sadistically. "I have had a good dual in a long time. I won't mind messing around with you before I kill your son."

James glared angrily at him. "You leave my son out of this, Tom!"

Voldemort sneered at the name before placing a grin back onto his face. "Oh, but James, you son is the whole reason why I am here. I must greet the little brat."

"I shot the first spell at him in anger, something we learned not to do during auror training. He easily stepped out of the way and sent a curse at me. That battle had started. Once and a while I was able to hear Lily upstairs and it distracted me quite a bit, knowing she hasn't been able to get out. I can't tell you how long we fought until Voldemort got bored."

"James, I am getting quite bored of this game." Voldemort said like they were common friends playing a Quidditch match.

"If you're so bored then leave." James said. They were now in the hallway. James was breathing heavily, but Voldemort still looked well rested.

Voldemort laughed and waved his wand in James direction. An unseen force flew James off his feet, crashing him through the front door of the house.

James laid on the walkway in pain. His side was gushing out blood from the glass of the door window. He rolled over, groaning in pain. He reached to his side and pulled out the big sharp glass. There was a lot of blood leaving his wound, but he couldn't deal with it now. He looked back into the house to see Voldemort's feet disappearing up the stairs.

"No. LILY, GET OUT!" He screamed as he stumbled onto his feet. He rushed back into the house, stumbling as he went. Getting to the stairs were hard enough, walking up them was a whole other story. The pain, the dizziness he felt was overwhelming. He clutched the banister with one hand while the other hand held onto his bleeding side. He was losing a lot of blood, but he would lose a whole lot more if he doesn't make it up the stairs.

It wasn't until he made it to the top that he realized he had left his wand laying in the middle of the hallway when Voldemort had flung him into the air.

"Please, not Harry. Take me instead just not my boy!" He heard Lily beg to the monster. He had no time to get back down for his wand.

Using the wall for support, James slowly made his way to the nursery.

"Stand aside, you silly girl! Move aside now!"

"LILY!" James shouted down the hallway. He was breathing heavily. It was getting harder and harder to put one foot in front of the other.

"Not Harry, please no, take me, kill me instead!" She continued to beg.

"I have no time for you! Stand aside!"

"Not Harry! Please, have mercy...have mercy!"

"Alright then. You leave me no choice!"

James finally made it to the nursery, using the doorframe for support, just in time to see Voldemort raise his wand to his wife. "NO!"

"Avada Kedavra!"

James lunged forward, but, with the loss of blood, he fell to the ground before he can reach his wife. The green light blinded him for a second. He saw Lily whisper to him, 'I love you' before she was hit. The thump of her body echoed around the room and James stared with unfocused eyes at her unmoving body. Her effervescent green eyes were now dull and lifeless. They stared at him with an empty look.

Voldemort's voice pulled James back to the present. "It's your turn, Harry."

Fear and energy flowed through him. With all his strength, James grabbed Voldemort's feet with his bloody hands and pulled. He fell to the ground, on top of Lily's lifeless body. Voldemort turned a glaring red eye to James. "That was a mistake, Potter!"

The pain in James side was now pulsing. He rolled to his back and groaned, his hands clutching his bleeding side.

Voldemort stood up and James soon found himself being flung into the wall. His head hit the wall hard. He flopped to the ground, dizzy

and in pain. He managed move into a sitting position, tiredly. His energy has left him. He was breathing much too heavily. His sight was unfocused.

Voldemort stood in front of Harry once again and raised his wand. James was horrified when he realized he couldn't move. "Avada Kedavra!"

"NO! HARRY!"

James locked eyes with his son. Harry was crying out to him. His eyes just begging father. "DADDY!" Then the green curse hit him and Harry's lifeless body fell. Something inside James broke; some powerful wave of pain, grief and anger wash through him. The air cracked around him. A wave of power magic flew out of him of, knocking the crib over and pushing the rocking chair into the opposite wall. Voldemort was pushed back off his feet.

Voldemort got back to his feet. "What, James? Is the pain too much for you? Love is for the weak. Now, it is time for you to die." He raised his wand to him.

For a second, James thought about letting Voldemort kill him. He felt dead now anyways. His family was died, his wife and son. Why live? But then the pictures of Sirius and Remus came to his mind. They were family too. But can he really handle living without Lily and his son? James lifted his defeated eyes to Voldemorts red ones.

Voldemort sent, not the Killing Curse, but some fireball curse towards him. James leaped to the side at the last minute. The fireball hit the wall. The force of the curse sent James flying through the opened doorway of the nursery and into the hallway wall. He fell onto the ground. He groaned in pain and rolled to his back. His body ached. He still felt dizzy and his eyes were unfocused. He knew he was about to slip into unconsciousness. Just before he slipped into unconsciousness he heard Sirius yelling out his name from downstairs.

"When I awoke I was still in the hallway. Sirius was kneeling on the ground next to me, as was Madam Poppy. Dumbledore and Remus were in the nursery, looking over the damage." Professor Potter said, finishing. He didn't look over at Harry. His cloudy sorrowful eyes

stared down at the table top. He still looked like he was reliving that night. His mind was still there.

Harry sat in shook silence. He knew he had died in this world, so did his mother. What he didn't know was that James Potter saw both of their deaths. When he heard that his mother and himself were dead, he had thought Professor Potter was out at work or with Sirius that night. It never hit him that Professor Potter was there.

Another thing that the Professor said confused him. In this world, his mother sacrificed herself for her son, just like his world. Why did young Harry die here? Harry was told that it was his mother's sacrifice that saved him from the Killing Curse. Why didn't it save young Harry when the same thing happened? That question is a question he should bring up to the Headmaster, not the Professor.

The Professor finally seemed to compose himself. He turned to Harry without any pain or sorrow showing in his face, though Harry can see it in his eyes still. "May I ask what that had to do with the dementor attack?"

Harry tightened his arms around his knees. He stared at the couch with pain-filled eyes. "It was after dinner when Voldemort came to my house..." He started to say instead of answering the Professor directly.

Harry doesn't know how the Professor was reacting to his version of that night. He, like the Professor, refused to look at him as he told it. It was painful. Re-telling what happened to his late parents, when a look-a-like sitting right next to him. At first Harry didn't know if he should refer to his dad as 'you' or 'him'. Finally, he decided to do what the Professor done. Referring to his dad as 'him'. It made it easier to separate the two, the dead father and the living counterpart.

It didn't take long before Harry finished. There was a moment of silence before Professor Potter's voice brought Harry back to reality. "How do you remember that?" He asked in a soft tone. Harry didn't answer him, but he didn't have too. Realization hit the Professor. "That's—that's what you saw, isn't it? Around the dementors, I mean." Harry nodded.

Harry felt the couch shift again as the Professor turned to face him again. "Why were you out that night, Harry? I've been told you knew about the dementors wondering the halls after dark."

Harry didn't know how to answer; part of him didn't want to answer. Remus was dead in his world. Why would the Professor care about that? It wasn't his Remus that was dead. He would still be able to see Remus every day. While Harry would return home, to his world, and not have him there. His heart sank lower. He would not have Remus, Sirius or his father.

"Harry?" He can hear the concern in the Professor's voice. Something Harry couldn't deny.

"Remus died. He's dead." Harry felt the coming of tears in his eyes, but he refused to let them fall.

"What? No, he isn't. He was just..." The Professor dropped his sentence as he realized what Harry meant. "The Remus in your world had died." He said in a soft tone. Harry nodded.

"I had to get out of there. After the vision, I just needed air. I forgot about the dementors. We didn't have them in the school in my world." Harry explained, trying not to show the Professor that he was about to have a mental melt down.

The Professor opened his mouth to speak, but Sirius came barging into the. "James, there you are!" Sirius leaned against the back of the couch.

"I'm not that hard to find, Sirius." The Professor pointed out.

Sirius waved his hand, brushing the comment aside. "Whatever. Albus flooded. He wants to see us. Remus is already on his way." He paused and tilted his head slightly in thought. "Actually, he should already be there."

"Harry, as well?"

Sirius shrugged his shoulders before turning to face Harry. "I say you come along with us and if Albus doesn't want to talk to you, we boot you out." He said with a grin.

The Professor rolled his eyes and shook his head. "Or ..." He stressed. "...we can floo Albus and ask if he wanted Harry there too?"

Sirius sighed dramatically and shook his head in mock disappointment. "Parents! So responsible!" He said, not noticing or ignoring the stiffen back of the Professor and the uncertain look of the teen. "Come on, you two. Albus wants us. Last one there is hippogriff poop!" He yelled, running out of the room.

The Professor ran his hand through his hair and shook his head. "He'll never grow up." He murmured. He stood up. "Come on, Harry. He wasn't joking."

Harry stood up. "I didn't know you can turn someone into...into that." He said; too embarrass to use the babyish word 'poop'.

The Professor shrugged as he made his way to the other room. Harry followed behind him. "Don't know if you can, but we found a way for you to spell like one. And if you think baby or horse manure smells bad, then you never smelled hippogriff manure. It's much worst." He said grimacing at the memory of it. "Sirius got me last time." His face went distant, like he was remembering it. "I think it's about time I get him back."

"But, sir, Sirius would already be halfway there by now." Harry pointed out.

The Professor suddenly grinned. The first grin he has ever given Harry. Yes, Harry seen him smile, grin, chuckle, and laugh...rarely, but he has seen him. That day, weeks ago, when Harry managed to blow up a potion and got green stuff stuck in his hair, he had laughed and smiled, but he wasn't look at him then. He wasn't showing Harry that smile. The Professor was looking down at his tea. With that smile, he was amused. And Harry was not counting the time he woke up at three in the morning to them laughing and joking. Harry believed they were drunk then. There was an empty bottle or two of firewhiskey in the trash later that morning.

This grin was different. Professor Potter was looking straight at Harry, grinning with a mischievous look in his eye. He wasn't tense or even distracted. It was then that Harry saw a bit of that prankster he was as a boy. He saw that attention-seeking, troublesome boy

that everyone talked about. He saw a glimpse of that man that could have raised him. "But he didn't use the floo network. That's much faster." The Professor threw the floo powder into the fireplace.

I did it! I FINALLY DID IT! aren't you happy? I am! i'm really happy! it took me a while, but i did it! Please Review!

Chapter 29

Sirius sat pouting on the windowsill. James didn't curse him with the smell, not yet. He wasn't stupid. If he cursed him now then James would have to deal with the smell until Albus was done talking to them. That would be punishing all of them and not just Sirius. But it was coming and Sirius knew it. He was staying as far away from James as he can.

James sat by on a chair by Albus' desk. Harry sat next to him with Remus on the other side of him. James could see how stiff Harry's back was and James looked at Remus. He couldn't imagine him being gone. The sensible, calm Remus, gone. It hurt just to think about it. He didn't know what to do when Harry told him he was dead. Selfishly, he was just glad it wasn't the Remus he knew. He soon felt guilty for thinking that. He didn't know what to say to help Harry out. He was glad Sirius interrupted them. He could have the situation worst if he said the wrong thing.

"I wanted to show this to you four. I don't think anyone else in the Order should know. The less people who know if this, the better." Albus said, bring James' mind back to the present. He handed James a very old brown tablet. It was thick and heavy. A piece at the bottom of it was broken off.

James glanced at the symbols on the tablet before passing it to Harry to look at. He looked questioning at the Headmaster. "What is it? I don't recognize the language."

Harry tensely passed it to Remus. Remus pretended not to notice how tense Harry was being. Instead he looked over the tablet. "It's Sumerian." He looked at the Headmaster.

Albus nodded. "Remus is right. It was found ninety-one years ago in southern Wales in the Valleys."

"In Wales?" Remus asked, passing the tablet to Sirius. "That's far from where their culture was." Remus turned to his confused friends to explain. "The Sumerian civilization lived among the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers about 4000 B.C. That's in Southwest Asia."

"I know my geography, Remus." Sirius said handing the tablet back to him. "If they lived so far away, how did the tablet end up in Wales? Why is it even important?"

"It was my uncle who found it. He doesn't know how it ended up in Wales, but he had theories once he translated it. I never knew what the tablet had said. My uncle had promised to tell me, but after he translated it, he refused to tell me. He told me to contain a secret that should never be let out. He told me, before he died and handed it to me, that I should only translate it in the time of need, when I don't know what else to do. He also made me promise not to donate to a museum or show anyone I don't trust completely."

"That fascinating and all, Albus, but why is it important?" Sirius asked again. "Did you translate it?"

Remus placed the tablet back on the desk and Albus picked up. "One of the many theories my uncle came up with..." He continued to say, ignoring Sirius's question. "...is that the writer of this tablet didn't want anyone to find it. He must have traveled to Wales, far from his home, to hide it. After translating it, I'm going to have to agree with that theory. I believe the one who wrote this tablet understood the risk of let such information get out to public knowledge and into the wrong hands."

James leaned forward. "What information, Albus?" He asked seriously.

Albus looked his age, old and weary as he glanced at the four males. "The person who wrote this tablet found a way to take the magic out of a wizard or witch."

"What?"

"This person found a way to make a wizard or witch into a squib."

"Basically, into a muggle." Sirius said. Albus nodded. "You believe it would work on Voldemort?"

"I didn't know that was possible." Harry finally spoke.

"It's not supposed to be." Remus said, looking weary. "Albus is right. This information into wrong hands could be devastating."

"There is one problem." Albus said. He pointed to the missing piece. "The piece with the spell on it is missing. We have the information of its existence, but not the spell itself."

James sat in his personal kitchens with Remus. He refused to let Sirius in smelling like he did and Harry had been sent back to the Gryffindor Common Room. James knew he should have pulled Harry aside and talk to him about Remus, but he didn't know what to say or how to say it. He had no clue what to do. So, instead of talking with Harry, he sent him back to the dorm room. Harry didn't look happy being sent away, but what else was James to do.

"What's on your mind, James?" Remus asked putting a butterbeer in front of his friend.

James looked at the bottle with a grimace. "I could really use a firewhiskey."

Remus rolled his eyes, not surprise James wanted a bottle (or two) of firewhiskey. "You're in a school with many underage students. It's illegal."

James took a sip of the butterbeer. "It should be legal. These are my personal quarters. No student is allowed in my quarters."

"Yet a student had just left your personal quarters, slept in your personal quarters even." Remus pointed out, taking out a butterbeer for himself.

"Right." James murmured, not at all focus on their conversation.

Remus sighed and sat down on the other side of the table. "What's wrong, James? Is it about what we learned in Albus' office? Or is it something about Harry?"

James sighed. "Harry told me something, told me two things actually, that I still need to fully process."

"What did he tell you?" Remus asked, taking a sip of his butterbeer.

James shook his head, knowing talking about it would make it more real to him. He also knew he will have to eventually talk about it with

Harry again. They didn't finish their conversation before they were interrupted. Though, getting advice on what to say and what to do would be appreciative. "It's about what happened that night when Harry left the dorm pass curfew and ran into the dementors."

Remus nodded in understanding. "You don't have to tell me what you discussed, James. As long as Harry is now talking about it. It wasn't healthy the way he was going about it."

James sighed. "I know, but I...I don't know what to say to him." He almost hated himself for admitting it, but it was true. There was a slight pause as James collected his thoughts. "We first talked about what Harry saw around the dementors. It was after we talked about...about that that we talked about why he was out of the common room in the first place." He took a sip of butterbeer. He grimaced at it. This isn't what he need. He needed firewhiskey! He placed the bottle on the table and pushed it away.

"James?" Remus asked, bringing his friend back to the present.

James sighed. "Harry had one of those vision things of his world. He saw..." He paused to collect his emotions. "He watched your counterpart die. He seems quite broken up about it."

Remus sat up in surprise. "Died? I'm dead in his world and he saw it happen? James, you got too talk to him about it. You shouldn't have just sent him off with that hanging over his shoulder."

James nodded and grimaced. "I know, I know. I just...I just didn't know what to say to him or do, not after he told me that." He suddenly felt like he was a really, really bad father. He knew that already, but this just made it ten times worst. Would he have been like this if he had a chance to raise his son? Would he know what to do or would he send the boy off to get advice from Remus? If Lily was alive then it would have been she who took care of problems like this.

Just that thought of his wife pained him. He pushed the thought of her away before it consumed him again, like it always did throughout the years since her death. It was hard enough with a counterpart of his son here.

Sirius chose that moment to burst into the kitchen, the smell gone. He was smiling widely. "I now smell fresh and clean and, James, you are soooooo going to regret that." He then froze as he looked at the downcast looks of his two friends. He raised his eyebrows in question. "Who died?" He asked, not realizing the 'innocent' question wasn't all that innocent.

"I did." "Remus." They answered at the same time.

Sirius looked even more confused. "Well, Remus, you look pretty good being dead and all."

James shook his head. "The other Remus died. The Remus Harry knows...or knew, from his world."

"Oh." Sirius managed to say before sitting down next to James. "And you guys know this...how?"

"Harry."

Sirius grabbed James' abandoned butterbeer and took a sip. "What happened? How?"

Rora sat next to her annoying brother in the Great Hall. As soon as she had walked out of the Infirmary he's been pestering her, sticking to her like glue. It was odd behavior for Ronald Weasley. The one usual thing he did was start yelling at her for going to Dad's home of all places, for seeking out Dad's help in her time of need. Apparently, mother told him where she had run off too. It was most likely mother's fault Ron would not leave her alone for a second. All Ginny did was insult her intelligence with the snobby statement, 'you went to father! Why on Merlin's soul did you go to him? No one in their right minds would go to that pigsty of a place!' Rora stayed silent as a response. How on earth could Rora explain her feelings for father to them? How can she explain why she went there? They would never understand, even if they actually tried to understand.

Rora glanced further down the table. Harry Jameson was there looking solemn like usual sitting in between Granger and Longbottom. Harry just showed up at Hogwarts with two really great friends already. This is her fourth year and she still can't find friends as great as that. Never had she felt so lonely.

She stood up and gathered her books. Ron looked up. "Where're you going? I'm not done eating yet!"

She rolled her eyes heavenward as she threw her bag over her shoulder. "You may finish eating like a pig. I'll manage to make it to the library alive, I promise you that. I've done it a hundred times before."

Before Ron can say another word, Rora turned and left the Great Hall.

"Harry, you should really eat something." Hermione said, worriedly. She eyed the food Harry was pushing around his plate with his fork.

"I'm not hungry." He said gloomily.

Hermione glanced at Neville over Harry's shoulder, begging him to say something. Neville shrugged his shoulders, looking uncertain. "At least he's speaking now." He said. Before Harry would have just shrugged his shoulders then completely ignore them.

Harry dropped his fork on to his plate and pushed it away. "I should have known talking to an adult wouldn't help at all." He suddenly said.

"What do you mean?" Hermione asked glad to finally be getting somewhere with her new friend.

"You know how I've been...been distant lately?" Harry asked. His two friends nodded. "Well, I decided to...well, I really didn't have much of a choice...anyway; I decided to talk about it to a professor." Harry shook his head. "I should have kept my mouth shut."

"Who did you go to?" Neville asked.

Harry rolled his eyes at himself. "Someone I really shouldn't have, I guess. Professor Potter."

Neville's eyes widen. "Professor Potter? As in James Potter? Your..." He didn't finish the sentence, knowing Hermione had no idea about Harry being from another world. But Harry knew just what he meant and nodded.

Hermione fell silent, feeling a bit left out of the loop. She wasn't dumb. She knew there is something they aren't telling her. Some sort of top secret thing that they know and she doesn't. It hurt that they haven't told her. It made her feel useless right now.

"You should have seen him." Harry shook his head. "He looked so uncomfortable. He looked relieved when Sirius interrupted us. Then, he sent me away without any comforting words or...or anything. He said nothing, just sent me away. I shouldn't have said anything."

"Harry, you should just give him some time. I'm sure he'll come around." Neville said, trying to help.

Harry shook his head, not believe him. He then turned to look at a Hermione before turning his attention back to Neville. "I trust her. I think we should tell her."

Neville's eyes widened. "Tell her now? Don't you think we should ask Professor Dumbledore first?"

"I don't need to ask Professor Dumbledore. I trust Hermione. She won't tell." Harry said with confidence. "Come on." He said standing. He grabbed hold to Hermione's arm and pulled her out of the seat. He led her out of the Great Hall.

"Wait up, Harry. Harry!" Neville shouted as he jumped out of his seat to follow them.

Harry looked around the dusty corner of the library. It was easy to tell just how many people actually came to this part of the library. The window above one long over worn settee was so thick with dust that little too no light was getting through. The books on the shelves were falling apart. It was weird to see that at a magic library with the strictest librarian the world has ever seen in charge.

When Harry told Hermione that they needed to get to a private location, he was thinking of the Room of Requirements, but she had pulled him hear before he can say anything else. "You sure this is completely private?" He asked. "What I'm about to tell you can't, and I mean cannot be overheard by anyone or there will be trouble for not only me."

Hermione rolled her eyes as she sat down on the worn settee. Dust flew into the air when she did so. "Harry, look at this corner. Does it look like anyone would be over here? Besides, everyone is still at lunch."

"She's got a point, Harry." Neville said, sitting down beside her. "I still think we should at least tell Dumbledore we're planning on telling her before telling her. Then, at least he'll know."

Harry sat down beside Neville. "I'll tell him after we tell her."

Neville still looked uncertain, but sat back and let Harry do the talking.

Hermione sat sideways on the settee so she can better see Harry. She looked excited to be included in the secret. This was the first time someone ever let her in on a secret, besides her father whenever he wanted to surprise her mother with a gift or dinner.

Harry refused to look at her. He stared determinedly at the dusty floor. "Professor Potter is my...well, kind of...in a way...he's my father." He said in one breath. He glanced at Hermione. She was staring at him, studying his features, trying to find a connection.

She shook her head. "You don't really look like him...well, actually I guess I can see it in your cheekbones."

He gave a dry chuckle as he eyed his light brown hair. "That is actually a charm. I have to reapply it every morning and make sure my curtains are charmed shut every night. It's only a six hour charm. Which sucks 'cause I have to reapply it so many times a day. Truly, I look a lot like Professor Potter."

"Why do you call him Professor Potter? And how is that even possible, Harry? I heard his wife and child died years ago. You would have to be his son's twin or something and I didn't hear anything about him having twins. Unless Professor Potter cheated on his wife!"

"Hold on, Hermione!" Harry quickly said, stopping her train of thought. "He didn't cheat on his wife, I'm pretty sure of that. His wife and son did die some fifteen years ago." He sighed. "You're intelligent, you're a muggleborn. I know you must have heard of

Albert Einstein's theories of time and space, right? The possibilities of it?"

Hermione stood up, her hands on her hips and her eyes narrowed. "Are you saying you're Professor Potter's future son? You suggesting I should believe that?"

"No, no!" He quickly said as he stood up as well to face her. "I'm not his future son. I'm talking about Einstein's theory on..." He winced. If Hermione started to flip out of the possibility of time traveling that far into the past, then she would just explode when he told her the truth. "...on alternate universes." He finished weakly.

There was silence. Harry peaked at her unconvinced face. "Your full name is Hermione Jane Granger." He said in a rush before she can start yelling at him. "You were born on September 19th, 1979 to two dentists. You are the only child. You lived a very lonely life. Your only company was books since your parents were always busy and you found it hard to become friends with other children.

"You take assignments, classes and school rules very seriously. Your favorite subject is Charms, but you also love Arithmancy. You have trouble with Flying and Divination. You hate them both actually. You really don't see the point in Divination. To you it's just a bunch of guess work. You were really close to getting sorted into Ravenclaw.

"Your boggart is failing. Your wand is 10 ½ inches long, vine, with dragon heartstring. Your patronus is an otter. You believe in freeing house elves. You think that they shouldn't be forced to labor for wizards. You have a firm belief in equal rights to all creatures and wizards. How am I doing so far?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked stunned, but she quickly masked it. She folded her arms and narrowed her eyes at him. "You could have easily found all of that out. Though, I never casted a patronus, but you could have found that out and guessed what my patronus could possibly be."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Alright. Our worlds are different, I'll give you that. So, I'm guessing on my part when I say this. In your third year, you used a time turner to get to all of your classes. You grew really

stress that year, blowing up at the Divination teacher and, eventually, dropping the class in the middle of the school year.

"Your parents believed that you wanted to become a teacher when you grow up, but you, secretly, wished to be a doctor, but now you want to work at the ministry. You want to work on getting equal rights for all magical creatures."

Hermione's stunned face was enough to let Harry know she wanted the same thing here, in this world.

"It's the truth, Hermione." Neville spoke up. "It's hard to believe, but it's the truth. Both my parents had to explain it to me."

"Do you believe me now?" Harry asked desperately.

Hermione slowly sat back down on the settee. Harry followed her example.

"It happened before and if you don't believe me you can try and look up Godrick Hamason or go to Dumbledore."

There was another moment of silence as Hermione went into her thinking mode, where she thought of all the possibilities and weighed her options. She then shifted in her seat to face him. She took a deep breath before saying, "I can't believe I'm saying this without farther proof, but I believe you." Harry smiled out of relief. "But how?" She asked. "How did it happen?"

Harry began to tell her what he knew about traveling to another dimension and about Godrick Hamason. Hermione asked questions as he spoke and he did his best to answer.

They were so focus in their discussion, that none of them noticed a red headed girl on the other side of a bookshelf listening to each and every word with wide-eye wonder.

YAY! Another chapter updated soooooo quickly!

Chapter 30

It was Sunday now, much to James' relief. No classes today. He can either do what he really wants to do and avoid Harry or do what is right and pull him aside to talk to him. He really has nothing better to do, not with Remus and Sirius gone. They both left earlier today for the Valleys to search for the missing piece of the tablet.

Remus quit his job at the bookstore; it was much too painful for him now with Sally Harsh gone. It took no genius to realize he blamed himself for her death. He was even planning on visiting Elise to check up on her, see how she was doing with her aunt's unfortunate end. His friends had to force him to do it. He was too guilt-ridden to see Elise. He wanted to, but didn't feel like it was the right thing to do. Luckily, Sirius and James seemed to have gotten sense to him.

Sirius was taking some vacation time for a week or so. With both Remus and Sirius free, it was their job to look for the missing piece, leaving James alone to approach Harry.

Harry looked fine at dinner last night. He was talking to his friends and there was laughing and smiling involved. Maybe Harry had already talked about it with his friends and he doesn't need him. Or, most likely, Harry is pushing it aside and trying to act 'normal', like it didn't happen. In which case, James should talk to him before Harry hides it deep within himself. It is very unhealthy to do that. You would eventually burst holding your pain in, as James is well experienced with.

James sighed and pushed away the stack of papers he was grading. He wasn't getting any of it done. He leaned back against his chair in thought.

He really should talk to Harry, but he still didn't know what to say. Remus wasn't very helpful yesterday. After the shock of it all blown over, Remus told him to 'follow your instinct' and 'go with the flow' and that maybe all he has to do is 'be there for Harry' as a 'calming presence telling Harry he wasn't alone'. When James mentioned that he didn't even know where to start, Remus said 'start with your feelings on the matter'. Right, like James would do that.

Sirius didn't help any, either. The possibility of losing one of his friends seemed to hit him hard. He had even left the room for some

time. He wasn't the type of man to show how some things affects him emotional, not even to his friends. He tries his best to hide his true emotions, especially when they are negative emotions. There were only a few times James saw him break down, but that isn't important right now. Just seeing Sirius leave the room shows how much the thought of losing his friends affected him. Otherwise, he would have stayed in the room in distracted silence. When Sirius came back he was carrying six bottles of firewhiskey, much to James's relief.

James stood with a tired sigh. He was not getting anywhere just thinking about it. And the thoughts won't leave until he speaks to Harry.

In the sixth year dorm room, Harry laid on his bed in silence, with his back facing the door. Finally, some peace and quiet! Hermione was in the library helping Neville with homework Harry had already finished. Ron was...who knew where? Dean was with some friend of his from Ravanclaw. He didn't expect any of them back for a while yet, leaving him time to think.

He wanted to go home, but a part of him wanted to stay here. That part of him is getting bigger and bigger by the second. Did he really want to go home and be hit with the sudden lost of both Sirius and Remus...and his father?

Harry never had the proper time to mourn his godfather's death. It felt like Sirius never left him, not with his counterpart here. As soon as his Sirius died, he was replaced with this Sirius, not giving him time to fully understand that his godfather is dead. He knew it, he accepted it, but he didn't have the chance for it to truly hit him. If Harry went back to his world...he shook his head. He didn't want to think about the pain he would go through.

As for Remus. His Remus was alive when he ended up here. Harry had to separate the two Remus's from each other. This Remus didn't replace his Remus in his mind like Sirius, unconsciously of course. So his death hit him harder then Sirius's death. Harry also still had Remus's counterpart here with him. Making it harder for Harry too properly mourn...Harry stopped his train of thought as he thought about the Friday evening. When he broke down and cried, was that properly mourning his death? Or was that somewhat mourning? He still didn't feel like he finished mourning for Remus.

Lastly, his father. Throughout his time here there have been up's and down's concerning his father. There were times when Harry felt like they made a connection, only to be disappointed the next day when his dad ignored what had happened. No matter the emotional rollercoaster he's been on, he didn't want to leave him.

On the other hand, Harry misses his friends. He miss his Ron, the loyal friendly Ron. The Ron that's been his best friend since he was eleven. He misses his Hermione. He misses how she knew him. She knew him so well. This Hermione is a good friend, yes, but she isn't his Hermione. This Hermione didn't know him like his Hermione did. He misses all of the Weasley's. The perfect, lovable family. The first family that basically accepted him like a son and the first family that got to know Harry, not Harry Potter, the boy-who-lived, but Harry; just Harry. The family that became like his own.

Lastly, he misses Dumbledore. Dumbledore put him with the Dursley's, but he also saved him from them by allowing him to go to Hogwarts. Dumbledore, the grandfather he never had the chance to know. Yes, he didn't tell him about the prophesy, if the prophesy exist in his world, and he was angry about that, but Harry can and will forgive him for that.

Plus, if the prophesy exist in his world, then Harry had to go home. He has a responsibility. He couldn't bring it upon some else's shoulders to fulfill his responsibility. Voldemort had to go down.

Suddenly, he heard the dorm room door open and close. He didn't think anything of it, thinking it was a dorm mate, but he was disappointed that his peace and quiet had ended so soon. 'Maybe whoever interrupted him was just getting a textbook or something.' He thought hopefully. Harry heard footsteps walk farther into the room, heading towards him.

The person stopped right next to his bed and Harry felt the bed move as the person sat down at the edge. Curiously, Harry turned and saw, to his surprise, Professor Potter sitting at the edge of his bed with his back to him. Harry sat up, using the backboard of his bed to support his back. "Sir?" It was odd to see a professor in the dorm room, much odder to see that professor is his father.

The Professor barely gave him a glance. Instead, much to Harry's confusion and surprise, the Professor shifted until he was sitting next to Harry with his back against the backboard. He sighed as he stared at his feet stretched out in front of him. He didn't say anything for a full minute. He folded his arms across his chest, almost protectively. "I've been friends with Remus since I was eleven." He started. "We met on the train to Hogwarts." He chuckled at the memory. "It took only days to become close. While at Hogwarts, the thoughts of losing one another were..." He chuckled again, almost sadly, while shaking his head. "Well, it never crossed our minds. We thought we would live forever; there was no chance of dying so young. We've done dangerously things that could have killed us and just laughed about it.

"Then we left Hogwarts and went into the war. The possibility of one of us dying became more noted, but for some reason we still believed we'll live through it. Even when we were caught by Death Eaters with little to no chance of escape. Then Halloween happened. Lily and...and Harry died. Death happened so close to home for us. But we had each other; Sirius, Remus and I. The thought of losing one of my brothers became my next fear, but years pass and nothing happened to them. That fear left me, not completely mind you, but I wasn't worried about it.

"We've been through a lot together. I can't imagine them gone from my life. Battle after battle and we still make it through alive. I guess that feeling of...of living forever never truly left us as we make one daring move after another against Voldemort." The Professor sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "Finding out that in some alternate world out there all three of us are dead..." He shook his head. "I wasn't ready to hear that." He looked at Harry. "I'm...I'm sorry." He said with some difficulty. He quickly looked away, clearly not used to apologizing or just not comfortable apologizing.

"For what, sir?" Harry asked quietly.

The Professor shifted in his seat uncomfortably. "You...opened up to me and I...I pushed you away without helping you through it, without checking to see if you were alright. Are...are you alright?"

James could kick himself. This was not what he meant to do when he came to talk to Harry, but the silence was getting to him, making him feel even more uncomfortable, that he just started to speak, not

fully knowing what he was saying. The words felt awkward on his lips.

The boy shrugged his shoulders and James was tempted to leave right now, accepting Harry's half hearted shrug, but then he spoke.

"I'll be fine, professor. It's..." Harry stopped like he was unsure if he should finish the sentence. "Nevermind. Thanks for checking up on me, but I'll be fine, sir."

James wanted to push his conscience aside and leave. He knew something was still bothering the boy and his body was refusing to leave the bed. His stupid conscience won't let him leave for some reason, without knowing what was wrong.

He looked at the boy and sighed.

Harry wanted to kick himself for almost admitting that it's going home that he was worried about. He was telling the truth to the professor. He would be fine. It was easier, not easy but easier, to forget his Remus had died when he is here and not in the world where everyone would be mourning him, where his missing presence would be felt.

He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulders, making him stare, questioningly, at the serious professor next to him.

"Harry, I know I haven't been a very good..." The professor's sentence trailed off like he was searching for the best word to use. "...father to you." He finished followed by Harry's surprise. "And I don't know you as a father should." He continued to say slowly; like he was making sure he won't say something he didn't mean to. "But I can tell there is something bothering you." He quickly held up a hand to stop Harry from protesting. "You can't deny it, Harry. You don't have to tell me, but don't think that I don't care."

The Professor ran a hand through his hair nervously. "This has nothing to do with what we were discussing, but it needs to be said and, if I don't say it now, I would never say it. The thing is, Harry, I'm scared..."

Hermione shut her book and held it to her chest. "Seriously, Neville, it isn't that hard once you get use to it and overlook Professor Snape

ability, or lack thereof, to teach." Neville chuckled. "What?" She asked.

"I think you just insulted a teacher. The Hermione Granger insulted a teacher!" He laughed again.

"I did not!" She denied as she placed the potion book on her lap, having had no table to set it on. They were back in the corner of the library, where Harry had told her the truth about him yesterday. She didn't want to hear any rude remarks from those in the library. She feared they would have made fun of Neville for getting help from the know-it-all Granger. To save him and her any embarrassment, she suggested they come here to study and do homework. "I was merely suggesting..." She paused, unable to think of a way out of this mess. She folded her arms in defeat and scowled. "So what if I insulted him. Everyone knows he can't teach all that well."

"He can teach, just not in front of a huge class." A voice interrupted them.

Hermione and Neville jumped. "Harry! Merlin, Harry, you didn't have to scare us." Neville said holding a hand in front of his beating heart. He then took a good look at Harry. "Harry, everything alright? You look distracted."

He blinked out of his thoughts. "Huh?" He asked distractedly. He then nodded after his brain processed what Neville had asked. "Oh, yeah. I'm fine. I just came down to get you two. It's lunchtime you know."

"Already? We've really been here for five and a half hours?" Neville questioned in surprise.

Harry nodded. "I guess so." Without waiting for them, he turned and walked away.

The two friends shared a look. "I wonder what's wrong." Neville voiced his concerns.

"Only one way to find out." Hermione said, standing up. She pulled her bag over her shoulders and followed after Harry. Neville quickly followed her.

"I'm scared to get too close." "...accepted that I lost my son long ago." "...accepted that I would never get him or my wife back." "Your presence here is hard for me to accept." "You would leave anyway." "What's the point in getting close only to loss you once again?" "I'm tired of being hurt." "...pain of losing someone so close never truly goes away." "...can't help but want to make sure you're alright." "A part of me wants to get to know you."

"Harry!"

Harry snapped away from his memory. "What?" He asked a worried Neville.

"I've been calling your name for over a minute. You sure you're alright?"

He nodded. "Yeah, Nev. I'm fine. Just a lot to think about." Neville didn't look convinced, but allowed the subject to drop.

"Here's another thing to think about. Rora Weasley keeps looking over here." Hermione said before Neville did.

Harry glanced down the table where Rora Weasley sat with Ron and Ginny. She was pushing food around on her plate, seemingly deep in thought. Then she would look over at them. Harry couldn't name the look on her face. It was like she was looking for something or waiting for something to happen. The second time she looked over, she caught his eye. She quickly looked away, blushing at being caught.

"That's odd. You think she knows something?" Neville asked.

Harry shrugged his shoulders, he wasn't all that concerned. He looked past Rora Weasley to the empty seat on Dumbledore's left side. It was no surprise he wasn't here for lunch, not after that heart deep talk they had.

"...so much easier if you didn't show up." "...easier on me." "...part of me is glad to see who my son could have been." "Lily would have taken this chance to get to know you. She would have jumped at this chance right away, but I'm not Lily." "...too painful." "...just needed time, still need time."

"Harry!"

"Time for what?"

"Harry!"

"To accept. Only then can I be the father you wish for me to be."

"Harry!"

He snapped his attention back to Neville. "What?"

"You sure you're okay? You keep spacing out."

"We called your name three times." Hermione said, looking concerned.

Harry forced a grin to his face. "I'm fine. I was just thinking." He pushed his plate away. "I'm not hungry. I'm going to...ahhh...finish homework." He lied. He stood up and walked away.

"But you said you've finished all your...Harry!" Neville called out. He shared a concerned look with Hermione. "We should just give him time, you think?" The girl nodded. "Maybe he's feeling homesick. Even though he's been here since the beginning of summer." He continued to say.

He couldn't believe he said all of that. How did he pour his heart out like that? He only meant to say how he was sorry he couldn't be a father to him and that he was scared to leave his comfort zone and embrace what has happened, but instead everything came out. Once he had started he couldn't stop. Though, he wished he was able to keep his mouth shut, he couldn't deny how much better he felt. Saying all that to Harry was like making a confession. He doesn't feel like he is leading Harry on in anyway.

He stared at the top of his brown desk and sighed. Remus would surely approve though. James could even imagine Sirius approving. Their friend was finally opening up. He rolled his eyes. Is it really taking an alternate version of his boy for him to open up again?

The week flew by rather slowly for Harry. He kept his mouth into a smile, ignored Rora Weasley's odd looks and joked with his two

'new' friends, but inside his mind was on the death of his parents, Sirius's death, and, lastly, Remus's death. The memory of all four of their deaths was imprinted into his mind. At night that was all he can dream about and it affected his sleep, which in turned affected his grades. His friends didn't know him well enough to notice and that in itself hurt. It was a reminder that they aren't his true friends, they're just their counterpart. As cruel as that sounds, it is true. Just the other day Hermione was complaining about how hard a certain test was going to be and Harry said without thinking, "It'll be easier than going through those protections to get to the Sorcerer's Stone and that troll". The look on her face would have been funny if Harry wasn't distracted by memories and the realization this wasn't the same Hermione.

It was now Saturday and Harry managed to get away from Hermione and Neville once again to walk around the school. He wanted to go flying, it helped him think better then walking, but that would mean going past his friends to get his firebolt. Something he didn't want to risk.

Just as he was passing the DADA classroom the door opened and Professor Potter stepped out. Harry didn't stop, it was awkward enough. He kept his head down and kept walking.

"Harry." The Professor said, grabbing his attention.

Harry stopped and faced him. "Yes, sir?" The Professor didn't say anything, just jerked his head towards his classroom, telling Harry to come in. Confused and uncomfortable Harry followed the Professor inside the room. He hasn't spoken to the guy since Sunday and that last conversation was uncomfortable enough.

He led Harry up into his office and, making Harry even more uncomfortable, to his private quarters. Whatever Professor Potter wanted to speak to him about, it was most likely not school related.

"Sit down, Harry." He said as he sat down on the armchair.

Harry cautiously sat down on the couch, furthest away from his DADA professor. He waited for him to speak up, but, instead, there was an uncomfortable (at least on Harry's part) silence. Harry stared at everything in the room, but the professor. While the professor

stared at him, like he was expecting something, waiting for something. It made Harry fidgety.

"Sir, you wanted to see me?" Harry finally asked. The Professor nodded, but didn't say anything. Harry shifted in his seat. "What are you waiting for, sir?"

Without removing his eyes from Harry, he answered. "You." Harry sent him a questioning look. Professor Potter sat up in his seat and leaned forward, looking intently at Harry. "I'm waiting for you to start talking. Your grades have decreased dramatically..." Harry groaned and slouched in his seat, waiting for the 'why' question. He wasn't so sure he can answer. "...and I believe I know why, but I am not here to lecture, question, or comment."

"Then why am I here, sir?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "So you can yell, scream, kick, cry, laugh, or just talk without anybody taking points off, giving you detention, or comfort you with meaningless, pointless little words that would only make you madder." He leaned back into his armchair, casually, waiting once again.

Harry didn't know what to think, much less what to say. Never have he been given this opportunity to just rant off. "You're just going to sit there?" He asked, confused.

"No. I'm going to listen and that is it. It's up to you. If you don't want to do this, you may leave."

Part of him was saying, 'Don't do it! Why should you? You're not the type of person to spill their guts like this! And this is the man who confuse you so much since you got here' while the other part was saying, 'you want a father or not? Maybe this is his way of saying he accepts you and he is giving you a choice right now to see if you will accept him. He did spill his guts to you. Return the favor'. Harry has yet to decide which side was winning the ongoing mental argument. He looked back at him. The Professor was just sitting there, waiting patiently and Harry suddenly felt trapped.

PLEASE REVIEW!

Chapter 31

"It's just...I just...I...umm..." This wasn't going to well with Harry. He had decided he'll let himself rant, but now that he decided that it didn't seem possible. He didn't know where to start or how to say it. It was uncomfortable. He thought back to last year when he blew up on his friends for keeping things from him. It was much easier then. "It's nothing really, sir. Just...just been stressed, that's all."

The Professor raised an eyebrow, clearly not believing him. "Are you sure, Harry? 'Cause it looks to me that you need this, you really need this. Just let it out of your system. Pretend that I'm not even here."

Harry shifted his feet. Easier said than done. Of course he was aware the Professor was here. The professor is his father...well, in a way.

The Professor leaned forward in his seat. "Just start there, Harry. Why are you stressed? Is it school? Are your friends being difficult? Are you missing...home, your world?"

"That's the thing, sir." Harry said before he can stop the words from coming out. Professor Potter leaned back against his seat and stared, waiting for Harry to explain.

He kept his eyes away from the Professor, hoping it would help him. "I don't want to go back...but I do at the same time." He suddenly made a frustrated sound from the back of his throat. He stood up and started pacing. "This is crazy! I'm split in between two worlds! Who in the right mind can say that?" He suddenly exploded. "Remus, Sirius and my parents are dead in that world, but I have my friends, the Weasley's, and Professor Dumbledore. It's like I have to choose between them. I Can't Do That! I'm going crazy trying to figure out just which world I want to be in! Though, it's not like I have a choice. Once I kill Voldemort here then off I go home! Unless we find some miracle to keep me here. In which case, I would have to choose. How can someone make me choose? I don't even know what too choose!" Now that he started, he couldn't seem to stop the frustrated words from leaving his mouth. Professor Potter was right, Harry needed this.

"Not only that, but I am now having nightmares about their deaths. Every night! That is why my grades are slipping; I'm not getting enough sleep. I know I'm not. It's my fault. I should have been there. My parents died because they were protecting me. Cedric Diggory died because I told him to take the cup along with me. Sirius died because I didn't listen to Hermione. I fell into Voldemort's stupid trap and he died. Remus died because I wasn't there. Voldemort never directly attacked the Ministry before. He was too busy with me and Dumbledore. With me gone, he became more direct in his attacks. He's not afraid I'll ruin his plans, like I seem to always do in the past. Let's not even talk about the prophecy! That just brings even more issues! Is there a prophecy in my world? Was the prophecy Neville broke the same prophecy here? Why..." Harry never said so much in his entire life. He ranted on and on about his problems, issues, and concerns.

James Potter sat listening to each and every word. Never commenting or asking any questions. He just sat there, letting Harry rant. He didn't even say anything when a swear word or two slipped from his mouth. Harry never felt so relieved.

Sirius plopped onto the bed of the small motel, exhausted and dirty. It was another failed day; at least in his opinion. Remus seemed to think they made a breakthrough. Some sort of rock he found while scooping around the Valleys, near the sea. He has yet to tell Sirius why it was a sudden breakthrough. There was nothing on the rock. It was, too him, just like any other rock.

The door to the bathroom room and Remus stepped out; steam dispersing into the air and dissolving around him. A towel was wrapped around his waist. He stepped aside. "You can take your shower now."

Sirius jumped up and ran into the shower. The last thing he saw before he closed the door was Remus sitting on his bed, one hand holding the rock and the other hand holding a book.

He was washing his hair like crazy when Remus came banging on the bathroom door. "Sirius! I found it!"

"Found what!" Sirius yelled back, scrubbing the soap out of his hair.

"The rock..."

"What about the rock?" Sirius interrupted, pausing.

"Just let me finish my sentence then you'll know!"

"Why did you even bring the rock?" He could just sense Remus rolling his eyes.

"For Merlin sake, Sirius! There is writing on it, important writing, you wet dog!" Yep, he was most certainly rolling his eyes at him. "It gotten a bit worn over the years, but I can still see a bit of the writing on it."

Soap ran down Sirius' forehead and into his eyes. "AH!" He lifted his head up towards the water and scrubbed at his eyes. "Can't we finish this conversation after I'm done in here, Remus!"

"Well, then hurry up!"

The next day Harry sat in Dumbledore's office, waiting for the man. After his rant in Professor Potter's quarters, he fell asleep on the couch from emotional exhaustion. When he woke up a few hours later, the Professor wasn't in the room and Harry let himself out, faintly wondering how a blanket got on top of him. The rant helped him more than he cared to admit. He felt lighter now, less burdened....and, best yet, he didn't have a nightmare last night, not even a dream.

Today seemed to be a good day to ask Dumbledore a question that's been bugging him since the day they learned about the tablet. It has nothing to do with the tablet. It was something more personal.

Dumbledore came down the steps from his personal quarters. "Ah, Mr. Potter, how can I help you today?" He asked sitting down at his desk.

Harry inwardly flinched at the formal greeting. He was still not use to being 'Mr. Potter'. He was still use to being 'Harry' to the old man. "Well, sir, I have just a question about what happened fifteen years ago." He sat down in front of the desk.

Dumbledore nodded. "Go on, Mr. Potter."

"In my world you told me I lived because my mother sacrificed her life for me, that she died when she didn't have to. You said that it was her love that saved me."

Dumbledore looked thoughtful and nodded. "Yes, that sounds like it could be true."

"But why isn't this world Harry alive? From what I understand, the same thing happened here as it did in my world. Mum sacrificed herself to save her son. If that was true, then why isn't this Harry alive?" Harry asked.

Dumbledore looked briefly surprised. "Surely my counterpart would have explained this to you already?" Harry shook his head. "Unless he, himself, has not thought about it. I imagine I wouldn't have thought of it if I didn't already know young Harry had died with his mother here." Dumbledore looked sternly at Harry. "Surely, you didn't think it was only your mother's sacrifice that saved you that night?"

"What?"

"Your mother bound the spell, but she didn't start it, Mr. Potter. Your father, too, sacrificed himself for you and your mother. He knew that facing Voldemort would surely kill him when he stood up to him that night. His mind wasn't on his life or death, it was on you and your mother. His love and protectiveness for his family. He made the spell possible. Many parents would die, and have died, for their children's life. What made the difference in this case, is your father's willingness to accept certain death and the choice Voldemort gave your mother. The spell couldn't have worked without your father, mother, and even Lord Voldemort."

"Voldemort?"

Dumbledore nodded. "Yes. He gave your mother the choice to stand aside and live or die. She gave her life for you. If she didn't have that choice, then her freewill would have been taken from her, making the spell boundless. The Killing Curse would have killed you without it. The same goes to your father. If he had not willingly stood up to Voldemort and died, there would be no spell to bind, which is what didn't happen here. The death of both of your parents made it possible for you to live." Dumbledore stopped to give Harry sometime to think.

Harry couldn't believe he never thought of his father's death like that. For some reason, in his mind, he never thought much about the death of his father at all, not compared to his mother's death. When he thought back to that night, he would think more about his mother and what she had done. Her death had affected him a lot more than his father's death, because she didn't have to die and she did for him. It made him feel guilty that he didn't think much of his father's death when it was just as important. He sacrificed himself just like his mother did.

"Thank you, sir, for explaining." Harry said quietly as he stood to get up.

"You're welcome, Mr. Potter. Anything else you need explained or cleared up, just let me know. I'm glad to help."

He wasn't watching where he was going. His mind was still on the conversation he had with Dumbledore and the importance of his father's death. It was important for him to die so Harry can live, but he wished...oh, he really wished he didn't have to die.

Harry didn't see the person until he smacked right into him. Before he can rap his mind around what happen, a hand pushed him back. "Watch it, Jameson!" He looked up at the familiar voice, but unfamiliar tone. Ron sneered down at him. "You almost knocked me over!" Ginny and Roar stood on either side of him. Ginny had that same sneer on her face. Roar stared expressionless at him, which was different from the odd looks she gave him this past week.

Harry didn't have the strength to fight them. He just wanted to be alone right now, to think. "I don't have time for you, Ron." He tried to walk pass him, but Ron pushed him by the shoulder.

"You think you can just walk away from me! I've been nice to you this whole year and this is how you repay me?" Ron said with a sneer.

Nice? Harry couldn't remember Ron being nice to him. They never spoke until now. They ignored each other. He didn't say anything to them though. Harry didn't want to start a fight with his best friend, counterpart or no. It still hurt the thought of fighting with Ron. This Ron may not be his friend, but he had his face.

Ron got into his face. His height made it easy for him to tower over him, trying to scare him. "You have nothing to say, four-eyes?"

"Is there a problem here?" A voice interrupted.

Harry almost groaned. This was not the right time for Professor Potter to show up. After yesterday, then what he learned in Dumbledore's office, he didn't want to face him right now.

Ron stepped back, rejoining his two sisters. "No, professor. We were just leaving." He turned to his two sisters. "Let's go, Gin, Rora."

Rora was eyeing Harry and the Professor. Harry shifted his feet uncomfortably. She knew something. There was no doubt about that. The question is; what does she know? The three Weasley's walked away, leaving the two Potter's in awkward silence.

"Mr. Jameson." The Professor greeted stiffly.

"Professor." Harry responded awkwardly. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence. He shifted his feet and looked around the corridor, anywhere, but at the professor. "I...I got to go and...do my homework." He lied as he started to walk away slowly.

"Harry." The Professor suddenly called out. Harry paused. "They're back. Sirius and Remus, I mean. I was just heading to the Headmasters office, if you want to join."

Harry didn't answer right away. His whole life people left him out of important, need-to-know information. No one told him anything. They never gave him a choice. Harry would have taken the offer without hesitation, if it wasn't James Potter offering. He was just telling himself how much he needed time alone, that he didn't want to deal with the DADA professor right now. He needed time to think.

On the other hand, if he didn't go now, when will he find out if Remus and Sirius found anything? Who would tell him everything that was said in the office? With that thought in mind, Harry agreed to go with the professor to Dumbledore's office, thinking how he had just come from there.

The walk to the Headmasters office was awkward. Harry made sure he was a few steps behind Professor Potter, not wanting to get too close. It was already uncomfortable as it was, why make it even more awkward?

The first think James noticed when they reached Albus' office was Remus pacing and Sirius sitting, tapping his foot on the floor. They looked tired and stressed. Remus was holding a flat rock in his hands, tossing it back and forth between his hands as he paced. The Headmaster was nowhere in sight.

Remus and Sirius briefly greeted them, before going back to their previous activity. James looked down at Harry. They shared an odd look before glancing back at the two men. Never would have James thought Remus would be pacing and Sirius sitting. Usually, it would have been the other way around.

"I can't believe this!" Remus suddenly shouted, throwing his hands in the air impatiently, clearly aggravated over something.

Sirius sat up and snapped at him. "Careful with that! Don't you dare break it!" He shook his head. "You know what? Give it to me before you drop it!" Remus sighed and rolled his eyes as he handed it over to Sirius.

James took a few steps into the room, glancing at his two friends with concern. He was more confused than before at their behavior. "Mates...? You two feeling alright?"

"Just bloody fine, James!" Remus snapped. "Just bloody peachy! Can't you tell?"

James blinked, not use to Remus swearing or snapping at him. Sirius sighed and nodded. "We're as fine as we can be right now, James."

James felt Harry stand next to him, clearing concerned for Remus and Sirius was he was. He fought the urge to place a comforting hand on his shoulder.

Before anything else was said, Albus came down from his personal chambers. He didn't speak until he sat down at his desk. He petted Fawkes on the head before turning to back to his desk. He picked

up a metal container. "Lemon drop, anyone?" He asked, offering the container to them.

Confusing James even more, Remus reached over and took one of the yellow candies and Sirius politely declined. James wasn't the only one to notice. "I sense something is amiss." Albus said, eyeing his two former students. "You are not who you appear to be." He then glanced at the two Potters who still stood side-by-side by the door. "Come in and sit down you two." He waved them over. James moved forward first, followed by Harry.

Once they were seated, Albus turned back to Sirius and Remus. "What has happened?"

Sirius at forward in his seat, but before he can say anything, Remus interrupted. "Don't you blame this on me!"

Sirius glared at him. "I wasn't going to. Though, it's your fault this happened, this could be a good thing."

Overly confused to a point where he was angry, James spoke up. "Can someone tell me what's up? I'm feeling left out here! What's with you two? You're acting...acting different!" But he was ignored.

"How can this be a good thing?" Remus asked.

"This might be the way to save Bill Weasley. We've done nothing to get Voldemort out of his head and this just might." Sirius answered heatedly.

"I am so confused." Harry murmured as he slouched in his seat.

"So am I, son..." He paused, realizing what he was in the mist of saying. "...ny boy." He finished quickly, but it was too late. He can feel Harry's stare, but he refused to look down at him.

Sirius getting up from his chair took James attention away from Harry. He watched as Sirius went around Albus' desk and knelt down, showing him the rock he and Remus had found. "It's in Latin, which bothered me because we are looking for a Sumerian tablet, but we found it around where your uncle found the tablet. I think someone found the tablet before your uncle did. That is why the spell of the table is missing and why we couldn't find it around the

site. Someone broke it off and hid it someplace else." Remus joined them on the other side of the desk, looking down at the rock.

"So the tablet can be anywhere? Do we have any clue to where it is?" Harry asked. He was ignored.

"What I want to know is how you two switched?" Albus said, looking at the rock. "And why this was left?"

"Maybe whoever found the tablet before accidentally dropped it." Remus suggested.

Albus shook his head. "No, something this important wouldn't have been dropped accidentally. This isn't a tablet. It's a rock with writing on it, serious writing. The person purposely put it there, but why?"

James leaned down towards Harry and said quietly. "I think we are both being ignored." Harry nodded, staring at the three behind the desk. "You think if we stomped out of here and slammed the door as hard as we can they would finally notice us?" Harry started laughing quietly at the image and James felt something within him at the sound. It wasn't only the sound; it was because he made him laugh. It was him, James Potter, that got Harry laughing and he didn't want him to stop any time soon.

Harry shook his head. "I don't think that would work. They would just look up for a second before returning their attention back to the rock."

James looked over at them and considered what Harry just said. He nodded and turned his attention back to Harry. "Yeah, I think you're right. Perhaps we should...go flying."

"Go flying? How would that get their attention?" Harry asked.

"It won't, but at least we would be doing something fun until they are ready to tell us what's going on." James said standing up from his chair. "You with me? Or do you want to sit there getting more and more confused?"

Harry smiled and stood up. "Should we tell them where we're going?"

James shrugged his shoulders. "Not like it'll do much good." He said, but he turned to the three anyway and said in a loud voice. "Harry and I are going flying. When you are ready to inform us on your very important discovery we'll be at the pitch." He waited for a response.

"If you actually read what's on the rock..." Sirius said pointing at the rock.

"I know how to read Latin! I grew up with it!" Remus snapped.

James looked down at Harry and shrugged his shoulders. "I tried. Let's go." He opened the door saying on the way. "We use to do this all the time back in school." He stepped aside and allowed Harry through first.

"Sneaking out of the Headmaster's office?" Harry asked, walking out.

James nodded and followed him out. "Oh, yeah. Minnie, that's what we called McGonagall, would be talking to Albus about possible punishment over some prank we did." He continued to say as he shut the office door behind him. They started to make their way down the steps. "They were so into their conversation and we were so bored sitting there listening to them that we just got up and left. Went straight to the pitch to fly as we wait. Well, Sirius and I flew. Peter watched and Remus sat with a book on his lap." They reached the bottom and started their way down the corridor. "Minnie would then find us there, mad as a protective mother wolf defending her young. She would ask us, 'what do you think you are doing' and you know what we told her?"

Harry was smiling, enjoying the conversation. "What?"

"We told her the truth. We said we were waiting for Albus and her to get done. We explained that we got bored waiting so we decided to have some fun while they talked things over. Then we would ask her if she was done with her discussion and if they came up with a punishment. We were being completely calm and polite, mind you, but, yet, her face turned red with anger and frustration. Our detention would always double, but we never minded. Well, Remus did, but not the rest of us." Harry laughed and James smiled.

"How long do you think it will take them to notice we're not there?" Harry asked. He had forgotten about his decision in avoiding the

DADA professor. He didn't even realize that he should be uncomfortable in his presence after he ranted to him all his problems. His mind was just on flying once again with the man and the moment of carelessness they are having.

The Professor shrugged his shoulders. "Whenever they are done discussing whatever they are discussing. It might be a while. It didn't seem like they were getting anywhere." He grabbed Harry's shoulders and pushed him gently forward. "Now, go get your broom and meet me at the pitch in ten, alright?"

Harry nodded and ran the rest of the way to the Gryffindor common room. James watched him go with a smile. The smile slid slowly off his face when he realized something. He was accepting.

Sorry for the VERY long wait, but I started my first year at college...and I have little time to myself to write...and the beginning was hard to write...i tried to keep Harry in character, yet have him open up to James...Did I do pretty well on it? Anywho, PLEASE REVIEW! i love reviews...makes me jump start the next chapter...

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